

Interlinkum – Vox Subnet – Project AngelBook–

— Volume XV – Part 6 —



LIMITED
LINK EDITION

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CRIMINAL
MINDAL

Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

PREMIER
GLITCH
RENDER

Interlinkum – Vox Subnet –
Project AngelBook –
Volume XV – Part 6
By Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough
(DBM ECLIPZE)

Interlinkum — Prolegomena ad Nexus

Interlinkum is not a book in the traditional sense. It is a corridor, a fault line, a pressure chamber. It exists in the interval between completed structures and emergent order, between what has already been named and what has not yet stabilized into language. If Project AngelBook is an archive of revelations, and the Book of Links is a functional network of correspondences, then Interlinkum is the chaotic transmission layer where meaning breaks apart before reassembling into something usable. This volume marks the final uncontrolled phase. Here, symbols have not yet agreed on their roles. Angels appear without hierarchies, machines behave like myths, rituals resemble algorithms, and theology collapses into interface. The content of Interlinkum is not arranged to teach, persuade, or convert. It exists to destabilize inherited frameworks so that a new connective logic can emerge. What you are reading is not doctrine; it is interference.

Interlinkum gathers fragments—gnostic echoes, esoteric mechanics, technological archetypes, cultural debris, and spiritual residue—and places them into forced proximity. The resulting friction generates insight, distortion, and occasionally revelation. This is intentional. Order cannot be linked until it has been stress-tested. Coherence cannot be trusted until chaos has exhausted itself.

Each part of Interlinkum functions as a node collapse: a moment where multiple systems briefly overlap before separating again. Nothing here should be taken as final. Names shift. Symbols mutate. Roles invert. This is the last space where contradiction is allowed to exist without resolution. Beyond this point, ambiguity becomes architecture.

Interlinkum is also a warning. Once the Links are formed, traversal becomes easier—but less forgiving. The Book of Links will not explain itself. It will not tolerate mythic drift or symbolic excess. It will operate. Interlinkum, by contrast, is indulgent, violent, playful, unstable. It allows everything in so that only what truly connects will survive.

Read this volume as a liminal artifact. Do not search for conclusions. Do not expect alignment. Let the imagery overload you. Let the systems clash. Let the chaos burn itself out. When the noise finally thins, what remains will be linkable.

Interlinkum is the last fire before the network.

After this, the connections begin.

About this capture

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HB:Vau

BOOK IV

DIVINATION

A. The Form of Divination employed.

B. The Diviner.

C. The Forces acting in the Divination.

D. The Subject of the Divination.

E. The Preparation of all things necessary, and the right understanding of the process so as to formulate a connecting-link between the process employed and the Macrocosm. {163}

F. Invocation of the Higher: arrangement of the Scheme of Divination, and initiation of the forces thereof.

G. The first entry into the matter: First assertion of limits and correspondences: beginning of the working.

H. The actual and careful formulation of the question demanded: and consideration of all its correspondences and their classification.

I. Announcement aloud that all the correspondences taken are correct and perfect: the Diviner places his hand upon the instrument of Divination: standing at the East of the Altar, and prepares to invoke the forces required in the Divination.

J. Solemn invocation of the necessary spiritual forces to aid the Diviner in the Divination. Then let him say: "Arise before me clear as a mirror, O magical vision requisite for the accomplishment of this divination."

K. Accurately define the term of the question: putting down clearly in writing what is already "known," what is "suspected" or "implied," and what is sought to be known. And see that thou verify in the beginning of the judgment, that part which is already known.

L. Next let the Diviner formulate clearly under two groups or heads ("a") the arguments "for," ("b") the arguments "against," the success of the subject of one divination, so as to be able to draw a preliminary conclusion therefrom on either side.

M. First formulation of a conclusive judgment from the premises already obtained.

N. Same as section L.

O. Formulation of a second judgment, this time of the further developments arising from those indicated in the previous process of judgment, which was a preliminary to this operation.

P. The comparison of the first preliminary judgment with one second judgment developing therefrom: so as to enable the Diviner to form an idea of the probable action of "forces beyond the actual plane" by the invocation of an angelic figure consonant to the process; and in this matter take care not to mislead thy judgment through the action of thine own preconceived ideas; but only relying ___ after due tests ___ on the indication afforded thee by the angelic form. And know, unless the form be of an angelic nature, its indication will not be reliable; seeing, that if it be an elemental, it will be below the plane desired.

Q. The Diviner now completely and thoroughly formulates his whole judgment as well for the immediate future as for the development thereof, taking into account the

knowledge and indications given him by the angelic form.

R. Having this result before him, let the Diviner now formulate a fresh divination process, based on the conclusions at which he has arrived, so as to form a basis for a further working.

S. Formulates the sides for and against for a fresh judgment, and deduces conclusion from fresh operation. {164}

T. The Diviner then compares carefully the whole judgment and decisions arrived at with their conclusions, and delivers now plainly a succinct and consecutive judgment thereon.

U. The Diviner gives advice to the Consultant as to what use he shall make of the judgment.

V. The Diviner formulates clearly with what forces it may be necessary to work in order to combat the Evil, or fix the Good, promised by the Divination.

W. Lastly, remember that unto thee a divination shall be as a sacred work of the Divine Magic of Light, and not to be performed to pander unto thy curiosity regarding the secrets of another. And if by this means thou shalt arrive at a knowledge of another's secrets, thou shalt respect and not betray them.

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BOOK V

ALCHEMICAL PROCESSES.

A. The Curcumbite or The Alembic.

B. The Alchemist.

C. The processes and forces employed.

D. The matter to be transmuted.

E. The selection of the Matter to be transmuted, and the Formation, cleansing and

disposing of all the necessary vessels, materials, &c., for the working of the process.

F. General Invocation of the Higher Forces to Action. Placing of the Matter within the curcubite or philosophic egg, and invocation of a blind force to action therein, in darkness and in silence.

G. The beginning of the actual process: the regulation and restriction of the proper degree of Heat and Moisture to be employed in the working. First evocation followed by first distillation.

H. The taking up of the residuum which remaineth after the distillation from the curcubite or alembic: the grinding thereof to form a powder in a mortar. This powder is then to be placed again in the curcubite. The fluid already distilled is to be poured again upon it. The curcubite or philosophic egg is to be closed.

I. The curcubite or Egg Philosophic being hermetically sealed, the Alchemist announces aloud that all is prepared for the invocation of the forces necessary to accomplish the work. The Matter is then to be placed upon an Altar with the elements and four weapons thereon: upon the white triangle, and upon a flashing Tablet of a "General" Nature, in harmony with the matter selected for the working. Standing now in {165} the place of the Hierophant at the East of the Altar, the Alchemist should place his left hand upon the top of the curcubite, raise his right hand holding the Lotus Wand by the Aries band (for that in Aries is the Beginning of the Life of the Year): ready to commence the general Invocation of the Forces of the Divine Light to operate in the work.

J. The pronouncing aloud of the Invocation of the requisite General Forces, answering to the class of alchemical work to be performed. The conjuring of the necessary Forces to act in the curcubite for the work required. The tracing in the air above it with appropriate magical weapon the necessary lineal figures, signs, sigils and the like. Then let the Alchemist say: "So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher soul." Then let him raise the curcubite in the air with both hands, saying: "Arise herein to action, Ye Forces of Light Divine."

K. Now let the Matter putrefy in Balneum Mariae in a very gentle heat, until darkness beginneth to supervene: and even until it becometh entirely black. If from its nature the Mixture will not admit of entire blackness, examine it astrally till there is the astral appearance of the thickest possible blackness, and thou mayest also evoke an elemental Form to tell thee if the blackness be sufficient: but be thou sure that in this latter thou art not deceived, seeing that the nature of such an elemental will be deceptive from the nature of the symbol of Darkness, wherefore ask thou of him nothing "further" concerning the working at this stage, but only concerning the blackness, and this can be further tested by the elemental itself, which should be either black or clad in an intensely black robe. (Note: for the evocation of this spirit use the names, forces, and correspondences of Saturn.)

"When" the mixture be sufficiently black, then take the curcubite out of the Balneum Mariae and place it to the north of the Altar and perform over it a solemn invocation of the forces of Saturn to act therein: holding the wand by the black band, then say: "The voice of the Alchemist," &c. The curcubite is then to be unstopped and the Alembic Head fitted on for purposes of distillation. (NOTE. ____ In all such invocations a flashing tablet should be used whereon to stand the curcubite. Also certain of the processes may take weeks, or even months to obtain the necessary force, and this will depend on

the Alchemist rather than on the matter.)

L. Then let the Alchemist distil with a gentle heat until nothing remaineth to come over. Let him then take out the residuum and grind it into a powder: replace this powder in the curcubite, and pour again upon it the fluid "previously distilled."

The curcubite is then to be placed again in Balneum Mariae in a gentle heat. When it seems fairly re-dissolved (irrespective of colour) let it be taken out of the bath. It is now to undergo another magical ceremony.

M. Now place the curcubite to the West of the Altar, holding the Lotus Wand by the black end, perform a magical invocation of the Moon in her decrease and of Cauda Draconis. The curcubite is then to be exposed to the moonlight (she being in her {166} decrease) for nine consecutive nights, commencing at full moon. The Alembic Head is then to be fitted on.

N. Repeat process set forth in section L.

O. The curcubite is to be placed to the East of the Altar, and the Alchemist performs an invocation of the Moon in her increase, and of Caput Draconis (holding Lotus Wand by white end) to act upon the matter. The curcubite is now to be exposed for nine consecutive nights (ending with the Full Moon) to the Moon's Rays. (In this, as in all similar exposures, it matters not if such nights be overclouded, so long as the vessel be placed in such a position that it "would" receive the direct rays, did the cloud withdraw.)

P. The curcubite is again to be placed on the white triangle upon the Altar. The Alchemist performs an invocation of the forces of the sun to act in the curcubite. It is then to be exposed to the rays of the sun for twelve hours each day: from 8.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. (This should be done preferably when the sun is strongly posited in the Zodiac, but it "can" be done at some other times, though "never" when he is in Scorpio, Libra, Capricornus or Aquarius.)

Q. The curcubite is again placed upon the white triangle upon the Altar. The Alchemist repeats the words: "Child of Earth, long hast thou dwelt," &c., then holding above it the Lotus Wand by the white end, he says: "I formulate in thee the invoked forces of Light," and repeats the mystic words. At this point keen and bright flashes of light should appear in the curcubite, and the mixture itself (as far as its nature will permit) should be clear. Now invoke an Elemental from the curcubite consonant to the Nature of the Mixture, and judge by the nature of the colour of its robes and their brilliancy whether the matter has attained to the right condition. But if the Flashes do "not" appear, and if the robes of the elemental be not Brilliant and Flashing, then let the curcubite stand within the white triangle for seven days: having on the right hand of the Apex of the triangle a flashing tablet of the Sun, and in the left hand one of the Moon. Let it not be moved or disturbed all those seven days; but not in the dark, save at night. Then let the operation as aforementioned be repeated over the curcubite, and this process may be repeated altogether three times if the flashing light cometh not. For without this latter the work would be useless. But if after three repetitions it still appear not, it is a sign that there hath been an error in one working; such being either in the disposition of the Alchemist, or in the management of the curcubite. Wherefore let the lunar and the solar invocations and exposures be replaced, when without doubt ____ if these be done with care (and more especially those of Caput Draconis and Cauda Draconis with those of

the Moon as taught, for these have great force materially) ____ then without doubt shall that flashing light manifest itself in the curcubite.

R. Holding the Lotus Wand by the white end, the Alchemist now draws over the curcubite the symbol of the Flaming Sword as if descending into the mixture. Then let him place the curcubite to the East of the Altar. The Alchemist stands between {167} the pillars, and performs a solemn invocation of the forces of Mars to act therein. The curcubite is then to be placed between the Pillars (or the drawn symbols of these same) for seven days, upon a Flashing Tablet of Mars.

After this period, fit on the Alembic Head, and distil first in Balneum Mariae, then in Balneum Arenae till what time the mixture be clean distilled over.

S. Now let the Alchemist take the fluid of the distillate and let him perform over it an invocation of the forces of Mercury to act in the clear fluid; so as to formulate therein the Alchemic Mercury: even the Mercury of the philosophers. (The residuum of the Dead Head is not to be worked with at present, but is to be set apart for future use.) After the invocation of the Alchemic Mercury a certain Brilliance should manifest itself in the whole fluid (that is to say, that it should not only be clear, but also brilliant and flashing). Now expose it in an hermetic receiver for seven days to the light of the Sun: at the end of which time there should be distinct flashes of light therein. (Or an egg philosophic may be used; but the receiver of the Alembic, if closed stopped, will answer this purpose.)

T. Now the residuum or Dead Head is to be taken out of the curcubite, ground small, and replaced. An invocation of the forces of Jupiter is then to be performed over that powder. It is then to be kept in the dark standing upon a Flashing Tablet of Jupiter for seven days. At the end of this time there should be a slight Flashing about it, but if this come not yet, repeat the operation, up to three times, when a faint flashing Light is "certain" to come.

The Altar.

U. A Flashing Tablet of each of the four Elements is now to be placed upon the altar as shown in the figure, and thereon are also to be placed the magical elemental weapons, as is also clearly indicated. The receiver containing the distillate is now to be placed between the Air and Water Tablets, and the curcubite with the Dead Head between the Fire and Earth. Now let the Alchemist form an invocation, using especially the Supreme Ritual of the Pentagram, *

*See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

and the lesser magical implement appropriate. First, of the Forces of the Fire to act in the curcubite on the Dead Head. Second, of those of Water to act on the distillate. Third, of the forces of the Spirit to act in both (using the white end of the Lotus Wand). Fourth, of those of the air to act on the distillate; and lastly, those of the earth to act on the Dead Head. Let the curcubite and the receiver stand thus for five consecutive days, at the end of which time there should be flashes manifest in both mixtures. And these flashes should be lightly coloured. {168}

V. The Alchemist, still keeping the vessels in the same relative positions, but removing the Tablets of the elements from the Altar, then substitutes one of Kether. This must be

white with Golden Charges, and is to be placed on or within the white triangle between the vessels. He then addresses a most solemn invocation to the forces of Kether; to render the result of the working that which he shall desire, and making over each vessel the symbol of the Flaming Sword.

This is the most important of all the Invocations; and it will only succeed if the Alchemist keepeth himself closely allied unto his Higher Self during the working of the invocation and of making the Tablet. And at the end of it, if it have been successful, a Keen and Translucent Flash will take the place of the slightly coloured Flashes in the receiver of the curcubite; so that the fluid should sparkle as a diamond; whilst the powder in the curcubite shall slightly gleam.

W. The distilled liquid is now to be poured from the receiver upon the residuum of Dead Head in the curcubite, and the mixture at first will appear cloudy. It is now to be exposed to the sun for ten days consecutively (10 = Tiphereth translating the influence of Kether). It is then again to be placed upon the white triangle upon the altar, upon a flashing Tablet of Venus: with a solemn invocation of Venus to act therein. Let it remain thus for seven days: at the end of that time see what forms and colour and appearance the Liquor hath taken: for there should now arise a certain softer flash in the liquid, and an elemental may be evoked to test the condition. When this softer flash is manifest, place the curcubite into the Balneum Mariae to digest with a "very" gentle heat for seven days. Place it then in Balneum Arenae to distil, beginning with a gentle, and ending with a strong, heat. Distil thus till nothing more will come over, even with a most violent heat. Preserve the fluid in a closely stoppered vial: it is an Elixir for use according to the substance from which it was prepared. If from a thing medicinal, a medicine; if from a metal, for the purifying of metals; and herein shalt thou use thy judgment. The residuum thou shalt place without powdering into a crucible, well sealed and luted. And thou shalt place the same in thine Athanor, bringing it first to a red, and then to a white, heat, and this thou shalt do seven times on seven consecutive days, taking out the crucible each day as soon as thou hast brought it to the highest possible heat, and allowing it to cool gradually.

And the preferable time for this working should be in the heat of the day. On the seventh day of this operation thou shalt open the crucible, and thou shalt behold what "Form" and "Colour" thy Caput Mortuum hath taken.

It will be like either a precious stone or a glittering powder.

And this stone or powder shall be of magical Virtue in accordance with his nature.

Finished is that which is written concerning the Formulae of the Magic of Light.

: HB:Aleph HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Koph-final HB:Vau HB:Resh HB:Bet HB:Vau HB:Shin
HB:Dalet HB:Qof HB:Heh {169}

On the instructions laid down in the first of these Books ____ Book HB:Yod , P. drew up a ritual "for the Evocation unto Visible Appearance of Typhon-Seth," in which, by raising the sigil of Typhon to the grade of 1ø = 10ø, he bewitched a certain refractory brother of

the Order, known as Fra: D.P.A.L., who at this time was worrying Fra: D.D.C.F. by legal proceedings. We, however, will omit this Evocation, substituting in its place, as an example of such a working, the Evocation of the Great Spirit Taphthartharath by Frater I.A.

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About this capture
THE RITUAL
FOR THE
EVOCATION UNTO VISIBLE
APPEARANCE
OF
THE GREAT SPIRIT
TAPHTHARTHARATH

IN THE NAME OF GOD LET THERE BE LIGHT
UNTO THE VOID A RESTRICTION.

"Soror S.S.D.D. altered Frater I.A.'s ritual, making the operation to" "form a link between Thoth and the Magus. This is absurd; the correct way" "is as here given, in which the link is formed between the Spirit and the" "Magus." {170}

CONSIDERATIONS. To be performed on the day and in the hour of Mercury: the Evocation itself commencing in the magical hour of Tafrac, under the dominion of the Great Angel of Mercury HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Peh HB:Resh . On Wednesday, May 13, 1896, this hour Tafrac occurs between 8h. 32' P.M. and 9h. 16', when Mercury is in 17ø Gemini on the cusp of seventh house slightly to South of due West. Moon going to Mars {sic should be Û} with Mercury 14ø Gemini Mercury to Û Neptune, Mercury 150ø Saturn.1 " "OF THE FORM OF THE CIRCLE TO BE EMPLOYED." {Illustration on page 171 described: "DIAGRAM 59. The Circle of Art." 1 WEH NOTE: This data contains typographic errors from the first edition. This is a duodecagram (twelve sided regular

figure). It is oriented with a vertex to top and all diagonal chords are drawn, except those which would cross the exact center of the figure. Each vertex surmounts a small ring-bordered disk, such that the portion under the doudecagram is not visible. The small ring at top has "S", that at bottom "N", that at right "W" and that at left "E" — these letters are oriented so that they would be read correctly from the perspective of a person standing at the center of the figure and looking to each vertex in turn. There are several letters marking positions within the figure, all oriented with top parallel to the E-SE line and bottom toward the W-NW line. In a rectangle depending from the center of the E-SE chord, the letter "C"; in a rectangle depending from the center of the N-SW chord, the letter "D"; in two circles at the intersections of the S-NE chord with the W-SE and E-NW chords, "E"; symmetrically to either side of the N-SE and E-SW chord intersection, parallel to the S-NE chord, two circles with "G"; in the center of the figure, a circumscribed equilateral triangle, base parallel to the N-SW chord, with "F" inside. There is a tangent, large ringed circle outside at the NE vertex, point of tangency obscured by the smaller ringed circle of that vertex. There is an equilateral triangle circumscribed within, base parallel to the tangent afore mentioned. There is an "A" within the apex of this triangle, top to apex direction. Below the "A", within the triangle, is the sigil from page 170, oriented as the "A".} The Magical figures of Mercury are to be drawn in yellow-orange chalk upon the Ground as shown. At the quarter where the Spirit is to appear is drawn a triangle within a circle: at its points are to be placed three vessels burning on charcoal the Incense of Mercury. About the great circle are disposed lamps burning olive oil impregnated with snake-fat. C is the chair of the chief Operator. D is the altar, E E are the pillars, and G G handy and convenient tables whereon are set writing materials, the ingredients for the Hell-broth, charcoal, incense, &c., all as may be needed for this work. At F is placed a small brazen cauldron, heated over a lamp burning with spirit in which a snake has been preserved.² {171} " "OPERATIONIS PERSONAE." V.H. Sor: S.S.D.D. addressed Mighty Magus of Art. V.H. Fra: I.A. " Assistant Magus of Art. V.H. Fra: AE.A. " Magus of the Fires. V.H. Fra: D.P.A.L. " Magus of the Waters. The duties of the Magus of Art will be to perform the actual processes of Invocation: to rule the Assistants and command them all. The Assistant Magus of Art shall act as Kerux in the circumambulations; he shall preside over the Brewing of the Hell-broth in the midst of the Circle: he shall repeat such Invocations as may be necessary at the command of the Magus of Art: and he shall prepare beforehand the place of the working. The Magus of Fires shall preside over all magical lights, fires, candles, incense, &c: he shall perform the invoking and consecrating rituals at the command of the Magus, and he shall consecrate the temple by Fire, and shall consecrate all Fire used in due form. The Magus of Waters shall preside over all the fluids used in the operation; over the Water and the Wine, the Oil and the Milk: he shall perform all banishing rituals at the opening of the ceremony: he shall 2 WEH NOTE: In other words, the more difficult ingredients were probably obtained by buying a snake preserved in alcohol — moderns be careful, other fluids are sometimes used these days! purify the Temple by Water: he shall consecrate all watery things used in due form. " ""OF THE ROBES AND INSIGNIA." The Mighty Magus of Art shall wear a white robe, yellow sash, red overmantle, indigo nemys, upon her breast shall she bear a great Tablet whereon is the magic seal of Mercury; and over this the lamen bearing the signature of Taphthartharath, on its obverse the Lamen of a Hierophant. She shall wear

also a dagger in her sash, and a red rose on her heart: and she shall carry in her left hand the Ankh of Thoth, and in her right the Ibis Wand. The Assistant Magus of Art shall wear a white robe, with a girdle of snake-skin; a black head-dress and a Lamén of the Spirit, on its obverse the Lamén of the Hieréus. And he shall bear in his right hand a sword; and in his left hand the Magical Candle; and a black chain about his neck. The Magus of the Fires shall wear a white robe and yellow sash; and the rose upon his breast; in his right hand is a sword and in his left a red lamp. The Magus of the Waters shall wear a white robe and yellow sash and rose cross: he shall bear in his right hand a sword and in his left a cup of water. " "OPENING" The Chamber of Art shall be duly prepared by the Assistant Magus of Art as aforementioned. {172} He shall draw upon the ground the lineal figures; and shall trace over them with a magic sword: he shall place the furniture of the Temple in order. The Members shall be assembled and robed. The Chief Magus rises, holding the Ibis wand by its black end, and proclaims: "HEKAS, HEKAS ESTE BEBELOI!"³ Fratres of the Order of the rosy Cross, we are this day assembled together for the purpose of evoking unto visible appearance the spirit Taphthartharath. And before we can proceed further in an operation of so great danger, it is necessary that we should invoke that divine Aid and Assistance, without which would our work indeed be futile and of no avail. Wherefore being met thus together let us all kneel down and pray: [All kneel at the four points.] From Thy Hands O Lord cometh all good! From Thy Hands flow down all Grace and Blessing: the Characters of Nature with Thy Fingers hast thou traced, but none can read them unless he hath been taught in thy school. Therefore, even as servants look unto the hands of their Masters, and handmaidens unto the hands of their Mistresses, even so our eyes look unto thee! For Thou alone art our help, O Lord our God. Who should not extol Thee, who should not praise Thee, O Lord of the Universe! All is from Thee, all belongeth unto Thee! Either Thy Love or Thine Anger, all must again re-enter; for nothing canst Thou lose; all must tend unto Thy Honour and Majesty. Thou art Lord alone, and there is none beside Thee! Thou dost what thou wilt with Thy Mighty Arm, and none can escape from Thee! Thou alone helpest in their necessity the humble, the meek-hearted and the poor, who³ WEH NOTE: This is the cry of the Dionysian mysteries. It was shouted to warn the uninitiated that the new candidates were about to run amuck. Rough translation: "Look out! Look out! Here come the Drunks!" submit themselves unto Thee; and whosoever humbleth himself in dust and ashes before Thee, to such an one art Thou propitious! Who would not praise Thee then, Lord of the Universe! Who would not extol Thee! Unto whom there is no like, whose dwelling is in Heaven, and in every virtuous and God-fearing heart. O God the Vast One ____ Thou are in all things. O Nature, Thou Self from Nothing: for what else shall I call Thee! In myself I am nothing, in Thee I am all self, and live in Thy Selfhood from Nothing! Live Thou in me, and bring me unto that Self which is in Thee! Amen! [All rise ____ a pause.] "Magus of Art:" Fratres of the Order of the Rosy Cross, let us purify and consecrate this place as the Hall of Dual Truth. Magus of the Waters, I command Thee to perform the lesser banishing ritual of the Pentagram,⁴ to consecrate the Water of purification, {173} the wine, the oil, and the milk; and afterwards to purify the place of working with the Consecrated Water! "Magus of Waters:" Mighty Magus of Art! All thy commands shall be fulfilled, and thy desires accomplished. [He passes to the North, where are collected in open vessels, the water, the wine, the oil, and the milk; and makes with his sword over them the banishing

pentagram of water, saying:] I exorcise ye impure, unclean and evil spirits that dwell in these creatures of water, oil, wine, and milk, in the name of EL strong and mighty, and in the name of Gabriel, great Angel of Water, I command ye to depart and no longer to pollute with your presence the Hall of Twofold Truth! [Drawing over them the equilibrating Pentagram of Passives, and the invoking Pentagram of water, he says:] In the name of HCOMA,⁵ and by the names Empeh Arsel Gaiol,⁶ I consecrate ye to the service of the Magic of Light! He places the Wine upon the Altar, the Water he leaves at the North, the oil towards the South, and the brazen vessel of milk on the tripod in the midst of the circle. The Magus of Art silently recites to herself the exhortation of the Lords of the Key Tablet of Union,⁷ afterwards saying silently: I invoke ye, Lords of the Key Tablet of Union, to infuse into these elements of Water and Fire your mystic powers, and to cast into the midst of these opposing elements the holy powers of the great letter Shin: to gleam and shine in the midst of the Balance, even in the Cauldron of Art wherein alike is fire and moisture. [After the consecration of the Water, the Magus of Waters takes up the cup of water, and scatters water all round the edge of the circle, saying:] So first the priest who governeth the works of Fire, must sprinkle with the lustral waters of the loud-resounding sea. [He then passes to the centre of the circle and scatters the water in the four quarters, saying:] I purify with water. [He resumes his place in the North.] "Magus of Art:" Magus of the Fires, I command you to consecrate this place by the banishing ritual of the Hexagram,⁸ to consecrate the Magic fire and lights; to illumine the lamps and place them about the circle in orderly 4 See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2. 5 See Spirit Table, and the Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee, as preserved in the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum: also Diagram 67, which is imperfect. 6 See Tablet of Water, and the Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee. 7 The Spirit Tablet. 8 See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2. disposition; and afterwards to consecrate this place with the holy fire. {174} "Magus of the Fires:" Mighty Magus of Art! all thy commands shall be obeyed and all thy desires shall be accomplished. [He collects together at the South the incense, oil, charcoal, and magic candle, and performs the lesser banishing ritual of the Hexagram at the four quarters; then, extinguishing all lights save one, he performs over these the banishing ritual of the Pentagram of fire, saying:] I exorcise ye, evil and opposing spirits dwelling in this creature of Fire, by the holy and tremendous name of God the Vast One, Elohim: and in the name of Michael, great Archangel of Fire, that ye depart hence, no longer polluting with your presence the Hall of Twofold Truth. [He lights from that one flame the Magical candle, and drawing over it the invoking pentagram of spirit active, he cries:] BITOM!⁹ [And then, drawing the invoking pentagram of Fire, he says:] I, in the names of BITOM and by the names Oip Teaa Pedoce,¹⁰ I consecrate thee, O creature of fire, to the service of the works of the Magic of Light! [He lights from the magical candle the eight lamps, and the charcoal for the incense-burners, after which he casts incense on the coals in the censer and passes round the circle censuring, saying:] And, when after all the phantasms are vanished, thou shalt see that holy and Formless Fire, that Fire which darts and flashes through the hidden depths of the Universe, hear thou the Voice of the Fire. [He passes to the centre of the circle and censes towards the four quarters, saying:] I consecrate with fire. [He resumes his place in the South.] [Chief Magus takes fan, and fanning air says:] I exorcise thee, creature of Air, by these Names, that all evil and impure spirits now immediately depart. [Circumambulates, saying:] Such a fire

existeth extending through the rushing of the air, or even a fire formless whence cometh the image of a voice, or even a flashing light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. [Makes banishing air pentagram:] Creature of Air, in the names EXARP¹¹ Oro Ibah Aozpi,¹² I consecrate thee to the works of the Magic of Light! [Making invoking Pentagrams in air. All face West.] [Assistant Magus then casts salt to all four quarters, all over the circle, and passes {175} to West, faces East, and describes with his chain the Banishing pentagram of Earth, saying:] I exorcise thee, creature of Earth, by and in the Divine Names Adonai Ha Aretz, Adonai Melekh Namen, and in the name of Aurial, Great Archangel of Earth, that every evil and impure spirit now depart hence immediately. [Circumambulates, saying:] Stoop not down unto the darkly splendid world, wherein lieth continually a faithless depth, and Hades wrapt in gloom, delighting in unintelligible images, precipitous, winding, a black ever-rolling abyss, ever espousing a body unluminous, formless and void. [Making invoking pentagram.] 9 See Tablet of Spirit. 10 See Tablet of Fire. 11 See Tablet of Spirit. 12 See Tablet of Air. Creature of Earth, in the names of NANTA Emor Dial Hectega,¹³ I consecrate thee to the service of the Magic of Light! "Chief Magus:" We invoke ye, great lords of the Watch-towers of the Universe!¹⁴ guard ye our Magic Circle, and let no evil or impure spirit enter therein: strengthen and inspire us in this our operation of the Magic of Light. Let the Mystic Circumambulation take place in the Path of Light. [Assistant Magus of Art goes first, holding in his left the Magic Candle, and in his right the Sword of Art, with which latter he traces in the air the outer limits of the Magic Circle. All circumambulate thrice. He then, standing at East and facing East, says: Holy art Thou, Lord of the Universe! Holy art Thou, whom Nature hath not formed! Holy art thou, the Vast and the Mighty One! Lord of the Light and of the Darkness! "Chief Magus of Art:" Magus of the Fires, I command you to perform at the four quarters of the Universe the invocation of the forces of Mercury by Solomon's Seal. "Magus of Fire:" Mighty Magus of Art, all thy commands shall be obeyed, and all thy desires shall be accomplished! [He does it.¹⁵] [The Magus now advances to the centre of the circle, by the Magical Cauldron, wherein is the milk becoming heated, turns himself towards the Fire of the spirit, and recites:] "THE INVOCATION TO THE HIGHER." Majesty of the Godhead, Wisdom-crowned Thoth, Lord of the Gates of the Universe: Thee! Thee we invoke! Thou that manifesteth in Thy symbolic Form as an Ibis-headed one: Thee, Thee we invoke! Thou, who holdest in Thy hand the magic wand of Double Power: Thee, Thee we invoke! Thou who bearest in thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and Life: Thee, Thee we invoke! Thou whose {176} head is of green, whose Nemys is of night sky- blue; whose skin of of flaming orange, as though it burned in a furnace: Thee, Thee we invoke! Behold, I am Yesterday, To-day, and the brother of the Morrow! For I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force which created the Gods, and giveth life unto the dwellers in the watch-towers of the Universe. I am the charioteer in the East, Lord of the Past and the Future, He who seeth by the Light that is within Him. I am the Lord of Resurrection, who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the House of Death. O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who are keeping Watch over the Universe! Ye who accompany the bier unto its resting-place, and who pilot the Ship of Rf, advancing onwards unto the heights of Heaven! Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the centre of the Earth! Behold He is in me and I in Him! Mine is the radiance in which Ptah floateth over his firmament. I travel upon high. I tread upon the firmament of Nu. I raise a flame

with the flashing lightning of mine eye, ever rushing forward in the splendour of the daily glorified Rf, giving life to every creature that treadeth upon the Earth. If I say come up upon the mountains, The Celestial waters shall flow at my word; 13 See Tablet of Earth. 14 The Four Elemental Tablets. 15 Se "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2. For I am Rf incarnate, Khephra created in the flesh! I am the living image of my Father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun! The God who commands in in my mouth: The God of Wisdom is in my heart: My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth: And a God sitteth upon my lips! My Word is accomplished each day, and the desire of my heart realises itself like that of Ptah when he creates his works. Since I am Eternal everything acts according to my designs, and everything obeys my words. Therefore do Thou come forth unto Me from thine abode in the Silence, Unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power. Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still Un-named and nameless for Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art. {177} Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi. Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness Rising, descending, changing for ever, yet for ever the same! The Sun is Thy Father! Thy Mother the Moon! The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom: And Earth hath ever nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth. Come Thou forth I say, come Thou forth, And make all spirits subject unto me! So that every spirit of the firmament, And of the Ether of the Earth, And under the Earth, On dry land, And in the Water, Of whirling Air, And of rushing Fire, And every spell and scourge of God, may be obedient unto Me! [She binds a black cord thrice round the sigil of the Spirit and veils it in black silk, saying:] Hear me, ye Lords of Truth in the Hall of Themis, hear ye my words, for I am made as ye! I now purpose with the divine aid, to call forth this day and hour the Spirit of Mercury, Taphthartharath, whose magical sigil I now bind with this triple cord of Bondage, and shroud in the black concealing darkness and in death! Even as I knot about this sigil the triple cord of Bondage, so let the Magic power of my will and words penetrate unto him, and bind him that he cannot move; but is presently forced by the Mastery and the Majesty of the rites of power to manifest here before us without this Circle of Art, in the magical triangle which I have provided for his apparition. And even as I shroud from the Light of Day this signature of that Spirit Taphthartharath, so do I render him in his place blind, deaf and dumb. That he may in no wise move his place or call for aid upon his Gods; or hear another voice save mine or my companions', or see another path before him than the one unto this place. [Sigil is placed outside the circle by the assistant Magus of Art.] And the reason of this my working is, that I seek to obtain from that spirit Taphthartharath the knowledge of the realm of Kokab, and to this end I implore the divine assistance in the names of Elohim Tzebaoth, Thoth, Metatron, Raphael, Michael, Beni Elohim, Tiriël. [Chief resumes her seat. The three others pass to the West and point their swords {178} in menace at the veiled and corded sigil. The Assistant Magus then lifts the sigil on to the edge of the circle, and says:] Who gives permission to admit to the Hall of Dual Truth this creature of sigils? "Magus of Art:" I, S.S.D.D., Soror of the Order of the Golden Dawn, Theorica Adepta Minora of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold! "I.A.:" Creature of Sigils, impure and unconsecrate! thou canst not enter our Magic Circle! "D.P.A.L.:" Creature of Sigils, I purify thee with Water. "AE.A.:" Creature of Sigils, I consecrate thee by Fire. [Magus of Art in a loud voice cries "seven times" the name of the Spirit, vibrating strongly, and

then says:] Assistant Magus of Art, I command thee to place the sigil at the foot of the Altar. "I.A.:" Mighty Magus of Art, all your commands shall be obeyed and all your desires shall be fulfilled. [He does so. The Magus of Art, standing on the throne of the East, then proclaims:] "THE INVOCATION." O Thou mighty and powerful spirit Taphthartharath, I bind and conjure Thee very potently, that Thou do appear in visible form before us in the magical triangle without this Circle of Art. I demand that Thou shalt speedily come hither from Thy dark abodes and retreats, in the sphere of Kokab, and that Thou do presently appear before us in pleasing form, not seeking to terrify us by vain apparitions, for we are armed with words of double power, and therefore without fear! and I moreover demand, binding and conjuring Thee by the Mighty Name of Elohim Tzebaoth, that Thou teach us how we may acquire the power to know all things that appertain unto the knowledge of Thoth who ruleth the occult wisdom and power. And I am about to invoke Thee in the Magical hour of TAFRAC, on this day, for that in this day and hour the great angel of Kokab, Raphael, reigneth ___ beneath whose dominion art Thou ___ and I swear to Thee, here in the hall of the twofold manifestation of Truth, that, as liveth and ruleth for evermore the Lord of the Universe; that even as I and my companions are of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold; that even as in us is the knowledge of the rites of power ineffable: Thou SHALT this day become manifest unto visible appearance before us, in the magical triangle without this Circle of Art: [It should now have arrived at the Magical Hour Tafrac, commencing at 8h. 32' P.M. If not, then the Adepts seat themselves, and await that time. When it is fulfilled, the Assistant Magus places the sigil on the Altar in the right quarter: the Magus advances {179} to the East of the Altar, lays her left hand upon it, in her right holding the sword with its point upon the centre of the sigil. The Associate Magus holds the Magical Candle for her to read by: and the Magus of the Fires the Book of Invocations, turning the pages that she may read continually. She recites:] Hear ye, ye lords of Truth, hear ye, ye invoked powers of the sphere of Kokab, that all is now ready for the commencement of this Evocation! "THE POTENT EXORCISM." [To be said, assuming the mask or form of the Spirit Taphthartharath.] HB:Taw O Thou Mighty Spirit of Mercury, Taphthartharath! I bind, command and very potently do conjure Thee: HB:Peh By the Majesty of the terrible Name of HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Aleph HB:Bet HB:Tzaddi HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Lamed HB:Aleph The Gods of the Armies of the HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Bet By and in the name of: HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Koph HB:Yod HB:Mem Great Archangel of God, that ruleth in the Sphere of Kokab, by and in the name of: HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Peh HB:Resh Great Angel of Mercury; by and in the Name of: HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Resh HB:Yod HB:Tet The Mighty Intelligence of Kokab; By and in the Name of the Sephira Hod And in the name of that thy sphere KOKAB That Thou come forth here now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible form before us; in the great magic triangle without this Circle of Art. HB:Taw I bind and conjure Thee anew: By the magical figures which are traced upon the ground: By the Magic Seal of Mercury I bear upon my breast: By the Eight Magic Lamps that flame around me: By Thy seal and sigil which I bear upon my heart: that Thou come forth, here, now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us, in the great magic triangle without this Circle of Art. HB:Resh I bind and conjure thee anew: By the Wisdom of Thoth the Mighty God: By the Light of the Magic Fire: By the Unutterable Glory of the

Godhead within me: By all powerful names and rites: that Thou come forth, here, {180} now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us, in the great magical triangle without this Circle of Art. HB:Taw I bind and conjure Thee anew: By the powers of Word and of Will: By the Powers of Number and Name: By the Powers of Colour and Form: By the Powers of Sigil and Seal: That Thou come forth, here, now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us in the great magical triangle without this Circle of Art. HB:Resh I bind and conjure thee anew: By all the Magic of Light: By the Ruby Rose on the Cross of Gold: By the Glory of the Sun and Moon: By the flashing radiance of the Magic Telesmata: By the Names of God that make Thee tremble every day! That Thou come forth, here, now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us in the great Magic triangle without this Circle of Art! HB:Taw But if thou art disobedient and unwilling to come: Then will I curse Thee by the Mighty Names of God! And I will cast Thee down from Thy Power and Place! And I will torment Thee with new and terrible names! And I will blot out Thy place from the Universe; And Thou shalt "never" rise again! So come Thou forth quickly, Thou Mighty Spirit Taphthartharath, come Thou forth quickly from thy abodes and retreats! Come unto us, and appear before us in visible and material form within the great Magical triangle without this Circle of Art, courteously answering all our demands, and see Thou that Thou deceive us in no wise ___ lest ___ [Take up the veiled sigil and strike it thrice with the blade of the Magic sword, then hold it in the left aloft in the air, at the same time stamping thrice with the Right Foot. Assistant Magus now takes sigil and places it in the North: S.S.D.D. returns to her seat, takes lotus wand (or Ibis sceptre) and says:] The voice of the Exorcist said unto me, let me shroud myself in Darkness, peradventure thus may I manifest in Light. I am an only Being in an abyss of Darkness, from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth, from the silence of a primal sleep. And the Voice of Ages answered unto my soul: "Creature of Mercury, who art called Taphthartharath! The Light shineth in Thy darkness, but thy darkness comprehendeth it not!" Let the Mystic Circumambulation take place in the Path of Darkness, with the Magic Light of Occult science to guide our way! [I.A. takes up sigil in left and candle in right. Starting at North they circumambulate once. S.S.D.D. rises, and passes round the Temple before them, halting at the Gate of the West. Sigil bared by I.A., purified and consecrated: S.S.D.D., as Hiereus, assuming the mask of the Spirit, strikes the sigil (now partly bared) "once" with the Magic Sword, and says:] {181} Thou canst not pass from concealment unto manifestation save by the virtue of the name Elohim! Before all things are the Chaos and the Darkness, and the Gates of the Land of Night. I am he whose name is Darkness; I am the Great One of the Paths of the Shades! I am the Exorcist in the midst of the exorcism: appear thou therefore without fear before me, for I am He in whom Fear is not! Thou hast known me, so pass thou on! [Magus of Art passes round to the Throne of the East, Assistant Magus re-veils the sigil and carries it round once more. They halt, bare, purify and consecrate sigil as before: they approach the Gate of the East. Sigil unveiled: S.S.D.D. smiting sigil once with lotus wand.] Thou canst not pass from concealment unto manifestation save by virtue of the name of I.H.V.H. After the formless and the void and the Darkness cometh the knowledge of the Light. I am that Light which riseth in the Darkness: I am the Exorcist in the midst of the exorcism: appear Thou therefore in Visible Form before me, for I am the wielder of the forces of the Balance. Thou hast known me now, so pass Thou on unto

the Cubical Altar of the Universe! [Sigil re-veiled, and conducted to altar, placed on West of triangle; S.S.D.D. passes to Altar holding sigil and sword as before. On her right hand is A.E.A. with the Magic Candle: on her left is D.P.A.L. with the ritual. Behind her to the East of the Magica{ } Cauldron is I.A. casting into the milk at each appropriate moment the right ingredient. Afterwards, as S.S.D.D. names each Magical Name, I.A. draws in the perfected Hellbroth the sigils, &c., appropriate thereunto: at which time S.S.D.D. recites the:] " ""STRONGER AND MORE POTENT" " ""CONJURATION."

Come forth! Come forth! Come forth unto us, Spirit of Kokab Taphthartharath, I conjure Thee! Come! Accept of us these magical sacrifices, prepared to give Thee body and form. Herein are blended the magical elements of Thy body, the symbols of Thy mighty being. For the sweet scent of the mace is that which shall purify Thee finally from the Bondage of Evil. And the heat of the magical fire is my will which volatilises the gross matter of Thy Chaos, enabling thee to manifest Thyself in pleasing form before us. And the flesh of the serpent is the symbol of Thy body, which we destroy by water and fire, that it may be renewed before us. And the Blood of the Serpent is the Symbol of the Magic of the Word Messiah, whereby we triumph over Nahash. And the all-binding Milk is the magical water of Thy purification. {182} And the Fire which flames over all [assistant lights Hell-broth] is the utter power of our sacred rites! Come forth! Come forth! Come forth unto us, Spirit of Mercury, O Taphthartharath. I bind and conjure Thee by Him that sitteth for ever on the Throne of Thy Planet, the Knower, the Master, the All-Dominating by Wisdom, Thoth the Great King, Lord of the Upper and the Lower Crowns! I bind and conjure Thee by the Great Name IAHDONHI Whose power is set flaming above Thy Palaces, and ruleth over Thee in the midst of Thy gloomy Habitations. And by the powers of the mighty letter Beth: which is the house of our God, and the Crown of our Understanding and Knowledge. And by the great Magic Word StiBeTTChePhMeFShiSS which calleth Thee from Thy place as Thou fleest before the presence of the Spirit of Light and the Crown! And by the name ZBaTh, which symbolises Thy passage from Mercury in Gemini unto us in Malkuth: Come forth, come forth, come forth! Taphthartharath! In the name of IAHDONHI: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! In the name of Elohim Tzebaoth! I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! In the Name of Mikhael: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! In the Name of Raphael: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! In the Name of Tiriell: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! In the Name of Asboga: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! {183} In the Name of Din and Doni: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! Taphthartharath! In the Name of Taphthartharath: I invoke Thee: appear! appear! O Thou Mighty Angel who art Lord of the 17th Degree of Gemini, wherein now Mercury takes refuge, send thou unto me that powerful but blind force in the form of Taphthartharath. I conjure thee by the Names of Mahiel and Onuel, they who rejoice. Come forth unto us therefore, O Taphthartharath, Taphthartharath, and appear thou in visible and material form before us in the great Magical triangle without this Circle of Art! And if any other Magus of Art, or any other school than ours, is now invoking Thee by potent spells; or if Thou art bound by Thy vow, or Thy duties, or the terrible bonds of the Magic of Hell; then I let shine upon Thee the glory of the symbol of the Rose and the Cross; and I tell Thee by that symbol that Thou art free of all vows, of all bonds, for what time Thou comest hither to obey my will! Or if any other Master or Masters of the Magic of Light of the Order of the Rose of Ruby

and the Cross of Gold is now binding and invoking Thee by the supreme, absolute and fearful power of this our Art: then I command and conjure Thee by every name and rite already rehearsed that Thou send unto us an ambassador to declare unto us the reason of Thy disobedience. But if Thou art yet disobedient and unwilling to come, then will I curse Thee by the Mighty Names of God, and I will cast Thee forth from Thy Power and Place. And I will torment Thee by horrible and terrible rites. And I will blot out Thy place from the Universe and Thou shalt NEVER rise again! So come Thou forth, Thou Spirit of Mercury, Taphthartharath, come Thou forth quickly, I advise and command Thee. Come Thou forth from Thy abodes and retreats. Come Thou forth unto us, and appear before us in this Magical triangle without this Circle of Art: in fair and human form, courteously answering in an audible voice all of our demands. As is written: "Kiss the Son lest He be angry! If His anger be kindled, yea, but a little ____ Blessed are they that put their trust in Him!" [The Mighty Magus of Art lifts up the sigil towards Heaven, tears off from it the Black Veil, and cries:] Creature of Kokab, long hast Thou dwelt in Darkness! Quit the Night and seek the Day! [Sigil is replaced to West of the triangle; Magus holds the Sword erect (point upwards) over its centre, and lays her left hand upon it, saying:] {184} By all the names, powers and rites already rehearsed, I conjure Thee thus unto visible apparition: KHABS AM PEKHT. KONX OM PAX. LIGHT IN EXTENSION. [Saith the Magus of Art:] As the Light hidden in Darkness can manifest therefrom, SO SHALT THOU become manifest from concealment unto manifestation! [The Magus of Art takes up the sigil, stands at East of Altar facing West, and says:] " "THE CONJURATION OF THE INTELLIGENCE TIRIEL." Tiriël, Angel of God, in the name of IAHDONHI I conjure thee send thou unto us this spirit TAPHTHARTHARATH. Do thou force him to manifest before us without this Circle of Art. Tiriël, in the name of Elohim Tzebaoth, send to us in form material this spirit Taphthartharath. Tiriël, in the name of Beni Elohim, send to us in form material this spirit Taphthartharath. Tiriël, in the name of Michael, send to us in form material this spirit Taphthartharath. Tiriël, in the name of Raphael, send to us in visible form this spirit Taphthartharath. Tiriël, in the name of Hod, send to us in visible form this spirit Taphthartharath. O Tiriël, Tiriël: in all the mighty signs, and seals, and symbols here gathered together, I conjure thee in the Name of the Highest to force this Spirit Taphthartharath unto visible manifestation before us, in the great triangle without this Circle of Art. [The Magus now places the sigil between the mystic pillars, and attacks it as Enterer, directing upon it her whole will: following this projection by the sign of silence. If he does not yet appear, then repeat the invocation to Tiriël from the throne of the East. This process may be repeated thrice. But if not even then the Spirit come, then an error hath been committed, in which case replace Sigil on altar, holding sword as usual, and say:] " ""THE PRAYER UNTO THE GREAT GOD OF HEAVEN." O ye great Lords of the Hall of the Twofold Manifestation of Truth, who preside over the weighing of the Souls in the Place of Judgment before AESHOORI, {185} Give me your hands, for I am made as ye! Give me your hands, give me your magic powers, that I may have given unto me the force and the Power and the Might irresistible, which shall compel this disobedient and malignant spirit, Taphthartharath, to appear before me, that I may accomplish this evocation of arts according to all my works and all my desires. In myself I am nothing: in ye I am all self, and exist in the selfhood of the Mighty to Eternity! O Thoth, who makest victorious the word of AESHOORI against his adversaries, make thou my word, who am Osiris, triumphant and victorious over this

[illegible]

Eca od Zoderahnu odo kikalŠ Imayah piapŠ piamoel od VAOAN! [If at this time that spirit be duly and rightly materialized, then pass on to the request of the Mighty Magus of Art; but if not, then doth the Magus of Art assume the God form of Thoth, and say:] Thou comest not! Then will I work and work again. I will destroy Thee and uproot Thee out of Heaven and Earth and Hell. Thy place shall be come empty; and the horror of horrors shall abide in Thy heart, and I will overwhelm Thee with fear and trembling, for "SOUL mastering Terror" is my Name. [If at this point he manifest, then pass on to the final Request of the Mighty Magus of Art; if not, continue holding the arms in the sign of Apophis.] Brother Assistant Magus! Thou wilt write me the name of this evil serpent, this spirit Taphthartharath, on a piece of pure vellum, and thou shalt place thereon also His seal and character; that I may curse, condemn and utterly destroy Him for His disobedience and mockery of the Divine and Terrible Names of God the Vast One. [Assistant Magus does this.] Hear ye my curse, O Lords of the Twofold Manifestation of Thmaist. I have evoked the Spirit Taphthartharath in due form by the formulae of Thoth. But He obeys not, He makes no strong manifestation. Wherefore bear ye witness and give ye power unto my utter condemnation of the Mocker of your Mysteries. I curse and blast Thee, O thou Spirit Taphthartharath. I curse Thy life and blast Thy being. I consign Thee unto the lowest Hell of Abaddon. By the whole power of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold ____ for that Thou hast failed at their behest, and hast mocked by Thy disobedience at their God-born knowledge ____ by that Order which riseth even unto the white throne of God Himself do I curse Thy life and blast Thy being; and consign Thee unto the lowermost Hell of Abaddon! In the Names of IAHDONHI, Elohim Tzebaoth, Michael, Raphael, Beni Elohim and Tiriël: I curse Thy Life And Blast Thy Being! Down! Sink down to the depths of horror. By every name, symbol, sign and rite that has this day been practised in this Magic Circle: by every power of my soul, of the Gods, of the Mighty Order to which we all belong! I curse Thy Life And Blast Thy Being! Fall, fall down to torment unspeakable! If Thou dost not appear then will I complete the fearful sentence of this curse. {188} God will not help Thee. Thou, Thou hast mocked His Name. [Taking the slip of vellum and thrusting it into the magical Fire.] I bid Thee, O sacred Fire of Art, by the Names and Powers which gave birth unto the Spirit of the Primal Fire: I bind and conjure Thee by every name of God, the Vast One, that hath rule, authority and dominion over Thee; that Thou do spiritually burn, blast, destroy and condemn this spirit Taphthartharath, whose name and seal are written herein, causing Him to be removed and destroyed out of His powers, places and privileges: and making Him endure the most horrible tortures as of an eternal and consuming Fire, so long as He shall come not at my behest! The Earth shall suffocate Him, for mine are its powers, and the Fire shall torment Him, for mine is its magic. And Air shall not fan Him, nor Water shall cool Him. But Torment unspeakable, Horror undying, Terror unaltering, Pain unendurable; the words of my curse shall be on Him for ever; God shall not hear Him, nor holpen Him never, and the curse shall be on Him for ever and ever! [So soon as he shall appear, extinguish that fire with consecrated water, and cry:] O, Thou Mighty Spirit Taphthartharath, forasmuch as Thou art come, albeit tardily, do I revoke my magic curse, and free Thee from all its bonds save only from those that bind Thee here! [He having appeared, the "Assistant Magus of Art" holds aloft his sword, saying:] Hear ye, Great Lord of the Hall of Dual Truth; Hear ye, Immortal Powers of the Magic of Light, that this Spirit Taphthartharath hath been duly and

properly invoked in accordance with the sacred rites of Power Ineffable. [The "Mighty Magus of Art" now says:] O ye Great Lords of the Glory and Light of the radiant Orb of Kokab; ye in whom are vested the knowledge of the Mighty powers, the knowledge of all the hidden Arts and Sciences of Magic and of Mystery! Ye! Ye! I invoke and conjure! Cause ye this mighty Serpent Taphthartharath to perform all our demands: manifest ye through him the Majesty of your presences, the divinity of your knowledge, that we may all be led yet one step nearer unto the consummation of the Mighty Work, one step nearer unto the great white throne of the Godhead; and that, in so doing, "His" being may become more glorified and enlightened, more capable of receiving the Influx of that Divine Spirit which dwells in the heart of Man and God! [S.S.D.D. now formulates the desires as follows:] O thou Great Potent Spirit Taphthartharath, I do command and very potently conjure thee by the Majesty of Thoth, the Great God, Lord of Amena, King and Lord Eternal of the Magic of Light: That Thou teach unto us continually the Mysteries of the Art of Magic, declaring unto us now in what best manner may each of us progress towards the accomplishment of the Great Work. Teach us the Mysteries of all the Hidden Arts and Sciences which are under the Dominion of Mercury, and finally swear Thou by the Great Magic Sigil {189} that I hold in my hand, that thou wilt in future always speedily appear before us; coming whensoever Thy sigil is unveiled from its yellow silken covering: and manifesting whensoever we enable Thee by the offerings and sacrifices of Thy nature! To the end that Thou mayest be a perpetual link of communication between the Great God Thoth under his three forms and ourselves. "

"THE FINAL ADMONITION." O Thou mighty and potent prince of Spirits Taphthartharath: forasmuch as Thou hast obeyed us in all our demands, I now finally bind and conjure Thee: That Thou hereafter harm me not, or these my companions, or this place, or aught pertaining unto all of us: that Thou faithfully do perform all those things even as Thou hast sworn by the great and all-powerful Names of God the Vast One; and that Thou dost deceive us in nothing, and forasmuch as Thou has been obedient unto our call, and hast sworn to obey our commands: Therefore do Thou feel and receive these grateful odours of the fine perfumes of our Art, which are agreeable unto Thee. [Magus of Fires burns much incense.] And now I say unto Thee, in the name of IHSVH, depart in peace unto Thy habitations and abodes in the invisible. I give unto Thee the blessing of God in the Name of IAHDONHI: may the influx of the Divine Light inspire Thee and lead Thee unto the ways of peace! Let there be peace betwixt us and Thee; and come Thou hastily when we invoke and call Thee: Shalom! Shalom! Shalom! [Reverse circumambulations and closing rituals of Mercury, &c. &c.] In the Order of the Golden Dawn many consecrations were made use of upon the lines laid down in Book HB:Heh , such as the Consecration of the Lotus Wand, the Rose Cross and the Magical Sword; these, however, we will omit, substituting in their place one carried out by P. himself, and called:

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TALISMAN OF FIRE OF JUPITER WITH RITUAL THE INVOCATIONS PROPER TO THE CONSECRATION OF A FLASHING TABLET OF THE EAGLE KERUB OF JUPITER. PART I. The Hall is first purified by the banishing rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram. Next by Fire and by Water. {190} The General Exordium follows; then, The Exordium. I, P., with the help of Q.F.D.R. and T.T.E.G, am come hither to consecrate a talisman of the Eagle Kerub of Jupiter that it may be powerful to heal the sick, to alleviate pain, to give health and strength. And I swear, in the presence of the Eternal Gods, that, as liveth the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul, I will so create a dweller for this talisman that it shall be irresistible to heal the sick, to alleviate pain, to give health and strength: to the welfare of mankind and the glory of God. [I invoke the Higher by the first prayer in 5ø = 6ø, and make the sign of the Cross on the talisman. Purify talisman, Fire and Water. The Invoking ritual of the Hexagram of Jupiter is performed.] " ""THE GREAT INVOCATION OF AMOUN."16 Hail unto Thee, Lord of Mercy! Hail, I say, unto Thee, the Father of the Gods! O Thou, whose golden plumes stream up the sky in floods of light divine! Thou, whose head is as a sapphire, or the vault of the unchanging sky! Thou, whose heart is pitiful; where the Rose Dawn shines out amid the gold! Thou, unchanging and unchangeable; Whom the Eagle follows; whom the Serpent doth embrace; O Thou that standest on the Scorpion! Thee, Thee, Thee, Thee, I invoke! O Thou! from whom the Universe did spring! Thou, the All-Father, Thou whose plumes of power rise up to touch the Throne of the Concealed! Mighty! Merciful! Magnificent! Thee, Thee, Thee, Thee, I invoke! Behold! Thou hast lifted up Thy Voice and the hills were shaken! Yea, Thou didst cry aloud and the everlasting hills did bow! They fled away; they were not! And Thine Awful Sea rolled in upon the Abyss! For Thou didst look upon my face and say: Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee! Yea, O my Father, Thou hast spoken unto me and said: "Sit thou on my right hand!" {191} But I have covered my face. I have hidden myself. I have knelt before Thee in the Glory of Thy face! Arise, Lord God, arise and shine! I am To-Day and I am Yesterday! I am the Brother of the Golden Dawn! In the Chariot of Life is my seat, and my horses course upon the firmament of Nu! Come unto me, O my Father, for I know Thy Name! AMOUN! [Vibrate by formulae of the Middle Pillar and of the Mystic Circumambulation.] 16 During the great invocation of Amon and Toun Maal T.T.E.G. and Q.F.D.R. respectively charge the talisman with Enterer sign. In Part I, T.T.E.G. will imagine herself throughout as clothed with a violet light and between two mighty pillars, of smoke and flame. A white light must pervade the violet from above. Her station is in the

place of Jupiter. I invoke Thee, the Terrible and Invisible God! I call Thee from the azure Throne! I raise my voice in the Abyss of Water! I raise my soul to contemplate Thy Face! AMOUN! Come unto me! Hear me! Appear in splendour unto these who worship at Thy Feet! For who am I before Thy Face? What is man, that Thou art mindful of him; or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him! Thou hast made him a little lower than the Elohim ____ Thou hast Crowned him with Glory and Honour! AMOUN! Hear me! Come unto me! In myself I am nothing ____ in Thee I am All Self! Dwell Thou in me, and bring me to that Self which is in Thee! AMOUN! O my Father! my Father! the Chariots of Ishrael, and the horsemen thereof! [All bow in adoration. Standing in the Sign of Osiris slain, say:] I am the Abi-agnus, the Slain Lamb in thy Mountain, O Lord Most High! I am the Strength of the Race of Men, and from me is the Shower of the Life of Earth! I am Amoun, the Conceal,d One: the Opener of the Day am I! I am Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life triumphant over death! There is no part of me that is not of the Gods. I am the Preparer of the Pathway: the Rescuer unto the Light! Out of the Darkness let the Light arise! [Raise hands to heaven.] Thou hast been blind and dead, O creature of talismans! Now I say unto Thee, Receive thy Life! Receive thy Sight! I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable! I am the Dweller of the Invisible! " "LET THE WHITE BRILLIANCE OF THE" " "DIVINE SPIRIT" "DESCEND!" {192} [Lower hands. Touching talisman with white end of Wand.] Be thou a living creature! Whose mind is open unto the Higher! Be thou a living creature! Whose heart is a centre of Light. Be thou a living creature! Whose body is the Temple of the Rosy Cross. In the number 21, in the name HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph , in the name HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Shin HB:Taw HB:Yod 17, in the Pass-Word INRI, I declare that I have created thee, a living Spirit of this Sphere of Tzedeq, to do my will, and work thine own salvation! Let us analyse the Key-Word. "Chief:" I. "2nd:" N. "3rd:" R. "All:" I. "Chief:" Yod. HB:Yod . "2nd:" Nun. HB:Nun . "3rd:" Resh. HB:Resh . "All:" Yod. HB:Yod . "Chief:" Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother. "2nd:" Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer. "3rd:" Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen. "All:" Isis, Apophis, Osiris. Iota Alpha Omega (All give the sign of the Cross). "Chief, 2nd and 3rd Adepts:" The Sign of Osiris Slain. ("Chief:" L. The Sign of the mourning of Isis.) 17 WEH NOTE: This is probable a typo for HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Shin HB:Heh HB:Yod . ("2nd Adept:" V. The Sign of Typhon Destroyer.) ("3rd Adept:" X. The Sign of Osiris Risen.) "All:" LVX., Lux, The Light of the Cross. PART II.18 Purify talisman with Water and Fire. The Invocation of Water is made as in 3ø = 8ø and by the Enochian Keys 10, 4, 11, 12 in E., W., N., S. respectively Invocation Scorpio (sigma lambda eta iota).19 " "The Invocation of the Great God Toun Maal" O Thou! Majesty of Godhead! Toun Maal! Thee, Thee I invoke! {193} Lord of Amenta! Lord of Enemehitt! o thou! Whose head is golden as the sun, and thy nemyss as the night sky-blue! Thou who art as rugged as the wind! Who formulatest wonders in the world! Thou unchangeable as Ta-Ur! Thou, mutable as water! Changing ever, and ever the same! Thou, girt about with the Waters of the West as with a garment! Thou, who art, in the Beneath as in the Above, like to Thyself! Reflector! Transmuter! Creator! Thee, Thee, I invoke! Behold, I have set my feet in the West, as Rf that hath ended his work! Toun goeth down into thy Waters, and the daylight passeth, and the shadows come! But I, I pass not, nor go down! The light of my Godhead gleams ever in Thy glowing skies; Horus is my Name, and the City of Darkness is my House: Thoth is on the prow of my Bark and I am Khephera that giveth Light! Come unto me! Come unto me, I say,

for I am He that standeth in Thy place! Behold! ye gathering eagles in the Sky! I am come into the West! I am lifted up upon your wings! Ye that follow the bier to the place of Rest. Ye that mourn Osiris in the dusk of things! Behold He is in Me and I in Him! I am He that ruleth in Amenta! In Slei (sigma lambda eta iota) is my rule, and in Death is my dominion! Mine are the eagles that watch in the Eye of Horus! Mine is the Bark of Darkness, and my power is in the Setting Sun! I am the Lord of Amenta! Toum Maal is My Name! Hail unto Thee! Hail unto Thee! O mine eagle of the glowing West!

Toumathph! [Vibrate by the formulae of the Middle Pillar and of the Mystic Circumambulation.] O crowned with darkness! Mother-bird of the Holy Ones! O golden-headed Soul of sleep! O firm, enduring shoulders! O body of blue and golden feathers! O darkening feet, as of the skies of night! O mighty Power of claws and beak, invincible, divine! O great and glistening Wings! {194} Ride hither on the Storm! 18 In Part II. Q.F.D.R. will imagine herself as a blue eagle between two mighty pillars. White light pervades the blue from above. Her station is in the West. 19 See "777". Egyptian name of Scorpio. Toumathph! [Vibrate by the formulae of the Middle Pillar and of the mystic Circumambulation.] Across the gloomy waters From the land of the Setting Sun Thou art come, Thou art come, for the Words of my Mouth are mighty words. Come, for the guests are ready, and the feast is spread before Thee! Come, for the destined spouse awaits Thy kiss! With roses and with wine, with light and life and love! The soul of Tzedeq waits! Come then, O come to me! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. I have fought upon earth for good. I am purified. I have finished my course, I have entered into the invisible! I am Osiris Onnophris the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life Triumphant over Death! There is no part of me that is not of the Gods. I am the Preparer of the Pathway: the Rescuer unto the Light! Out of the Darkness let the light arise! [Raise hands to heaven.] Thou hast been blind and dead, O creature of talismans! Now I say unto thee: Receive thy life! Receive thy Sight! I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable! I am the Dweller of the Invisible! " "LET THE WHITE BRILLIANCE OF THE" " "DIVINE SPIRIT" " ""DESCEND!"

PART III. " "The Chymical and Hermetic Marriage of the Eagle of the Waters" " "with the Soul of Jupiter." [Purify the talisman with Water and Fire.] "Q.F.D.R.:" I am the Eagle of the Waters, and my Power is in the West! "T.T.E.G.:" I am the Soul of Jupiter: in the sphere of Tzedeq is my name confessed! "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! "Q.F.D.R.:" My Power is to give peace and sleep! "T.T.E.G.:" My Power is to give strength and health! "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! "Q.F.D.R.:" Toum Maal hath made me to this end! "T.T.E.G.:" Amoun hath made me to this end! "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! {195} "Q.F.D.R.:" Pain could not dwell before us if we wed. "T.T.E.G.:" Death could not come where we are if we wed. "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! "Q.F.D.R.:" My robes were blue: where is their azure gone? "T.T.E.G.:" My robes were violet: is their purple past? "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! "Q.F.D.R.:" I am the eagle: and my form remains. "T.T.E.G.:" I am the square: and still the square abides. "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! ["Q.F.D.R." and "T.T.E.G." together in grip of $5\emptyset = 6\emptyset$ over the Talisman: We were two: are we not made one? "P.:" I am the Reconciler between you! O Maker and Creator and Preserver! Hear us who call Thee! Mighty Lord of Life, who hast given us life and love, who is like unto Thee? O God! hear us when we call! Pray Thou for us, that we may be made one! Unto God the Vast One let Thy prayer ascend! [The Magician shall kneel down and say:] Unto Thee,

sole wise, sole mighty, sole merciful One, be the praise and the glory for ever and ever! Who hast permitted me to glean in Thy field! To gather a spark of Thine unutterable light! To form two mighty beings from the spheres of Thy dominion! To make them one by the operation of Thy Divine Wisdom! Grant that this Eagle Kerub in the Sphere of Jupiter may be indeed mighty on the Earth! To heal the sick, to strengthen the infirm, to quiet the pain of mortal men! Grant that this work be unto it for a salvation, and a very invocation of Thy Light Divine, and a very link with the Immortal Soul of Man! Let it be pure and strong, that at last it may attain even unto the eternal Godhead in the veritable KHABS AM PEKHT! KONX OM PAX! LIGHT IN EXTENSION! AMEN. And for ourselves we pray, that this work of mercy that we have wrought to-night be for us a link with thy Divine Mercy, that we may be merciful, even as Thou art merciful, O our Father which art in Heaven! That the Benignant Eye of the Most Holy and Concealed, the Ancient One of Days, may open upon us, unto the glory of Thine Ineffable Name. "AMEN." {196} Let us finally invoke the Divine Light upon this gentle spirit we have created, that its paths may be light, and its way unto the White Glory sure! By Sacrifice of Self shalt thou attain! By mercy and by peace shall be thy path! For I know that My Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. Be thy Mind open unto the Higher! Be thy Heart the Centre of Light! Be thy Body the Temple of the Rosy Cross! And now I finally invoke upon thee power and might irresistible: to heal the sick, to alleviate pain, to strengthen and to restore to health! 21. AHIH. IHSHVH. INRI. V.H. Soror Q.F.D.R., I now deliver into thy charge this pure and powerful talisman! See thou well how thou dost acquit thyself herein! Keep it with reverence and love as a thing holy! Keep it in purity and strength! Let the dew of heaven descend upon it in the night season! Let this sacred perfume be burnt before it in the heat of day! At frequent times do this; and especially after thou has employed it in a work of love. And if thou dose treat it ill, if thou dost use it unworthily, if thou dost expose it to the gaze of the profane, then let its spirit return unto the God that give it, and let its power be assumed by its evil and averse antithesis to become a dreadful vampire, ever to prey upon thee, that the Vengeance of the Gods may drink its fill. But, and if thou does well and faithfully, ye shall be unto each other as a support and a blessing, and the Blessing of God the Vast One shall be ever upon you in his name :HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Shin HB:Heh HB:Yod And now in and by this very name I license all spirits to depart, save that One whose Dual Nature I have bound herein. But let them depart in peace to their Divine Orders in the name of Jeovah Jeovaschah! and let them be ever ready to come when they are called! :HB:Mem-final HB:Lamed HB:Shin HB:Heh HB:Taw HB:Aleph :HB:Mem-final HB:Lamed HB:Shin Fra: P. constructed many other talismans besides this, a Flashing Tablet of the Eagle Kerub of Jupiter for the purpose {197} of curing a certain Lady I____, mother of Soror Q.F.D.F., of a serious illness. Extraordinary were its results. For having carefully celebrated the ritual he instructed Soror Q.F.D.R. to feed the talisman with incense, and water it with dew. This she neglected to do, the result being that when she placed the talisman on her sick mother, this venerable old lady was seized with a violent series of fits, and nearly died. Q.F.D.R., however, reconsecrated the talisman, the result being that the Lady I____ speedily recovered the whole of her former strength, and survived to the ripe old age of ninety- two. With a similar talisman, too hurriedly prepared, he cured the pain in the leg of a certain friend of his; but forgetting to close the circle he found himself afflicted, exactly twenty-four hours later, by a similar

pain, but in the opposite leg to the one in which his friend had suffered. On very much the same lines as the foregoing, P. invoked into manifest appearance in the early autumn of 1899 the mighty but fallen spirit Buer, to compel his obedience unto the restoring of the health of Frater I.A.; and many other workings were also accomplished about this period. More important than any such dealings with the Paths is his progress in the Middle Pillar. In this connection we shall include Frater I.A.'s ritual for "The Magical Invocation of the Higher Genius."

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About this capture

THE MAGICAL INVOCATION OF THE HIGHER GENIUS. (According to the Formulae of the Book of the Voice of Thoth.) [The ceremony Enterer is the Sphere of Sensation. The Hierophant is the Augoeides. The officers are the Divine Sephiroth invoked. The Enterer is the natural man.] [First let the symbols in the Sphere of Sensation be equilibrated. This is the Opening of the Hall of Truth.] {198} " "The First Invocation." Come forth unto me, Thou that art my true Self: my Light: my Soul! come forth unto me: Thou that art crowned with Glory: That art the Changeless: The Un-nameable: the Immortal Godhead, whose Place is in the Unknown: and whose Dwelling is the Abode of the Undying Gods. Heart of my Soul; self- shining Flame, Glory of Light, Thee I invoke. Come forth unto me, my Lord: to me, who am Thy vain reflection in the mighty sea of Matter! Hear Thou, Angel and Lord! Hear Thou in the habitations of Eternity; come forth; and purify to Thy Glory My mind and Will! Without Thee am I nothing; in Thee am I All-self existing in Thy Selfhood to eternity! [Close now the channels to the Ruach of the Material senses: endeavouring at the same time to awaken the Inner sight and hearing. Thus seated, strive to grasp the same ray of the Divine Glory of the selfhood: meditating upon the littleness and worthlessness of the natural man: the vanity of his desires, the feebleness of his boasted Intellect. Remember that without That Light, naught can avail thee to true progression: and that alone by purity of Mind and Will canst thou ever hope to enter into that Glory. Pray then for that purification, saying in thy heart:] " "First purification and consecration of the candidate by Fire and Water." "Water:" Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. "Fire:" O send forth Thy light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let

them guide me unto Thy Holy Hill, to Thy Dwelling-place! I stand before the Beautiful Gate: before the mighty Portal of the Universe: at my Right Hand a Pillar of Fire; and at my left a Pillar of Cloud. At their bases are the dark-rolling clouds of the Material Universe: and they pierce the Vault of the Heavens above. And ever upon their summits flame the Lamps of their Spiritual Essence! Thou that livest in the Glory beyond that Gate: Heart of my Soul; Thee I Invoke! Come Thou forth unto me, who art my very Selfhood; mine Essence, my Light: and do Thou guard me and guide me through the Manifold Paths of Life: that I may at length become one with Thine Immortal and Imperishable Essence! Unto Thee, Sole Wise, Sole Mighty, and Sole Eternal one, be Praise and Glory for Ever; Who hast permitted me to enter so far in the Sanctuary of Thy Mysteries. Not unto me, but unto Thy name be the Glory! Let the influence of Thy Divine Ones descend upon my head, and teach me the value of Self-Sacrifice: so that I shrink not in the hour of trial; but that my Name may be written upon High, and that my Genius may stand in the Presence of the Holy One: in that hour when the Son of Man is evoked before the Lord of Spirits; and His Name in the presence of the Ancient of Days. O Lord of the Universe! grant Thou that upon me may shine forth the Light of my Higher Soul. Let me be guided by the {199} help of my Genius unto Thy Throne of Glory, Ineffable in the centre of the World of Life and Light. [Now go up to the Altar: formulating before thee a glittering Light: imagine that it demands wherefore thou hast come, &c., and say:] Adoration unto Thee that Dawnest in the Golden! O Thou that sailest over the Heavens in Thy Bark of Morning! Dark before Thee is the Golden Brightness; In whom are all the hues of the Rainbow. May I walk as Thou walkest, O Holiness, Who hast no master, Thou the great Space-Wanderer to whom millions and hundreds of thousands of years are but as one Moment! Let me enter with Thee into Thy Bark! Let me pass with Thee as Thou enterest the Gate of the West! As Thou gleamest in the Gloaming when Thy Mother Nuit enfoldeth Thee! [{}Now kneel at the Altar with thy right hand on the White Triangle, and thy left in the left hand of thine Astral double, he standing in the place of the Hierophant, and holding the Astral presentment of a Lotus Wand by the white band in his right hand, then say, as if with the projected Astral consciousness:] Adoration unto ye, ye Lords of Truth in the Hall of Thmaist, cycle of the great Gods which are behind Osiris: O ye that are gone before, let me grasp your hands, for I am made as ye! O ye of the Hosts of the Hotepischim! Purge ye away the wrong that is in me! Even as ye purged the Seven Glorious Ones who follow after the coffin of the Enshrined One, and whose places Anubist hath fixŠd against the day of "Be-with-us." O Thoth! Who makest Truth the Word of Aeshoori! make my word truth before the circle of the Great Gods! Adoration unto Thee, Anubi, who guardest the threshold of the Universe! Adoration unto Thee, Auramooth, purify me with the Living Waters! Adoration unto Thee, Thaumashneith, make me Holy with the Hidden Flame! Adoration be unto Thee, O Dark-Bright One! Hoor! the Prince of the City of Blindness! Adoration unto Thee, O Thmaist, Truth-Queen, who presidest at the Balance of Truth! Adoration unto Thee, Asi; adoration unto Thee, Nephthyst. O AESHOORI, Lord of Amennti! Thou art the Lord of Life Triumphant over Death: there is naught in Thee but Godhead! TOUM! Toun who art in the great Dwelling! Sovereign Lord of all the Gods, save me, and deliver! Deliver me from that God that feedeth upon the damnŠd, Dog-faced but human-headed; {200} That dwelleth by the Pool of fire in the Judgment Hall, Devourer of Shades, eater of Hearts, the Invisible foe! Devourer of Immortality is his Name! Unto

Thee, Sole Wise, Sole Mighty, and Sole Eternal one, be Praise and Glory for Ever: who hast permitted me to enter so far in the Sanctuary of the Mysteries. Not unto me, but unto Thy Name be the Glory! [Again finish by laying sword on nape of neck, saying: So help me th{e} Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul!] [Rise now, and raise above thine head thy hands (the left open and the right still holding the magic sword), and lifting unto heaven thine eyes, strive to aspire with all thy will unto the highest Divinity, saying:] From Thy Hands, O Lord, cometh all good! from Thy Hands flow down all grace and blessing! The Characters of Heaven with Thy Finger hast thou traced: but none can read them save he that hath been taught in Thy school! Therefore, even as servants look unto the hands of their masters, and handmaids unto the hands of their mistresses, even so our eyes look up unto Thee! For Thou alone art our help, O Lord our God! Who should not extol Thee, O Lord of the Universe! Who should not praise Thee! All belongeth unto Thee! Either Thy love or Thine anger all must again re-enter! Nothing canst Thou lose, for all things tend unto Thine Honour and Majesty! Thou art Lord alone, and there is none beside Thee! Thou dost what Thou wilt with Thy Mighty Arm: and none can escape from Thee! Thou alone helpst in their necessity the humble, the meek-hearted and the poor, who submit themselves unto Thee! And whosoever humbleth himself in dust and ashes before Thee; to such an one art Thou propitious! Who should not praise Thee then, Lord of the Universe, who should not extol Thee! Unto whom there is none like; whose dwelling is in Heaven and in the virtuous and God-fearing Heart! O God the Vast One! Thou art in all things! O Nature! Thou Self from Nothing ____ for what else can I call Thee! I, in myself, I am nothing! I, in Thee, I am all Self: and exist in Thy Selfhood from nothing! Live Thou in me: and bring me unto that Self which is in Thee! For my victory is in the Cross and the Rose! [Now pass to the North and face the East: projecting unto the place of the throne of the East the Astral double, and say from thence:] The Voice of My Higher Soul said unto me: let me enter the path of Darkness: peradventure "thus" may I obtain the Light! I am the only being in an Abyss of Darkness: from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth, from the Silence of a primal Sleep. And the voice of ages answer'd unto my soul: child of Earth! The Light shineth in the Darkness; but the Darkness comprehendeth it not! [Now formulate before thee a great Angel Torch-bearer saying:] Arise! shine! for Thy Light is come! {201} [Pass round the Temple to the South, face West and halt: formulate the Ideal²⁰ of Divine Mercy: and then that of Divine Justice: aspiring with all Thy heart unto each, and say:] Come unto me! O Lord of Love and Pity, come unto me, and let me live in Thy Love! Let me be merciful even as my Father in Heaven is merciful, for Thou hast said: Blessed are the Merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy. Grant unto me that I may attain unto thy Peace, wherein is life for evermore. Come unto me, O Lord of Perfect Justice! Mighty is Thine Arm, strong is Thy Hand: Justice and Judgment are the habitation of Thy Throne! Strengthen Thou, O Lord of Strength, my will and heart, that I may be able, with Thine aid, to cast out and destroy the Evil Powers that ever fight against those who seek Thee! [Formulate now before thee the Two Pillars of Cloud and of Fire, saying:] Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean! Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow! O send forth Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let them guide me unto Thy Holy Hill; even to Thy Tabernacles. I stand before the Gate of the West; and the Pillars of the Universe arise in Majesty before me. At my right hand is the Pillar of Fire: and on my left the Pillar of Cloud: below they are lost in Clouds of Darkness: and above in Heaven in

unnameable Glory. Let me enter, O Gate of the West! [Pass to South-West and project Astral. Then saith the Guardian of the Gate of the West:] Thou canst not pass by Me, saith the Guardian of the West: except Thou canst tell me My Name! [Saith the Aspirant:] Darkness is Thy Name: Thou art the Great One of the Paths of the Shades! [Saith the Great One of the Night of Time:] Child of Earth! remember that Fear is failure: be thou therefore without fear: for in the heart of the Coward, Virtue abideth not! Thou has known Me now, so pass thou on! [Pass to the North, and exalt again thy mind unto the contemplation of the Mercy and Justice of our God, repeating the foregoing prayers; then say:] Purify me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow! O send forth Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let them guide me unto Thy Holy Hill, to Thy Dwelling-place! {202} Dim before me looms the mighty Gate of the East! on the right the Pillar of Fire, on the left the Pillar of Cloud: stretching from the dark clouds of the World of Darkness to the Bright Glory of the Heavenly Light: Ever affirming to Eternity the Equilibration of the Powers of God the Vast One! Let me pass the Gate of the East Land! Let me pass the Gate of the Tuat, issuing forth with Rf in the Glory of Red Dawn! [Pass to the North-East, project Double to the place of the throne of the East, saying:] Thou canst not pass by Me, saith the Guardian of the East, except thou canst tell me My Name! [Saith the Aspirant:] "Light dawning in the Darkness" is Thy Name: the Light of a Golden Day! [Saith the Osiris:] 20 These are the two pillars of the Tree of Life; the first containing the Sephira Chesed, and the second the Sephira Geburah. Child of Earth! remember that Unbalanced Force is Evil: Unbalanced Mercy is but Weakness, Unbalanced Severity is but Cruelty and Oppression. Thou hast known Me now: so pass thou on unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe! [Pass to the West of the Altar, project Astral to between the Pillars, kneel at Altar and repeat in Astral:] "THE PRAYER OF OSIRIS." Lord of the Universe, the Vast and the Mighty One! Ruler of Light and of Darkness: we adore Thee and we invoke Thee! Look with favour upon this Neophyte who now kneeleth before Thee; and grant Thine aid unto the higher aspirations of His Soul, so that he may prove a true and faithful servant of the Mighty Ones, to the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name, Amen! [Now rise: lift up both hands and eyes towards heaven; and concentrate upon the Glory and Splendour of Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne for ever and ever, and say:] KHABS AM PEKHT! KONX OM PAX! LIGHT IN EXTENSION! In all my wanderings in Darkness the Light of Anubist went before me, yet I saw it not. It is a symbol of the Hidden Light of Occult Science. [Pass to between the Pillars, and standing thus concentrate upon the Highest Divinity; and there standing in the sign of the Enterer, say:] O Glory of the Godhead Unspeakable! Eternal Master! Ancient of Days! Thee, Thee, I invoke in my need! Dark is all the world; without, within; there is light alone in Thee! Rend asunder, Lord of the Universe, tear aside the Veil of the Sanctuary: let mine eyes behold my God, my King! As it is written: The Lightning lighteneth in the East and flameth even unto the West: even so shall be the Coming of the Son of Man! {203} [And now shalt thou see a light slow formulating into the shape of a mighty Angel, and thou shalt withdraw thyself from this sight and again say:] I saw Water coming from the Left Side of the Temple: and all unto whom that Water came were made whole, and cried: Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Allelulia! O Lamb of God: who takest away the Sins of the World! Grant us Thy peace! I am come forth from the Gates of Darkness: I have passed by the Gate of Amennti: and the Gate of the Taot! Behold! I am come to the Gate of the Shining Ones

in Heaven. I stand between the mighty Pillars of that Gate: at my right hand the Pillar of Fire, and at my left the Pillar of Cloud: Open unto me O gate of the God with the Motionless Heart: I am come forth by the T'esser Gate: I advance over the Paths that I know, I know: and my Face is set towards the land of the Maat! [Again formulating the Augoeides.] Come forth, come forth, my God, my King: come unto me, Thou that art crowned with starlight: Thou that shinest amongst the Lords of Truth: whose place is in the abode of the Spirits of Heaven! [When Thou shalt again see the Glorious One thou shalt salute with Enterer; pass between the pillars and circumambulate thrice: reverently saluting the East betimes. Now halt by the Light, facing it, and exalt thy mind unto Its glory, imagine it as encompassing thee and entering into Thy inmost Being, and say:] I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again: and whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die! I am the First and the Last, I am He that liveth but was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and hold the keys of Hell and of Death! For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth. I am the Way: the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me. I am purified: I have passed through the Gates of Darkness unto Light! I have fought upon Earth for good: I have finished my Work: I have entered into the Invisible! I am the Sun in His rising: I have passed through the Hour of Cloud and of Night! I am Amoun, the Concealed One: The Opener of Day am I! I am Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life Triumphant over Death: There is no part of me that is not of the Gods: I am the preparer of the Pathway, the Rescuer unto the Light! I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable! I am the Dweller of the Invisible! Let the White Brilliance of the divine Spirit descend. [A long pause.] Thus at length have I been permitted to comprehend the Form of my Higher Self! Adoration be unto Thee, Lord of my Life, for Thou hast permitted me to enter thus {204} far into the Sanctuary of Thine Ineffable Mystery: and hast vouchsafed to manifest unto me some little fragment of the Glory of Thy Being. Hear me, Angel of God the Vast One: hear me, and grant my prayer! Grant that I may ever uphold the the Symbol of Self-sacrifice: and grant unto me the comprehension of aught that may bring me nearer unto Thee! Teach me, starry Spirit, more and more of Thy Mystery and Thy Mastery: let each day and hour bring me nearer, nearer unto Thee! Let me aid Thee in Thy suffering that I may one day become partaker of Thy Glory: in that day when the Son of Man is invoked before the Lord of Spirits, and His Name in the presence of the Ancient of Days! And for this day, teach me this one thing: how I may learn from Thee the Mysteries of the Higher Magic of Light. How I may gain from the Dwellers in the bright Elements their knowledge and Power: and how best I may use that knowledge to help my fellow-men. And, finally, I pray Thee to let there be a link of Bondage between us: that I may ever seek, and seeking, obtain help and counsel from Thee Who Art my very selfhood. And before Thee I do promise and swear; that by the aid of Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, I will so purify my heart and mind that I may one day become truly united unto Thee, who art in Truth my Higher Genius, my Master, my Guide, my Lord and King! The result of these magical experiments was twofold. First, by degrees P. was accumulating against himself a power of evil which was only awaiting a favourable moment to turn and destroy him.²¹ This is the natural effect of all that class of magic which consists in making a circle, and thus setting the within against the without, and formulating duality, the eternal curse. Any idea in the mind is of little importance while it stays there, but to

select it, to consecrate it, to evoke it to visible appearance, that is indeed dangerous. {205} For as he advanced from grade to grade, penetrating further and further into the mysteries of occult 21 Whilst deep in these magical practices his house in London became charged with such an aura of evil that it was scarcely safe to visit it. This was not solely due to P.'s own experiments; we have to consider the evil work of others in the Order, such as E.F.E.J., who, envious of his progress and favour with the Chiefs, were attempting to destroy him. (See "At the Fork of the Roads," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 1, p. 101.) Weird and terrible figures were often seen moving about his rooms, and in several cases workmen and visitors were struck senseless by a kind of paralysis and by fainting fits. knowledge, he saw ever more clearly that most of the members of the Order of the Golden Dawn were scarcely worthy of his contempt; yet in spite of the folly of the disciples he remained loyal to their master D.D.C.F. He could not yet know that the chief is as his disciples, though raised to a higher power. For like attracts like. Secondly, these practical workings taught him, more certainly than years of study and reading, that there was but one goal to the infinite number of paths seen by the beginner, and that the ultimate result of the HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation, the highest of the ceremonial operations of the Golden Dawn, was similar to that of "Rising on the Planes." Having made this important discovery he abandoned his intended experiments in ceremonial Divination and Alchemy, and towards the close of 1899 retired to the lonely house that he had bought for the purpose of carrying out the Sacred Operation of Abramelin the Mage. {206}

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About this capture

THE ADEPT DURING the whole of the autumn of 1899 we find P. busily engaged in making all necessary preparations for the great operation. Outside these preparations little else was accomplished; and, except for a fragment of a MS. on the "Powers of Number," no other record of the progress of P. during these three months is forthcoming. This MS., though interesting enough in itself, is scarcely of sufficient value to quote here; however, it may be remarked that it shows how strong an influence the Order of the Golden Dawn had had upon him, as well as the astonishing rapidity of his

Magical progress. In January 1900, P. returned to Paris in order that before commencing the Sacred Operation of Abramelin the Mage he might pass through the grade of 5ø = 6ø, and become an Adeptus Minor in the Second Order of the Golden Dawn. The ritual of the 5ø = 6ø is of considerable length, and of such profundity and beauty that it is difficult to conceive of any man not being a better and a more illumined man for having passed through it. We should like to give it in its entirety, but space forbids, and though abridgment deducts considerably from its value, we will do our best to give its essence, and trust to make up for our shortcomings {207} by attaching to this ritual P.'s lucid and learned interpretation. THE RITUAL OF THE ORDER OF ROSAE RUBEAE ET AUREAE CRUSIS RITUAL OF THE 5ø = 6ø GRADE OF ADEPTUS MINOR. In this grade the following officers are required: Chief Adept, 7ø = 4ø. Merciful Exempt Adept. Second Adept, 6ø = 5ø. Mighty Adeptus Major Third Adept, 5ø = 6ø. Associate Adeptus Minor. " ""OPENING." [The "Chief Adept," having called upon the members to assist him open the Vault of the Adepts, and upon the Associate Adeptus Minor to see that the portal is closed and guarded, turns to the Second Adept and says:] Mighty Adeptus Major, by what sign hast thou entered the Portal? "Second:" By the sign of the rending asunder of the veil.1 "Chief:" Associate Adeptus Minor, by what sign has thou closed the Portal? "Third:" By the signing of the closing of the Veil. "Second:" Pe: HB:Peh . "Third:" Resh: HB:Resh . "Second:" Kaph: HB:Koph . "Third:" Tau: HB:Taw . "Second:" Paroketh: HB:Taw HB:Koph HB:Resh HB:Peh . "Third:" The Veil of the Sanctum Sanctorum. "Chief:" Mighty Adeptus Major, what is the mystic number of this grade? "Second:" 21. "Chief:" Associate Adeptus Minor, what is the Pass-Word formed therefrom? "Third:" Aleph: HB:Aleph . "Chief:" H,: HB:Heh . "Third:" Yod: HB:Yod . 1 See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2. "Chief:" H,: h. "Third:" Eheieh: hHB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph . "Chief:" Mighty Adeptus Major, what is the Vault of the Adepts? "Second:" The symbolic burying-place of our mystic Founder, Christian Rosenkreutz, which he made to represent the Universe. {208} "Chief:" Associate Adeptus minor, in what part of it is he buried? "Third:" In the centre of the Heptagonal sides and beneath the altar, his head being towards the East. "Chief:" Mighty Adeptus Major, why in the centre? "Second:" Because that is the point of Perfect Equilibrium. [By this system of question and answer the whole symbolism of the vault is explained. Thus, the name of the Founder signifies the Rose and Cross of Christ, the fadeless Rose of Creation, the immortal Cross of Light. The Vault itself represents the tomb of Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. Its seven sides the seven lower Sephiroth, the seven days of Creation, and the seven Palaces. It is situated in the centre of the Earth, in the Mountain of the Caverns, the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus; which is the mountain of God in the Centre of the Universe, the sacred Rosicrucian Mountain of Initiation. The meaning of Abiegnus is explained as follows by the "Third Adept:"] {Illustration on page 209 described: "DIAGRAM 60. The Temple in the Opening and First Point of the 5ø = 6ø Ritual." This is a rectangle of approximate 6x8 proportion, standing on a smaller face and representing a room. The upper half of the room is occupied by a heptagonal drawing. The outer heptagon has an inner one symmetrically inside a very little way from the outer, like the thickness of a wall. This heptagon is point up and side down. Within the inner heptagon is a unicursal heptagram, created by drawing lines between alternate vertices. Only the uppermost point has any writing, the word "EAST". The symbols of the planets are placed in the seven triangles formed between the inner angles of the heptagram and the

sides of the double heptagon: clockwise from the top right: Jupiter, Saturn, Moon, Venus, Mercury, Sun and Mars. Dashed lines are used below the lowest face of the heptagon to indicate that that face is a door hinged on the left to open outward into the middle of the rectangular room. These words are written between the dashed lines indicating the open position of the door (vertically down in the diagram) and the dashed arc that indicates the clearance of the door's swing: "Door with Elemental Tablets & Cherubic Emblems." In the center of the heptagram is a figure made of an equilateral triangle beneath a rectangle beneath a circle. The circle is marked "ALTAR", and its circumference is a ring. The rectangle also has a double line border and is marked at the inside top "PASTOS". The circle covers the middle of the sides of the rectangle, and the rectangle slightly overlaps the heptagram at the top inner edge and slightly into the lower points. The equilateral triangle is beneath the two other figures and delineated by a single line edge. Only the upper points of the triangle are visible between the rectangular Pastos and the circular Altar. In the lower half of the rectangular room, the following symbols are displayed: Upper portion and to either side: two squares with upright equilateral triangles inside, the left identified as "Black Pillar" and the right as "White Pillar". In the center of the lower half of the room is a rectangle with the word "Chief". Somewhat above the bottom of the room are two rectangles in line with the pillars: the left is marked "Third" and the right is marked "Second". In the center of the lower end of the room is a longer rectangle, below all the others and marked "Other Members". Finally, at the bottom of the left side is a thin rectangle to indicate a closed door marked "Entrance".} It is ABI-AGNUS, Lamb of the Father; it is, by metathesis, ABI-GENOS, born of the Father; BIA-GENOS, strength of our race; and the four words make the sentence: "Abiegnus, Abi-agnus, Abigenos, Bia-genos." Abiegnus, the Mountain of the Lamb of the Father, born of the Father, and the strength of our race. [The key to the Vault, the Rose and Cross,² is then explained as resuming within itself the Life of Nature, and the Powers hidden in the word I.' N.' R.' I.'.. Another form of the Rose and Cross, the Crux Ansata, is shown to represent the force of the ten Sephiroth in nature, divided into a Hexad and Tetrad. The Oval embraces the first six Sephiroth, and the Tau Cross the lower four, answering to the four elements. The complete symbol of the Rose and Cross, which the Chief Adept carries upon his breast, is then explained to mean "the Key of Sigils and of Rituals"; and that it {209} represents the force of the twenty-two letters in Nature as divided into a three, a seven and a twelve; "many and great are its mysteries." The explanation of the Rose and Cross being ended, the Third Adept first explains his wand as having marked on it the colours of the twelve signs of the Zodiac between Light and Darkness, and that it is surmounted by the Lotus Flower of Isis, which symbolizes the development of creation. Then, secondly, the Adeptus Major explains his as "a wand terminating in the symbol of the Binary, and surmounted by the Tau Cross of Life, or the Head of the Phoenix, sacred to Osiris." On it are marked the seven colours of the rainbow between Light and Darkness, which are attributed to the Planets. It symbolises rebirth and resurrection from death. Lastly, the Chief Adept explains his as follows: "My wand is surmounted by the Winged Globe, around which the twin Serpents of Egypt twine. It symbolises the equilibrated force of the Spirit and the four elements beneath the everlasting wings of the Holy One. {Illustration on page 210 described: "DIAGRAM 61. The Egyptian Key of Life. The Crux Ansata." This is a standard shape Ankh, but the figure is divided and marked as follows: The loop is

divided into six sections, with the bottom extending in a wedge to the center of the cross intersection. In the sections of the loop are placed Hebrew letters in circles, corresponding to the Sephiroth thusly: clockwise from top: HB:Koph , HB:Chet , HB:Chet , HB:Taw , HB:Gemel , HB:Bet . The inner tip of the right arm has HB:Nun in a circle, while that of the left arm has HB:Heh . The upper part of the lower upright has HB:Yod in a circle. The bottom of the lower upright is divided from the upper part by a horizontal line, and the resulting trapezoid has two diagonals with a HB:Mem in a circle at the point of intersection.} {Illustration on page 210 described: "DIAGRAM 62. The reverse of the Complete Rose and Cross." Shape: This is a calvary cross with three circular lobes at the end of each of the four arms. There is a hanging-ring at the top of the uppermost central lobe of the upper arm. At the exterior intersections of the arms are three angular points, the central one in each set larger and the two smaller flanking points partly beneath the central one. Within the upper arm and beneath the lobes are three Crosses of Malta, center one slightly higher into the lobe. Beneath this are these words: 2 See Diagram 80. MAGISTER IHESVS CHRISTVS DEVS ET HOMO A cross of Malta, centered, is below this text, completing the upper arm. In the central intersection is found the following text: BENEDICTVS DOMINVS DEVS NOSTER QUI DEDIT NOBIS SIGNUM In the center of the lower arm is found the following text: (Mystic Name) FRA R.R. et A.C. In the end of the right arm are the three alchemical symbols for SALT, MERCURY and SULFUR, left to right. These symbols are also in the end of the left arm, but they are reversed, right to left.3} {Illustration facing page 210 described: "Diagram 63. The complete Symbol of the Rose and Cross." This is line art on glossy paper. The basic shape is identical to that of diagram 62, but this is the obverse of the Rose-Cross, created in the 19th century by the Golden Dawn. The original obverse was discarded by the G.'. D.'. Description of decorations follows: The three lobes on each arm contain the following alchemical symbols displayed radially oriented with the bottom of each symbol pointing toward the center of the device just inward on the arm: Upper lobes, left to right: Sulfur, Mercury, Salt. Lower lobes, left to right: Salt, Mercury, Sulfur. Right lobes, top to bottom: Sulfur, Salt, Mercury. Left lobes, top to bottom: Mercury, Sulfur, Salt. Next inward from the lobes and furnishing a center for orientation of the symbols of the lobes, each arm contains the same device, an upright pentagram interlaced for clock-wise trace. The five elemental symbols stand out beyond each point in the usual G.'. D.'. allocation, clockwise from top: Spirit, Water, Fire, Earth, Air. All four of these devices are oriented the same way, without regard to the placement on the cross. The device on the lower arm is further distinguished by being placed in the lower half of that arm, divided from the upper by a horizontal line, at the intersections of the drawn diagonals of the resultant square. Also in the lower arm, in the half just above this, is a hexagram composed of two clock-wise interlaced equilateral triangles, points to top and bottom. The center of this hexagram contains the symbol of the Sun, while the points have just beyond them the symbols of the remaining six ancient planets thusly: Clockwise from the top Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, Moon, Mercury, Mars. Note that the alchemical and planetary symbols for Mercury are 3 WEH NOTE: This figure is found in Franz Hartmann's "Cosmology," "...Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians of the sixteenth and" "seventeenth Centuries", Occult Publishing Co., Boston, 1888, plate # 1, facing page 16. This was reprinted in facsimile by Health Research in 1969. The same is to be found in "Secret Symbols of" "the Rosicrucians of

the 16th and 17th Centuries", Abdiel Lodge AMORC, 1967, page 34. See also M. Hall "op cit". Students who might be a bit confused about the origins of Rosicrucianism may wish to contact a descendent of the Barony of Cassel c/o of Nephthys Lodge O.T.O. to get some family history about the pre- 17th century Cassels who founded the R+C movement. different, the former ending in an arrow below the cross and the latter ending simply. The points at the exterior intersections are marked with the following, order: upper left, upper right, lower right, lower left. These are evidently to be read by transit and diagonal, rather than in the described order. Center point, upper half: astrological symbols of Virgo, Scorpio, Virgo, Sun. Center point, lower half: I, N, I, R. (for INRI) Minor point to counter-clockwise: L, V, (calvary cross), X. (for LVX+). Minor point to clockwise: I, A, I, O. (for IAIOI). The entire center and intersection is occupied by a large figure, circular in general outline and extending into the arms. This has at its very center a calvary cross with five petaled stylized rose done in five equal sections with a petal at top. There are four points outward from the intersections of the cross and the figure is mostly contained in an open circle which would actually circumscribe a greek cross. This being a calvary cross, the lower arm extends into the next ring of the figure. The next ring outward from the center is composed of three petals, each holding one of the mother letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Clockwise from top: HB:Aleph , HB:Shin , HB:Mem . This ring is partly overlapped by the lower arm of the inner calvary cross at the junction of the two lower petals. The next ring outward from the center is composed of seven petals, each holding one of the seven double letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Clockwise from 1 o'clock: HB:Koph , HB:Taw , HB:Gemel , HB:Dalet , HB:Bet , HB:Resh , HB:Peh . The last ring outward from the center is composed of twelve petals, each holding one of the twelve single letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Clockwise from top: HB:Heh , HB:Qof , HB:Tzaddi , HB:Ayin , HB:Samekh , HB:Nun , HB:Lamed , HB:Yod , HB:Tet , HB:Chet , HB:Zain , HB:Vau . } The door of the Vault is guarded by the Elemental Tablets,⁴ and by the Cherubic Emblems, and upon it is written the words: "POST CENTUM VIGINTI ANNOS PATEBO." Which the Chief Adept explains as follows:] The 120 years refer symbolically to the five grades of the First Order, and to the revolution of the powers of the Pentagram; also to the five preparatory examinations for this grade. It is written: "His days shall be 120 years," and 120 divided by five yields {210} twenty-four, the number of hours in a day, and of the Thrones of the Elders in the Apocalypse. Further, 120 equals the number of the ten Sephiroth multiplied by that of the Zodiac, whose key is the working of the Spirit and the four elements, typified in the wand which I bear. ⁴ For a further account of these see "The Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee," in Sloane MSS., British Museum. {Illustration on page 211 described and approximated: "DIAGRAM 64. The Lotus Wand." The top of the wand is crowned by a stylized half-open lotus flower (See Regardie's "The Golden Dawn" for a detailed description) Beneath this is a white segment on the shaft. At the bottom of the shaft is a black segment to the very end. Between the white and black segments are twelve bands. These bands are paralleled to the left by a column of zodiacal symbols and to the right by Hebrew letters thusly: Lotus Flower half- open ^{3 3 3 3} $\tilde{A}$ Aries ^{3 3} HB:Heh $\tilde{A}$ Taurus ^{3 3} HB:Vau $\tilde{A}$ Gemini ^{3 3} HB:Zain $\tilde{A}$ Cancer ^{3 3} HB:Chet $\tilde{A}$ Leo ^{3 3} HB:Tet $\tilde{A}$ Virgo ^{3 3} HB:Yod $\tilde{A}$ Libra ^{3 3} HB:Lamed $\tilde{A}$ Scorpio ^{3 3} HB:Nun $\tilde{A}$ Sagittarius ^{3 3} HB:Samekh $\tilde{A}$ Capricorn ^{3 3} HB:Ayin $\tilde{A}$ Aquarius ^{3 3} HB:Tzaddi $\tilde{A}$ Pisces ^{3 3} HB:Qof $\tilde{A}$ (black) ^{3 3 3 3} $\tilde{A}$ $\tilde{U}$ } {Illustration on page 211 described: "65. The

Chief Adept's Wand." The top of the wand is a winged-sun disk or Ba-hadit. Extending down from this to either side along the upper quarter of the wand shaft are two uraeus serpents, facing to left and right. The serpent to the right wears the Egyptian red crown and that to the left the white crown. The shaft is divided into five sections with the lower four marked to the left by the symbols of the elements and the middle three with the Hebrew mother letters to the right. The five sections of the shaft are marked from top to bottom thusly: White, Dee Red HB:Shin , Air Yellow HB:Aleph , Water Blue HB:Mem , Spirit Black.} {Illustration on page 211 described: "DIAGRAM 66. The Phoenix Wand." This wand is shaped like the Wes scepter, except that the slant top is clearly depicted as a head of Anubis with elongated ears. The top of the shaft is white and the fork to the bottom completes a black band. Between the white and black zones are seven bands with planetary symbols to the right and Hebrew letters to the left. From top to bottom these are: Mars HB:Peh , Sun HB:Resh , Mercury HB:Bet , Venus HB:Dalet , Moon HB:Gemel , Saturn HB:Taw , Jupiter HB:Koph .} [All then face East; the Chief Adept opens wide the Vault and places himself at the head of the Pastos, the Second Adept to the South, and the Third Adept to the North; they raise their wands in a pyramid formation over the altar, and their "cruces ansatas" below.] "Chief:" Let us analyse the Key Word: I. "Second:" N. "Third:" R. "All:" I. "Chief:" Yod: HB:Yod . "Second:" Nun: HB:Nun . "Third:" Resh: HB:Resh . "All:" Yod: HB:Yod . "Chief:" Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother. "Second:" Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer. "Third:" Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen. "All:" Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO. [The Wands and crosses are separated, all giving the sign of the cross, and saying:] {211} The Sign of Osiris slain. ["Chief," giving the L sign with bowed head.5] L. the Sign of the mourning of Isis. ["Second," with head erect, gives the V sign.] V, the Sign of Typhon and Apophis. ["Third," with bowed head gives the X sign.] X, the Sign of Osiris risen. ["All" together with the signs of Osiris Slain and Osiris Risen.] L V X, Lux, the Light of the Cross. ["All" quit the Vault and return to previous places.] "Chief:" In the Grand Word, Yeheshuah hHB:Vau HB:Shin HB:Heh HB:Yod , by the Key Word INRI, and through the Concealed Word LVX, I have opened the Vault of the Adepts. [All present give the Lux sign as above.] " ""First Point." [The officers in this part of the ceremony are the Second Adept, who is now the Principal Officer, the Third Adept, who is Second, and the Introducing Adept, who is spoken of as V.H. Frater Hodos Camelionis. The "Second Adept" opens the First Point by bidding V.H. Fra: Hodos Camelionis prepare the Aspirant, who is waiting without, and the Associate Adeptus Minor to guard the inner side of the Portal. The Aspirant is then admitted, and at once commences to read out a list of the grades and honours he has attained to. When he has finished, the "Second Adept" turns to him and says:] It is not by the proclamation of honours and dignities, great though they may be, that thou canst gain admission to the Vault of the Adepts of 5 For these signs see "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2. the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold; but only by that humility and purity of Spirit which befitteth the Aspirant unto higher Things. [The Aspirant then retires and divests himself of his ornaments, and is clothed in the black robe of mourning with his hands bound behind him, and a chain about his neck. The Introducer then conducts him back to the door and gives a loud knock.] "Third Adept" [opens the door and says:] By the aid of what symbol do ye seek admission? "Introducer:" By the Flaming Sword, and the Serpent of Wisdom. [The Aspirant is then made to kneel facing East between the Second Adept and the Third Adept, the Second Adept offering up a prayer which ends:]

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]
$$\frac{\tilde{A} \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A}{^3A^3m^3|_3o^3X^3\tilde{A} \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A \ A} \ ^3S^3c^3m^3j^3o^3o^3n$$
$$\frac{a^3r^3S^3G^3d^3L^3b^3r^3i^3a^3P^3}{^3V^3}$$
[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

#4 (Earth tablet): Ú Á Ä Å Æ Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö × Ø Ù Ú Û Ü Ý Þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ÷ ø ù ú û ü ý þ ÿ

À Á Á Á Á Á Á Á Á Á Á Á Û Element #5 (Spirit tablet): Ü Â Â Â Â Â Ç ³ e ³ x ³ a ³ r ³ p ³ Ã Ä Å Æ Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö × Ø Ù Ú Û Ü Ý Þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ð ñ ò ó ô õ ö ÷ ø ù ú û ü ý þ ÿ Û Element #6: (Corner emblems) (Interior shape should actually be a circle with vertical and horizontal diameters, all lines doubled and

intersections open within the crossed circle resulting).

DIAGRAM 67. The Elemental Tablets and Cherubic Emblems.} [The "Third Adept" then earnestly bids the Aspirant not to look upon the trial of humility through which he has just passed as one ordained to jest with his feelings, but as a true manifestation of his own ignorance. The Aspirant shortly after this rises to his feet and the "Second Adept" addresses him as follows:] Despise not sadness and hate not suffering. For they are the initiators of the Heart; and the black robe of mourning, which thou wearest, is at once the symbol of Sorrow and Strength. Boast not thyself about thy brother if he hath fallen; for how knowest thou that thou couldst have withstood the same temptation. Slander not and revile not; if thou canst not praise, do not condemn; and when thou seest another in trouble and humiliation, even though he be thine enemy, remember the time of thine own humiliation, when thou didst kneel before the door of the Vault, clothed in the robe of mourning, with the chain of affliction about thy neck, and thine hands bound behind thy back, and rejoice not at his fall. And in thine intercourse with the Members of our Order, let thine hand given unto another be a sincere and genuine pledge of fraternity; respect his or her secrets and feelings, as thou wouldst respect thine own; bear with one another, and forgive one another ___ even as the Master hath said. V.H. Fra: Hodos Camelionis, what is the symbolic age of the Aspirant? "Introducer:" His days are 120 years. [The "Third Adept" further explains this as follows:] This refers to the five grades of the First Order, through which it is necessary for the Aspirant to have passed before he can enter the Vault of the Sacred Mountain. For the three months' interval between the grades of Practicus and Philosophus is the Regimen of the Elements; and the seven months interval between the First and Second Orders symbolises the Regimen of the Planets. While the Elements and the Planets both work in the Zodiac, so that (3 + 7) x 12 yieldeth the number 120. {Illustration on page 213 described: "DIAGRAM 68. The Cross of Suffering." This is a Calvary Cross, evidently life-size. It has a scroll diagonally upward from left to right just below the top of the upper arm with the letters "I.N.R.I.". There is a large open ring about the intersection of the arms, crossing the base of each arm in such fashion as to leave a wedge of light at the inner corners. There are four cords attached to the cross, one at the ends the left, right and lower arms, and one at the center of the cross.} [After this the Aspirant must take a solemn obligation: first he is bound to the Cross of Suffering, the "Second Adept" saying:] The Symbol of Suffering is the Symbol of Victory; wherefore, bound though thou art, strive to rise this with thy hands: for he that will not strive shall be left in outer darkness. [The "Second Adept" then raises his hands on high and cries:] I invoke Thee, the Great Avenging Angel H U A, in the divine name I.' A.' O.'., {213} that thou mayest invisibly place thine hand upon the head of this Aspirant in attestation of his obligation. [The Aspirant then repeats the

obligation after him, saying;} HB:Resh HB:Taw HB:Koph . I, "Christian Rosenkreutz," a member of the body of Christ, do this day, on behalf of the Universe, spiritually bind myself, even as I am now bound physically unto the Cross of Suffering: HB:Heh HB:Mem HB:Koph HB:Chet . That I will do the utmost to lead a pure and unselfish life. ... HB:Heh HB:Nun HB:Yod HB:Bet . That I will keep secret all things connected with the Order ... that I will maintain the Veil of strict secrecy between the First and Second Order. HB:Dalet HB:Tzaddi HB:Chet . That I will uphold to the utmost the authority of the Chiefs of the Order. HB:Heh HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Bet HB:Gemel . Furthermore that I will perform all practical work connected with this Order, in a place concealed ... that I will keep secret this inner Rosicrucian Knowledge ... that I will only perform any practical magic before the uninitiated which is of a simple and already well-known nature, and that I will show them no secret mode of working whatsoever. ... HB:Taw HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Peh HB:Taw . I further solemnly promise and swear that, with the Divine permission, I will from this day forward apply myself unto the Great Work, which is so to purify and exalt my spiritual Nature that with the Divine Aid I may at length attain to be more than human, and thus gradually rise and unite myself to my higher and divine Genius, and that in this event I will not abuse the Great Power entrusted unto me. HB:Chet HB:Tzaddi HB:Nun . I furthermore solemnly pledge myself never to work at any important Symbol or Talisman without first invoking the Highest Divine Names connected therewith; and especially not to debase my knowledge of Practical Magic to purposes of Evil. ... HB:Dalet HB:Yod HB:Heh . I further promise always to ... display brotherly love and forbearance towards the members of the whole Order. ... HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Samekh HB:Yod . I also undertake to work unassisted at the subjects prescribed for study in the various practical grades. ... HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Koph HB:Lamed HB:Mem . Finally, if in my travels I should meet a stranger who professes to be a member of the Rosicrucian Order, I will examine him with care, before acknowledging him to be so. [The obligation being finished, the Chain of Humility and the Robe of Mourning are removed from the Aspirant, and the "Third Adept" completes the "First Point" by communicating verbally the following history of the Order of the Rose and Cross to the Aspirant:] Know then, O Aspirant, that the mysteries of the Rose and Cross have existed from time immemorial, and that its mystic rites were practised, and its hidden knowledge communicated in the initiations of the various races of antiquity ____ Egypt, Eleusis, and Samothrace; Persia, Chaldea, and India alike cherished its mysteries, and thus handed down to posterity the Secret Wisdom of the Ancient Ages. Many were its {214} Temples, and among many nations were they established; though in process of time some lost the purity of their primal knowledge. Howbeit the manner of its introduction into medieval Europe was thus: In 1378 was born the chief and originator of our Fraternity in Europe. He was of a noble German family, but poor, and (1383) in the fifth year of his age, was he placed in a cloister, where he learned both Greek and Latin. 1393. While yet a youth he accompanied a certain brother P.A.L. in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but the latter dying at Cyprus, he himself went on to Damascus. There was then in Arabia a Temple of our Order, which was called by the Hebrew name of Damcar (HB:Resh HB:Koph HB:Mem HB:Dalet), that is, Blood of the Lamb. Here he was duly initiated, and took the mystic title of C.R.C., Christian Rosenkreutz or Christian Rosy Cross. He there so far improved his knowledge of the Arabian tongue, that in the following year he translated the book "M" into Latin,

which he afterwards brought back with him to Europe. 1396. After three years he went into Egypt, where was another temple of our Order; there he remained for a time, still studying the mysteries of nature. 1398. After this he travelled by sea to the city of Fessa or Fez. ... Of the Fraternity at Fez, he confessed that they had not retained our knowledge in its primal purity, and that their Kabbalah was to a certain extent altered to their religion, yet nevertheless he learned much there. 1400. After a stay of two years, he came back into Spain, where he endeavoured to reform the errors of the learnŠd according to the pure knowledge which he had received; but it was to them a laughing matter, and they reviled and rejected him, even as the prophets of old were rejected. 1402. Thus also was he treated by those of his own and other nations, when he showed them the errors in religion which had crept in. So after five years' residence in Germany (1408) he initiated thereof his former monastic brethren, Fratres G.V., I.A., and I.O., who had more knowledge than many others at that time, and by these four was made the foundation of the Fraternity in Europe. These worked and studied at the writings and other knowledge which C.R.C. had brought with him, and by them was some of the magical language transcribed. ... 1409. The four Fratres also erected a building to serve for the Temple and Headquarters of their Order, and called it "Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum" or "College of the Holy Spirit." ... 1410. They initiated four others, namely, Fratres R.C., the son of the deceased father's brother of C.R.C.; B., a skilful artist; G.G.; and P.D., who was to be Cancellarius; all being Germans, except I.A., and now eight in number. Their agreement was: (1) That none of them should profess any other thing but to cure the sick, and that gratis. {215} (2) That they should not be constrained to wear any particular distinctive dress, but therein to follow the custom of the country. (3) That every year on the day "Corpus Christi" they should meet at the Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum or write cause of absence. (4) That Every one should look for some worthy person of either sex, who after his decease might succeed him. (5) The word R.C. to be their mark, seal, and character. (6) The Fraternity to remain secret 100 years. Five of the brethren where to travel in different countries, and two to remain with Christian Rosenkreutz. [The "Second Adept" then takes up the Narrative:] ... The discovery then of the Vault of the Adepts, wherein that highly illuminated man of God, our Father, Christian Rosenkreutz was buried, occurred as follows: 1600. After Frater A. died in Gallia Narbonensi, there succeeded in his place Frater N.N.; he, while repairing a part of the Building of the College of the Holy Spirit, endeavoured to remove a brass memorial tablet, which contained the names of certain brethren and some other things. In this tablet was the head of a long and strong nail or bolt, so that when the tablet was forcibly wrenched away, it pulled with it a large stone, which thus partially uncovered a secret door, upon which was inscribed "POST CXX ANNOS PATEBO." ... [The Aspirant then leaves the Portal of the Vault and the First Point is at an end.] {Illustration on page 126 described: "DIAGRAM 69. The Temple in the Second Point of the 5ø=6ø" Ritual." This is the same room shown in diagram 60. The Heptagonal vault is shown without indication of a door, in the upper half of the room. The circular altar contains four symmetrically placed smaller circles, two above and two below, with the letters (counterclockwise from lower right): HB:Yod , HB:Heh , HB:Vau , HB:Heh . Between the upper two smaller circles is a calvary cross with rose in center. Other objects, including a cup and dagger are placed on the altar horizontally between the upper and lower pairs of smaller circles. Beneath the circular altar is seen the lid of the pastos, and a figure

emerges from beneath the altar to the top: A head in Egyptian Nemisis with the top of a crook to the right and the top of a flail to the left. The lower half of the room is mainly occupied by the compound set of tablets etc. from diagram 67; with these words below: "The Elemental Tablets of the four Kerubic Emblems". Flanking this at either side to the top are two pillars represented by upright equilateral triangles in squares. To the right is the White Pillar and to the left the Black Pillar. Directly beneath this set of tablets is a rectangle with "Aspirant" written in it. Below to the corners of the room are two rectangles with "2nd Adept" to the right and "3rd Adept" to the left.} "Second Point." [The "Chief Adept" lies in the Pastos upon his back in full regalia; the complete symbol of the Rose and Cross on his Breast hung by double phoenix collar; arms crossed on breast, not hiding symbol; hands rest on shoulders bearing scourge and crook; between them and under them the Taro. The lid of the Pastos is closed and the Altar stands over its centre. The "Second" and "Third Adepts" are outside the Vault. The Elemental and Kerubic Figures hang outside the door of the Vault. {216} The Aspirant is admitted, and the Second Adept explains to him the symbolism of the door, ending by saying:] Forget not, therefore, that the Tablets and Kerubim are the guardians of the Vault of the Adepts. Let thy tongue keep silent on our mysteries, and restrain even the thoughts of thy heart, lest a bird of the air should carry the matter. [The "Third Adept" then points out to the Aspirant that beneath the letters CXX he will find the following $v + X^{\wedge}$ which is equivalent to "Post annos Lux Crucis Patebo" ____ "At the end of the years, I, the Light of the Cross, will disclose myself." ... (The door of the Vault is then opened.) [The "Second Adept" then points out to the Aspirant that the Vault is lit by the rays of the symbolic Rose, and that in the middle of the Vault stands the circular Altar⁶ with these devices: A.G.R.C., "Ad Gloriam Rosae Crucis;" or A.C.R.G., "Ad Crucis Rosae Gloriam," followed by "Hoc Universi Compendium Unius Mihi Sepulchrum Feci," "ie.," "Unto the Glory of the Rosy Cross, I have constructed this Sepulchre for myself as a compendium of the Universal Unity." The rest of the Altar Symbolism is explained in the diagram. After this explanation a prayer is offered up, and the "Third Adept" hands to the Aspirant the chain from the Altar, bidding him accept it as a bond of "suffering and self-sacrifice." The "Second Adept" takes the dagger and cup from the Altar, and, dipping the dagger in the cup, marks a cross on the Aspirant's forehead, after which he hands to the Aspirant the rose- cross symbol. Then the "Third Adept" opens the upper half of the Pastos, and says:] And the Light shineth in the Darkness; but the Darkness comprehendeth it not. [The "Second Adept" then orders the Aspirant to touch with his wand the rose and cross upon the breast of the form before him and say, "Out of the darkness let the light arise."] [The "Chief Adept," without moving, says:] Buried with that LIGHT in a mystical Death, rising again in a mystical resurrection, Cleansed and Purified through him our MASTER, O Brother of the Cross of the Rose! Like him, O Adepts of all ages, have ye toiled; like him have ye suffered Tribulation. Poverty, Torture, and Death have ye passed through. They have been but the purification of the Gold. In the Alembic of thine Heart, Through the Athanor of Affliction, Seek thou the true stone of the Wise. * * * * * Quit thou this Vault, then, O Aspirant, with thine arms crossed upon thy breast, bearing in thy right hand the Crook of Mercy and in thy left hand the Scourge of Severity,⁷ the emblems of those Eternal Forces, betwixt which in equilibrium the {217} Universe dependeth: these forces whose reconciliation is the Key of Life, whose separation is evil and Death. ... [The "Third Adept" then continues Frater

N.N.'s narrative, in which are mentioned the names of the early brothers. He ends by saying:] Ex Deo Nascimur; In Jesu Morimur; Per Spiritum Sanctum Reviviscimus. [The Pastos is then closed and the Aspirant quits the Vault, which is made ready for the third part of the Ceremony.] {Illustration on page 218 described: "DIAGRAM 70. The Temple in the Third Point of the 5ø="6ø" Ritual." This is the same room shown in diagram 60. The Heptagonal vault is shown in the upper half of the room, with a door ajar on the bottom side. The circular altar contains four symmetrically placed smaller circles, two above and two below, with the letters (counterclockwise from lower right): HB:Yod , HB:Heh , HB:Vau , HB:Heh . There is an object like the letter Shin placed on the altar horizontally between the upper and lower pairs of smaller 6 See Diagram 79. 7 See Diagram 74. circles. The pastos is not seen. On the lower point of the triangle are the words "Serpent and Sword Adm{?Admission?} Badges". Above the upper left point of triangle is a vertical rectangle with the words "Minutum Mundum". Above the upper right point of the triangle is a vertical rectangle with the words "Titles & Grades". Dependent from the top horizontal line of the heptangle is a horizontal rectangle with "Chief A" written inside. The lower half of the room has at top the two pillars represented by squares, black to left and white to right. Between these squares is a horizontal rectangle with "2nd Adept". Occupying the middle third of the lower half of the room are the Pastos to the left of center and the illustrated (see diagram 71 description) lid to the right, both shown as large vertical rectangles. There is a small horizontal rectangle at center bottom with "3rd Adept" marked inside. Inside the vertical rectangle to in the lower left corner, marking the entrance, is a smaller vertical rectangle with "Aspirant" written inside.} " ""Third Point." (The Temple is arranged as in Diagram.) [The Third Point commences as follows:] "Second Adept:" and lo! Two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head and the other at the foot, where the body of the Master had lain; who said: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" "Chief Adept:" I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me, shall never die. "Second Adept:" Behold the Image [directing attention to lower half of lid8] of the Justified One, crucified on the Cross of the Infernal Rivers of Death, and thus rescuing Malkuth from the Folds of the Red Dragon. {Illustration facing page 218 described: "DIAGRAM 71. The Lid of the Pastos." This is a black and white halftone tipped in on clayed paper. It is a long vertical rectangle, 7x19 proportions, divided into a gray (white?) background half on top and a black background half on bottom. In the top half is a floating figure of Jehovah, head gloried by rays forming a right canted star of one off vertical point and two off horizontal points, not outlined and two ancillary rays extending between the upper and lower points to 3/4 circumference. To the left, the hand of the figure is extended palmer to front with all fingers spread except the 2nd and 3rd which are straight but joined. There are seven hexagonal stars about this hand, one in center. Each star has a dot in center and is haloed by radial rays. The stars are not exactly aligned in point orientation. To the right of the figure, left hand of the figure itself holds an open book, pages facing front across part of torso. The figure is full bearded and draped in a loose and voluminous robe. The tips of two feet can be seen just barely at the bottom of the robe, toes down and shod. There is a girdle suggested about the waist. Issuing from the lips of the figure toward the right of the diagram is the traditional sword of the Tree of Life. Its turnings are sharp angles with a dot inside for each of the Sephiroth, Tipheret of course on a

straight segment. There are seven burning oil lamps associated with each of the lower seven Sephirothic dots: Those of Chesed, Geburah, Netzach and Hod stand out from the sword to left and right with a loop handle of each lamp toward the center and the flame to the outside. The lamp of Tipheret is just below the dot on the sword, handle to right of the drawing. That of Yesod is just above, same 8 See Diagram 71. orientation. That of Malkut is below the tip of the sword, same orientation. There are two semicircular bands, defined by four arcs and with the arcs to top. The first intercepts the position of Tipheret, underneath the figure. The second intercepts the center of the segment between Yesod and Malkut, underneath the figure. These arcs are truncated without closure in an imaginary line just above the bole of the lower lamp. The lower half of the figure contains a large calvary cross. A large crown of five hollow triangular points hovers above the top arm. A diagonal scroll crosses from left and up to right on this arm, with "I.N.R.I." inside. There is a small figure of the crucified and thorn- crowned Christ on the cross, corpus occupying only the lower arm and the two side arms, with substantial extension of cross beyond the figure. The head is in the center intersection, canted slightly downward to the left. Coiling about and below the base arm is the serpent of seven heads, one horn each, mouths open and tongue drooping. The lower coil is complexly looped. Two heads are in space, near two dots to left and right below the cross-piece. Two more are parallel to these on the cross-piece, after looping the arms of the corpus. One head is just touching the I.N.R.I. scroll with a horn, near a dot just above the head of the corpus. One head dips slightly to touch a dot in the side of the corpus. The last head dips to touch a dot just below the knees of the corpus.} "Third Adept:" And being turned [directing attention to upper half] I saw seven golden light-bearers, and in the midst of the seven light-bearers, one like unto the Ben Adam, clothed with a garment down unto the foot, and girt with golden girdle. His head and His hair were white as snow, and His eyes as flaming fire. His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters. And He had in His right hand Seven Stars, and out of His Mouth went the Sword of Flame, and His countenance was as the sun in its strength. "Chief Adept:" I am the First and I am the Last, I am He that liveth but was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and hold the keys of Hell and of Death. {218} [The "Second" and Third Adepts lead the Aspirant into the Vault; all kneel save the "Chief Adept," who, extending his arms, says:] For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth. I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. I am the Purified, I have passed through the Gates of Darkness unto Light, I have fought upon Earth for Good, I have finished my Work, I have entered into the Invisible. I am the Sun in his rising. I have passed through the hour of cloud and of night. I am Amoun, the Concealed One, the Opener of the Day. I am Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life triumphant over Death, there is no part of Me that is not of the Gods. I am the Preparer of the Pathway; the Rescuer unto the Light. Out of the Darkness let that Light arise! [At these words the Aspirant and the two "Adepts" bow their heads and say:] Before I was blind, but now I see. [Then the "Chief Adept" says:] I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable, I am the Dweller of the Invisible; let the white Brilliance of the Divine Spirit descend. [A short pause.] Arise now an Adeptus Minor of the Rose of Ruby and Cross of Gold, in the Sign of Osiris Slain. [The "Chief Adept" then explains to the Aspirant the Mystic number of this Grade ____ 21; the Pass-word Eheieh (HB:Heh

HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph); and the Key-word, INRI, after which he explains to him the diagram of the Minutum Mundum as follows:] {Illustration on page 219 described: "DIAGRAM 72. Minutum Mundum." This is a standard Tree of Life diagram with the sephiroth as circles and the paths as bars. Each path is marked with words for the corresponding King Scale colors (see "777", column XV). Each sephira is marked with the words of the corresponding Queen scale colors (see "777", column XVI), Malkut quartered in the usual manner to give place to the four colors. In addition, each sephiroth is also marked with the Astrological correspondences from Liber "777", column VI; done as symbols for the planets and English words for the remaining three.} Behold the diagram of "Minutum Mundum Sive Fundamentum Coloris" ____ "The Small Universe or the Foundation of Color." Treasure it in thine heart and mark it well, seeing that therein is the Key of Nature. It is as thou seest the Diagram of the Sephiroth and Paths, with the appropriate colours attributed thereto. See that thou reveal it not to the profane, for many and great are its mysteries. Kether is the highest of all; and therein scintillates the Divine White Brilliance, concerning which it is not fitting that I should speak more fully. Chokmah is Grey (opalescent), the mixture of colours. {219} Binah is darkness (iridescence, black-opal), the absorption of colours; and thus is the Supernal Triad completed. In Kether is the root of Golden Glory, and thence is the Yellow reflected into Tiphereth. In Chokmah is the root of Blue, and this is reflected into Chesed. In Binah is the root of Red, and this is reflected into Geburah, and thus is the first reflected Triad completed. The beams of Chesed and Tiphereth meet in Netzach and yield Green. The beams of Geburah and Tiphereth meet in Hod and yield Orange-tawny. The beams of Chesed and Geburah fall in Jesod and yield Purple, and thus is the third Triad completed. And from the rays of the third Triad are these three colours shown in Malkuth, together with a fourth, which is their synthesis. For from the Orange-tawny of Hod and the greening nature of Netzach is reflected a certain greenish Citron ____ Citrine. From the Orange-tawny of mixed with the Puce of Yesod, prodeedeth a Red- russet brown--Russet. And from the Green and the Puce there cometh a certain other darkening Green--Olive. And the synthesis of all these is blackness and bordereth upon the Qliphoth. But the colours of the 22 Paths are derived from and find their root in those of the first reflected Triad of the Sephiroth (the three Supernals otherwise not entering into their composition), and thus are their positive colours formed. Unto Air, HB:Aleph , is ascribed the yellow colour of Tiphereth. Unto Water, HB:Mem , is ascribed the blue colour of Chesed. Unto Fire, HB:Shin , is ascribed the red colour of Geburah. The colours of Earth are to be found in Malkuth. Those of the planets are in the Rainbow thus: HB:Taw Saturn. Indigo. HB:Dalet Venus. Green. HB:Koph Jupiter. Violet. HB:Bet Mercury. Yellow. HB:Samekh {sic: HB:Peh }Mars. Scarlet. HB:Gemel Luna. Blue. HB:Resh Sol. Orange. Unto the signs of the Zodiac are ascribed the following: HB:Heh Aries. Scarlet. HB:Lamed Libra. Emerald. HB:Vau Taurus. Red-Orange. HB:Nun Scorpio. Greenish Blue. HB:Zain Gemini. Orange. HB:Peh {sic: HB:Samekh }Sagittarius. Deep Blue. HB:Chet Cancer. Amber. HB:Ayin Capricornus. Indigo. HB:Tet Leo. Greenish Yellow. HB:Tzaddi Aquarius. Violet. HB:Yod Virgo. Yellow-Green. HB:Qof Pisces. Crimson. {220} Further, thou wilt observe that the Colours of the Paths and the Sephiroth form a mutual balance and harmony in the Tree. ... [The "Chief Adept" then greets the newly made adeptus Minor with the name of Frater Hodos Chamelionis. The "Second Adept" then explains the colours of the Crook

and the Scourge, pointing out that the Crook is divided into the Colours symbolic of Kether, Air, Chokmah, Taurus, Chesed, Leo, Aries, Tiphereth, Capricornus and Hod. And the Scourge into those colours symbolizing Netzach, Scorpio, Tiphereth, Gemini, Binah, Cancer, Geburah and Water. The "Third Adept" then explains the Admission badge of the Sword and the Serpent, saying:] ... The one is descending, the other ascending; the one is Fixed, the other is the Volatile; the one unites the Sephiroth and the other the Paths. Furthermore in the Serpent of Wisdom is shown the ascending spiral, and in the Sword the rush of the descending White Brilliance from beyond Kether. ... {Illustration on page 221 described: "DIAGRAM 73. The Emblems on the Altar." This is a circular device, three concentric rings such that the appearance is of a disk with a narrow anulus outside a slightly larger one, and the center mostly a large circle. In the exact center is a Hebrew letter Shin. Just above this is a rose cross. To the left is a black cup formed of a crescent above, circle in center and triangle below. To the right is a loose pile of chain. Below is a figure of three components: horizontal above a sword or long dagger with hilt to right; crossed below a crook with hook open to the center and diagonal to the upper right; crossed below a flail with three battens descending from the tip to the upper left.} {Illustration on page 221 described: "DIAGRAM 74. The Crook and Scourge." This is a detail from Diagram 73. The Crook and flail are its subject. The two cross as has been said. The crossing point is in the center of the figure and the figure is thus "X" formed. The head of the flail is to the upper left and three battens droop from it. The battens are divided into three segments along the length of each, the upper marked Cancer, the middle marked Gimmel, the lower marked Water. The head of the flail is shaped somewhat like a simple smoking pipe with bowl downward and stem angled diagonally down to the right, forming the start of the shaft of the flail. This head is marked with a Hebrew letter Bet. Next down the shaft is a section marked with Gemini. The next section is under the intersection of the flail with the crook and is marked with Taw. Below this the shaft is sectioned again and marked with Scorpio. The lower right section and end of the flail shaft is marked with Nun. The head of the crook is a reverse "C" shape, slightly canted so that the opening begins with the shaft, continues in a curve to the right and terminates just above and to left of the center of curvature. The head of the crook is divided into sections, starting with the top: Koph, Air, Chet, Taurus, Chet, Leo. The staff of the crook is divided as is the staff of the flail, top section Aries, over intersection Taw, below intersection Capricorn, bottom Hay.} [This explanation being finished, the "Chief Adept" leads the Aspirant to the Diagram of the Mystic Titles and Grades, and says:] This is the symbolic mountain of God in the centre of the Universe, the Sacred Rosicrucian Mountain of Initiation, the Mystic Mountain of the Caverns, even the Mountain of Abiegnus. [This diagram shows a mountain crowned with light, and surrounded with darkness. At its base is the wall of Secrecy, whose sole gate is formed by the two pillars of Hermes. The ascent of the mountain is made by the Serpent of Wisdom. The explanation of this diagram being concluded, the "Second" and "Third" "Adepts" remove the Altar, and the "Chief Adept" completes the Third Point by instructing the Aspirant in the mystic symbolism of the Vault itself, as follows:] The Vault consists of three principal parts: (1) The Ceiling, a brilliant white. (2) the Heptagonal walls, of seven colours. (3) The Floor, chiefly black. The ceiling consists of a triangle, enclosing a Rose of twenty-two petals surrounded by a heptagram. On the triangle are the three Supernal Sephiroth, and in

the heptangle the seven lower ones. {221} The Floor is black, having upon it also a triangle enclosed with a heptagram, bearing the titles of the Averse and Evil Sephiroth as shown by the Great Red Dragon with seven heads. In the midst of the Evil Triangle is the rescuing symbol of the Golden Cross united to the Red Rose of forty- nine petals. ... "But the Whiteness above shineth the brighter for the Blackness which is beneath, and thus mayest thou at length comprehend that even the evil helpeth forward the good." "And between that Light and that Darkness vibrate the seven colours of the Rainbow," which are shown forth in the seven walls, each of which consists of forty squares representing the ten Sephiroth; the four Cherubim; the Eternal Spirit; the three Alchemic Principles; the three Elements; the seven Planets, and the twelve Signs. Upon the Altar is placed the Black Calvary Cross charged with a rose of twenty-five petals representing the counterchanged action of the Spirit and the four Elements. [All quit Vault.]

{Illustration on page 222 described: "DIAGRAM 75. The Wall of the Vault." This is a rectangular grid of squares, five across by eight high. A representation is below, save that the top row Scorpio symbol Scorpio used here is actually an eagle head, beak to left, on the diagram; and it may represent the eagle cherub instead of Scorpio.

Ú	Á	À	À	À	À	Ǿ	³ Taurus ³ Aquarius ³ < ³ Scorpio ³ Leo ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Salt ³ Mercury ³ HB:Koph ³ Water ³ Air ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Sulphur ³ HB:Bet ³ Saturn ³ HB:Chet ³ Dee ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Mars ³ HB:Gemel ³ Sun ³ HB:Chet ³ Jupiter ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Taurus ³ Aquarius ³ HB:Taw ³ Scorpio ³ Leo ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Mercury ³ HB:Heh ³ Moon ³ HB:Nun ³ Venus ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Capricorn ³ Libra ³ HB:Yod ³ Cancer ³ Aries ³
Ã	À	À	À	À	À	´	³ Virgo ³ Gemini ³ HB:Mem ³ Pisces ³ Sagittarius ³
À	Á	Á	Á	Á	Á	Ù	

{Illustration on page 222 described: "DIAGRAM 76. The Black Calvary Cross." This is a large stylized rose in the form of a petaled and divided circle on the point of intersection of a large black Calvary Cross. The rose is divided into five sections by five radii, one radius straight down. Within the five partitions thus created, there are five petaled rings marked with colors. Top partition petals, top to center: Azure, Pink, Grey, Lt. Yellow and White. Upper right partition petals, outside to center: Purple, Indigo, Green, Lt. Azure, Blue. Lower right partition petals, outside to center: Russet, Orange, Pink, Purple, Red. Lower left partition petals, outside to center: Citrine Grey, Grey, Indigo, Russet, Black. Upper left partition petals, outside to center: Lemon Yellow, Green, Orange, Cit. Grey, Yellow.} {Illustrations on page facing page 222 described: This is a black and white halftone on clay paper. There are four illustrations in all, in order from upper left, clockwise: "DIAGRAM 77. The Ceiling of the Vault." This is a heptagram inscribed within a heptagon such that both have a point to the top and a flat side to the bottom. Within the innermost heptagon, as formed by the intersection of the sides of the heptagon, is inscribed an upright equilateral triangle with points touching the innermost heptagon. All defining lines of these geometrical figures are heavy black. The field is white. The fourteen triangles formed about the periphery between the outer heptagon and the heptagram, along with the points of the heptagram, are inscribed with the following Hebrew, oriented to be read from the center of the figure and planetary symbols from the outside; clockwise from top: HB:Dalet HB:Samekh HB:Chet , Jupiter, HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Koph HB:Lamed HB:Mem , Saturn, HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Samekh HB:Yod , Moon, HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Heh , Venus

{SIC}, HB:Heh HB:Tzaddi HB:Nun , Mercury {SIC}, HB:Taw HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Peh HB:Taw , Sun, HB:Heh HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Bet HB:Gemel , Mars. It would appear that the symbols for Venus and Mercury should be exchanged, and are deliberately incorrect in their placement on the diagram. The central triangle has the following Hebrew just inside the points, Clockwise from top: HB:Resh HB:Taw HB:Koph , HB:Heh HB:Mem HB:Koph HB:Chet , HB:Heh HB:Nun HB:Yod HB:Bet , all oriented to be read from the center. The center of this triangle is occupied by the rose of diagram 63, minus the small rose cross in the center of that earlier diagram. "DIAGRAM 78. The Floor of the Vault." This is a heptagram inscribed within a heptagon such that both have a point to the top and a flat side to the bottom. There is an inverted equilateral triangle exactly inscribed within the central hollow of the heptagram, The sides of the heptagram every other point, forming isosceles triangles with the sides of the heptagon and additional triangles alternating around the figure within the points of the heptagram, as in the case of diagram 77.. All lines so far described are white. The field is black. The lines of the heptagram interlace clockwise as: under then over. Partly obscured by the points of the large inner triangle is a scaly ring. Serpentine heads on curved necks issue from this ring over the white line base into each point triangle, at the 1/3 point along the base to the clockwise corner of each triangle. Thus, the heads on necks curve counter-clockwise outward from the ring, looking a bit like a rotary brush. The heads occupy the centers of the point triangles, parallel to the ring and facing counter-clockwise. There is Hebrew (see "777", Col. VIII) written within each of the seven point triangles, just inward from the base and parallel to the base, oriented to be read from the center of the figure. Clockwise, from top: HB:Heh HB:Lamed HB:Koph HB:Shin HB:Ayin HB:Nun , HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Lamed HB:Yod HB:Lamed , HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Lamed HB:Mem {first letter missing: HB:Gemel }, HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Mem HB:Samekh , HB:Qof HB:Resh HB:Tzaddi {SIC, s.b. HB:Zain } HB:Bet HB:Resh HB:Ayin , HB:Nun-final HB:Vau HB:Resh HB:Yod HB:Resh HB:Heh HB:Taw , HB:Bet HB:Vau {SIC, s.b. HB:Chet } HB:Lamed HB:Vau HB:Gemel . In the upper left point of the inner triangle, parallel to the upper base and read from the bottom is: HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Resh HB:Taw HB:Samekh {SIC, s.b. HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Taw HB:Aleph HB:Samekh }. In the upper right point, same orientation: HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Gemel HB:Vau HB:Ayin . In the lower point, in this configuration is written HB:Mem-final HB:Vau HB:Aleph HB:Taw HB:Aleph HB:Yod HB:Lamed . In the center of the large triangle is a calvary cross with the 49 petaled rose, including four spikes ____ see description of diagram 80, next. "DIAGRAM 80. The Rose and Cross." This is a large circular rose on a wide but stubby Greek cross. The circular rose throws arcs over the Greek cross about halfway along the arms. There are four sharp points extending outward from the circumference of the rose between the arms of the cross, one between each pair of adjacent arms. In the center of the rose there is a small circle visible. The petals of the rose are arranged in seven circular rings of seven petals each. In each odd ring, starting with the outermost, there is one petal to the top. In each even ring there is one petal to the bottom. This arrangement allows the petals to overlap the joinings between petals from the inside to the outside. "DIAGRAM 79. The Circular Altar." This is a circular device. The outermost ring is simply a thick black line. Next is a white ring with writing, a thin black line and finally a white ring with writing. Within the last ring is a large black disk. The disk has the

Hebrew letter Shin in white in the center. There are four other circles at top, bottom, left and right within the disk. These are defined by a thin white ring, black circle and thicker white ring with lettering. In the center of each of these smaller circles, on a black field, is a head of a cherub. The top has a lion head facing left, Yod above head. The bottom has a human head with neck and start of chest, facing forward, Vau above head. The left has an eagle head facing left, Hay above head. The right has a bull headfacing forward, Hay above head. All four have two wings extending from the bottom and arched around the sides within the inner circle, like laurels. The lettering in the wide rings on these four circles arcs across the top of each. Over the Lion: "NEQVA QVAM VACUUM". Over the Bull: "LEGIS JVGVM". Over the Human: "DEI GLORIA INTACTA". Over the Eagle: "LIBERTAS EVANGELII". The outer white ring of the large circle has the following text: Top, oriented to be read from outside: "A.C.R.G. A.G.R.C.". Upper right, read from inside: "HOC". Right, read from inside: "VNVERSI". Lower right, read from inside: "COMPENDIVM". Bottom, read from inside: "VNIVS". Lower left, read from inside: "MIHI". Left, read from inside: "SEPVLCHRVN". Upper left, read from inside: "FECI". The inner white ring of the large circle has the following text: Top, read from outside: HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Shin HB:Heh HB:Yod . Lower right, read from inside: "MIHI". Lower left, read from inside: "OMNIA".} [The "Chief Adept" then points out that the head end of the Pastos is white and is charged with a Golden Greek Cross and red rose of forty-nine petals,9 that the Foot is black, with a white Calvary Cross and Circle upon a pedestal or Dais of three {222} steps, and that on the sides are depicted the twenty-two colours of the paths between Light and Darkness. The Chief then gives the Aspirant the grip of this grade and the Third Point is finished.] {Illustration on page 223 described: "DIAGRAM 81. The Cross at the Foot of the Pastos." This is a square in solid black with a structure in solid white defined on it. The structure is a Celtic cross on a three-step dais. This is seen as a cut-out. The dais occupies the bottom half, it is three horizontal rectangular blocks, graduated from large at the bottom to smallest at the top. There are no dividing lines and the blocks are symmetric, with equal steps and the upper being thrice the width of any one step, accommodating the width of the base of the cross as well as furnishing two steps to either side. The Celtic cross is a calvary cross with a ring intersecting the ends of the arms. The ring is marked off from the arms by black where it would touch them.} 9 See Diagram 80. {Illustration on page 223 approximated: E. Head End. Ú _____ 3 White 3

Ã _____	Ã _____	Ã _____	3Scarlet 3 3 3 3 3	Scarlet 3 3	Ã _____	3 3
3Red Ore. 3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____	3 Ã _____	3	Scarlet 3 3	Orange 3	Orange 3 3 3 3 3 3
Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3	Amber Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____	Yellow Ã _____	
3G. Yellow 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____	Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3	Y. Green 3 3 3 3 3	Green 3	Yellow 3
Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3	Emerald 3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____	3 Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3	G. Blue 3
3 3 3 3	Ã _____	Ã _____	3Blue Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____	Indigo 3 3
3Indigo 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3	Blue 3	Ã _____	Ã _____	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3	Violet 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____
Violet 3 3 3	Crimson 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3	Ã _____	Ã _____	Ã _____	3	Black 3
Ã _____	Ú DIAGRAM 82. The Side of the Pastos.} "					

"THE CLOSING" [The "Chief Adept" asks the very honoured Fratres and Sorores to help him close the Vault of the Adepts, and then says as he rises and closes the door:] "Post centum viginti annos patebo." Thus have I closed the Vault of the Adepts, in the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus. "Third Adept:" Ex Deo Nascimur. "Second Adept:" In

Jeheshuah Morimur. "Chief Adept:" Per Sanctum Spiritum Reviviscimus. [All present give the LVX sign in silence.] The following explanation of the above ritual by P. we give below in its entirety, for it is a great help in properly understanding the 5ø="6ø" Ceremony. The reader must, however, bear in mind that it was not written till nearly three years after the present date, and this fact no doubt accounts for several Eastern expressions of thought creeping in. FRATER P.'S SKETCH FOR AN EXPLANATION OF THE 5ø="6ø" RITUAL OF ADEPTUS MINOR. In this Grade there are three officers: Isis, Apophis, (replaced by Horus) and Osiris. Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth. Yet their functions are in a sense counterchanged, the Chief Adept representing {223} Osiris in the main ceremony, and the Third Adept reflecting the benignant character of Isis. The knocks which open the ceremony are seven, as it is written: "He made them Six; and for the seventh He cast into the midst of them the Fire of the Sun." For Tiphereth 5ø="6ø" is a Solar degree. After this the signs are given and the portal is guarded in the usual manner; for the intention in all the grades is identical, namely, that of harmonising the temple with the ceremony. " ""THE FIRST VIBRATION." Not only are the knocks symbolic of the Hexagram as above; but they refer to the moving of the Divine Spirit of Fire upon the Waters. For this is the First Breath of the Light, a brooding thereof. " ""THE SECOND VIBRATION." The Second appearance of the Light is as a flash of Lightning; the Flaming Sword. This is shown by 21, the number of Eheieh, the Divine Name of Kether; then the Tiphereth symbol of the Vault; and last the centre of the Earth affirmed in turn. This descent from Kether to Malkuth formulates the Flaming Sword, and thus is the Light invoked in the second place. The Seal is IAO, IHShVH="17" + 326="343" x 7 x 7, "i.e.", 7 made into a cube, the formation of the Stone of the Wise from the seven-fold regimen, and the fixation of the Wanderers (the seven planets, or of the volatile.). 777="One" is She the Ruach Elohim of Lives, and the Flaming Sword, and Olahm ha Qliphoth. Moreover 17 is the Svastika and IHShVH ____ the Pentagram again, the marriage of Isis and Osiris (as shown by the signs in the key-word). Now the Flaming Sword is a swift and transitory symbol; the solidity and permanence of Light is given in the pyramidal symbol. But the Flaming Sword is always the Beginning after the Ruach Elohim hath moved upon the surface of the waters; as here, so in the further ritual. Further, they being now in Tiphereth, they will formulate that which is Kether in Tiphereth, the Rose and Cross. The Key to the Vault is the Rose and Cross ____ Life. That which is alive is buried there: not that which is dead in very truth. Also we must first be crucified. Also the Rose and Cross resumes INRI. Now INRI conceals IAO, and IAO besides its Apophis signification (for IAO is the Gnostic Name of the Most High IAIDA) is Amoun descending ____ He, the Concealed One! when Isis and Osiris are united. It is the Ankh which is held in the hand of Chesed, and reveals the man whose majesty is that of the ten Sephiroth (which are combined in the Ankh);¹⁰ but in a passive way. This and the wands are the {224} correlatives of the Serpent and the Sword; ¹⁰ See Diagram 61. for the Sword is active, the Serpent passive, while the active Wand¹¹ in each case is of the paths, and the passive Ankh of the Sephiroth. The Ankh is held by the Kether band, seeing that to Kether alone should we hold fast in the passive reception of light (passive because it is held in the left hand); in order to project light, &c., we have a wand in our "right" hand, and this is held in different ways for different purposes. On the breast, Tiphereth in equilibrium, we have the twenty-two letters as a rose; the nine Planets, five Elements and three Alchemicals as a Cross (39="IHVH" + AChD), in all

sixty-one symbols,¹² "i.e.", the AIN (= "61") is thus denoted. The Rose and Cross being united, they bring down into the centre of all the Divine White Brilliance of Kether, in which is shown another Rose Cross, no longer of divided light, but Ruby of the Holy Spirit; of Gold, the Glory of the Light; of Green rays because Isis shines forth ____ a new Creation. This higher Rose Cross is again the mystery of the Higher Genius descending into Kether, when the Lower is in Tiphereth established. For in all things are higher and lower; "e.g.", Binah, Chesed and Hod are all Water, but in a different manner and degree¹³. " ""THE WANDS." ¹⁴ Isis hath the wand of Thoth, its head being in Kether and its bands showing HB:Nun-final HB:Mem HB:Aleph ,="HB:Shin" HB:Taw HB:Mem HB:Aleph , which shows Chesed HB:Dalet as summing the Supernals.¹⁵ Horus hath the wand of Osiris his Father. Osiris hath the wand of Isis his Mother. Note especially Mercury in Virgo: The Thoth-wand for Isis. Sun in Leo: The Osiris-wand for Horus.¹⁶ Venus in Taurus: The Isis-wand for Osiris. All are thus linked with the Higher. Also we add Mercury Virgo Sun Leo Venus Taurus and obtain $231 = "0" + 1 + \dots + 21 = "the"$ Sum of the Numbers of the Keys of the Tarot. Further, Amoun ____ the Winged Globe ____ is again shown when Isis and Osiris are united. Further, $5 + 9 + 14$ (the bands on the wands)="28" Power HB:Chet HB:Koph , for these are the total of the Bands thereon. Also the Globe is Light, the Phoenix Life, the Lotus Love. (Symbol of Binary, The "Prong," see Dante. This prong points downwards. Arms of Typhon in 16th key.) They also show the development of creation (Lotus wand) operated by rebirth (Phoenix wand), presided over by the Kerubic working and the Everlasting wings (Chief Adept's wand). {225} We now turn to the important symbolism of the number 120. It is HB:Chet HB:Mem HB:Samekh {sic: ?HB:Koph HB:Mem HB:Samekh ?} and the arrow hieroglyph which has been sufficiently explained in Z. and the Portal Ritual. It emphasises the Pentagram formula¹⁷, that only the purified man IHShVH can enter here. Also $120 = "4" \times 5 \times 6$ (Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth). It is 12, HVA, divided in the 10 Sephiroth. In Coptic, IHO="120" by shape="Virgo" Aries Capricorn="Yetziratically" 85="a" flower or cup. The previous symbols have formulated the Rainbow, and this is the arrow cleaving them. The "Chief" "Adept" now begins a new vibration with a knock, the shrine and Adepts having formulated the Great Work. This second vibration may be read hieroglyphically as follows: 11 The three wands contain the twenty-two Paths. See Diagrams 64, 65, 66. 12 See Diagram 63. 13 See Diagram 63. 14 See Diagrams 64, 65, 66. 15 The Three Supernals are in a way summed in Chesed, HB:Dalet being the dividing-line. 16 Not Mars in Scorpio. 17 That is, $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 = "120."$ By the Sephiroth and the Paths we work; the Rose and Cross united, we are; and Kether is in our Tiphereths by Light, Life, and Love, reached by the path cleaving the Rainbow. This, therefore, seals all present as adepts, and also serves to equilibrate perfectly the Vault for reception of the light, while also formulating the first beginnings of that Light. " ""THE THIRD VIBRATION." All face East to salute the rising sun. The door is opened wide, since the great Work is formulated, and the three Adepts formulate by their position the Triangle of the Supernals, as if it descended from the Roof of the Vault. Then by joining their Wands and Ankhs they formulate the Pyramid ____ (is not this Vault of Abiegnus the Chamber of the King in the Great Pyramid of Cheops?) ____ the most stable of forms, the three showing forth the four, since the Triangles form a tetrahedron¹⁸. For HB:Nun-final HB:Mem HB:Aleph occultly spelleth $741 = "HB:Shin" HB:Taw HB:Mem HB:Aleph$. Also the Pyramid="4" $\times$ 3="12" HVA. Thus also each hath 3 letters of 3

words, but all together seal each 3 within a fourth, the synthesis of the 3. Note also: HB:Yod="fire" in hHB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod , Scorpio is the Water Cherub. That he is Amoun also is shown by the Eagle whose wings are those of the Winged Globe. The Sun shineth in the Air.¹⁹ But in the signs they are united first of all in the Sign of Light, +. The LVX differentiates this light, as is explained in the Ritual itself. " ""First Point." Know ye that the whole Object of the Ritual is to unite the Postulant with Osiris, represented by the Chief Adept, save when he again taketh his Wand and Ankh and instructeth the Postulant, and is Isis, the Revealer of the Mysteries. In the first point the Chief Adept does not appear. He is the slain and hidden Osiris in the nether world. Therefore the Postulant in order to be identified with him must be slain. He is {226} also to be put though the IAO formula of Creation, Death and Resurrection, in a lesser way, interwoven with the greater. Thus his first admission is of "mourning." The "Second Adept" is still Horus. But the "Third Adept" is now Anubis. Introducing Adept is still Themis. They are, as it were, the guardians of the body of the slain Osiris. For initials ', c and Theta see Z. explanation in 0ø="0ø" Ritual. A, (Knock) commences the new Vibration. He is prepared by Themis. The alarm of HB:Yod HB:Yod HB:Yod HB:Yod ' HB:Yod places the 4 before the 1, and Anubis at once challenges. The Aspirant, not waiting for his Higher Self (Theta) to speak, assumes the Horus formula (wearing his lamen), and seeketh to take by force the Kingdom of Heaven. Horus arises as it were insulted. He, the chief Guardian of the Tomb ____ shall this one enter, the not even initiated? The Sword and Serpent are given back to him, but not yet united as in the Rose Cross. He is therefore clothed in black to show his uninitiated state and the darkness in which he walks; his hands are bound; the middle pillar only is free; yet is there also a chain about his neck, the binding of Da„th,²⁰ so that the Higher and Lower Wills may connect. But his 18 WEH NOTE: Yet the great pyramid is not a tetrahedron, having as it does five faces, four being triangles and the fifth a square base ____ thus being a half-octahedron. ¹⁹ These three are united in the fourth ____ Earth, because the second h is the Earthly sign of Virgo. ²⁰ Da„th prevents his lower will connecting with his higher will. Tiphereth is not bound: his Lower Will must of itself aspire. This time is "One" Knock given as it were for very feebleness of nature, yet formulating Kether. The Higher Self now speaks for Postulant, and they are admitted by the Aspiration of Postulant (Serpent) and the Divine Light descending in answer (Flaming Sword), as it is written "While he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and ran ____." He hath returned, showing the value of persistent Will. The Serpent and Flaming Sword are Wisdom and Strength, the slow but subtle movement of the Serpent, the rush of the Lightning flash, caring naught for obstacles. These conjoint are 32,21 that is, the joining of Arikh and Zaur Anpin in AHIHVH (32). And 32="ChZIZ" (lightnings) ZKH (was pure) and LB (heart); also LB="LibraMercury" ____ the Equilibration of Creation. Also, though the force of his obligation is shown as binding, ____ note well that it is also that force which admits him. The Aspirant cannot even kneel without help. " ""Prayer of the Second Adept" Formulates Chesed, Geburah, and Tiphereth, the Triangle Water, and finally Kether, as it is written: "And the Ruach Elohim moved upon the face of the waters." This is an invocation of the higher and the first formulation of the Light in the Postulate ("cf." Opening ____ the Knock). {227} His hands are unbound that he may help himself. The humility lesson is formulated in Ruach, and Da„th is rebuked openly (as chain does so occultly). Aspirant must rise unaided; and the only help his initiators can

give him is to force him to kneel. " "Charge to Aspirant." Black is not only evil; it is the "charge" ("i.e.", flashing colour) of Spirit. Fraternal pity is formulated, as well as sympathy. The 120 (Sagittarius) is then formulated in Aspirant. Note that the Opening Symbolism, as it were, foreshadows that of the Ritual proper. This formula is also one of equilibration: "vide" explanation of the 14th Key in the Portal Ritual. The 3 and 7 are united in Aspirant, and also the 12. Thus is his Rose (22) formulated, while the five grades formulate his Cross (5 squares). The Aspirant is now the purified man, in touch with his Jechidah, "but in" "Kether only as yet." His crucifixion equilibrates as well as binds, and formulates occultly the LVX. The purpose of his consenting is to raise the Rose Cross, "i.e.", to bring redemption unto men. The adjuration to HVA follows, after which the Obligation, which consists of ten clauses, corresponding to the ten Sephiroth. The Kether of the man speaking binds the nine lower Sephiroth: " "Chokmah," which would (in its failure, since everything but Kether has an evil aspect) lack purity (by its duality; and devotion and service (by opposing itself to Kether). " "Binah," which would unveil mysteries. " "Chesed," which would rebel against authority and be slack in exercising it. " "Geburah," which would display its strength and boast thereof. " "Tiphereth," which would be normally the mere human Will. 21 The Sword, the Ten Sephiroth. The Serpent, the Twenty-two letters: together the Thirty-two paths. " "Netzach," which would fall unless Divine Names aided it; "vide" 40="70" Altar Diagram, and Nogah is "natural" splendour, a mere bubble. " "Hod," which would talk and lie; its positive promise is sexual; for Mercury is hermaphrodite. " "Jesod," which is solid and sluggish, and would be idle and content with what it had done. " "Malkuth," which needs one to point out illusory nature of matter, and tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. " "The Stigmata." Formulate the LVX Cross. "Cf." Ateh, Malkuth, ve Geburah, ve Gedulah, le' Olahm, AMEN. (The Stigmata being formed by touching the forehead, feet, right hand, left hand and heart.) {228} Thus the Sephiroth are equilibrated in both directions as in the Equinox Ritual. 22 The Versicles will be seen to be very appropriate to each Sephira. This application of the Stigmata fixes the Light, as the Flaming Sword is a transitory Symbol (see Opening). The Aspirant may now resume his emblems; after which Themis commemorates the Life and Death of Osiris under the figure of Christian Rosenkreutz, as it were. "The Morning of Isis." For Aspirant being now "dead," Isis mourneth for him. But Aspirant also mourneth, that L sign may be formulated in him. She points out Rose Cross as an external emblem of the Completion of the Great Work. In the life of Jesus Christ the Master, the most notable events are ____ he is cloistered at 5; when 30 he takes disciples and begins ministrations. When 32 (paths and Sephiroth) he takes 4 others and is the One among the 7 (or the 3 and the 4="12)." At 106 he dies (106 is "attained" and HB:Nun-final HB:Vau HB:Nun Scorpio). The symbolism of 120 having been accomplished, his tomb is found. This is the tomb of the Postulant. (Note Geomantic Angelic Symbolism of IAO and INRI.) The L Sign is the Svastika. (See Z in 00="00" Ritual for meaning.) Also Svastika hath 17 squares showing IAO synthetical. 23 And the Svastika includeth the Cross, "even as a child in the Womb of its Mother to develop itself anew," &c.; &c.; (Cry of 29th AEthyr.) 24 The Cubical Svastika hath 78 faces="Tarot" and Mezla. It is also HB:Aleph="Air" and Zero. It shows the Initiation of a Whirling Force. The V sign is that of Apophis and Typhon. It is the Y of Pythagoras; it is the arms flung up of the drowning man and therefore="12th" key and HB:Mem . It is also the Horns of the mediaeval Devil. It shows the binding and apparent death of the force,

without which it cannot come to any perfection. The X sign is that of the Pentagram. It showeth the Triumph of the Light. It is HB:Shin descended, and therefore Fire. Moreover the Pentagram formulateth the 10 Sephiroth. (Is not the Flaming Sword the Pentagram unwound?) It is the final rise in perfect equilibrium of the force. The whole is LVX. Showing the Light imperfect, until it hath descended into Hell. (Sowing ___ waiting ___ reaping. Cyst reproduction of some simple animals. Hibernation, &c.;) The arms are stretched out and then refolded ___ effort and peace. The Cross Sign shows HB:Taw : and all four are thus AMThSh and AMN. The Vibrations pass with the Sun, of course. The Light being thus fixed in the Vault, all leave the same and the seal is given. 22 A Golden Dawn Ritual omitted here for lack of space. 23="6" + 1 + 10="17." 24 See "The Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee." " " "Second Point." The Vault is opened in Tiphereth symbols in three words of three, four, and five letters each, (the Triangle, the Cross and the Pentagram), though IHSVH shows Pentagram INRI, Rose Cross, and conceals Cross, the Lux. {229} Note very carefully the interchanging symbols of the Adepti throughout. They are not separate, but overlap; and this shows the absolute necessity of a fraternal and sympathetic feeling. All repeat signs, as all partake of the Lux. The Postulant, bearing the wand of Isis, may pass within the gate of Isis (Venus). Also he bears the Ankh. The Postulant is led into the Vault; and he thus beginneth to tread down the forces of evil, which, be it well remembered, support him. He is placed in the North as in 0ø="0ø," but here he is not in the sign Taurus (redemption), but of Scorpio; for he is dead or disintegrated into his component parts. Also, as shown by "Libertas Evangelii," he is in the position of free choice ___ his Lower Will must decide the result. The Seven are about him ___ the Universe watches his choice. Note the 7 x 40="280" symbolism. For 280 is Sandalphon, who in 1ø="10ø" made him a path: it is also MNTzPK, the five letters of Severity and judgment, and HB:Peh-final HB:Resh , terror, also HB:Resh HB:Ayin HB:Yod , the angel of the wood of the world of Assiah, since the greater part of it is sterile trees. The "Third Adept" is on the southern side of the Pastos ___ Themis as "Legis Jugum," and Horus in the Fire position. Nobody is in the quarter of Air, where wait the other fragments of Postulant: his Nephesch being thus ready to be glorified. The attention of the Postulant is at once called to the Roof; his Lower Will looketh upwards, and he sees at last the "Invisible Light." The Altar shows: (1) The Great Work as the compendium of Unity; (2) IHSVH Symbol accomplishing this and expanded within into five circles. This shows that the five principles of man must be united perfectly. 25 The Lion and HB:Yod with the Rose Cross represents the First Cause, the Dawn, the Virgin Mother, and the Great Work. "Nequaquam Vaccum" 26 shows that "Before Abraham was, I am!" The Eagle and HB:Heh with the Cup represent the Blood shed for the remission of sins, and the Chalice of the Stoistes. "Libertas Evangelii" shows free-will. The Man with HB:Vau and the dagger shows the "last Result." HB:Vau is Taurus, the redemption. The Dagger is the means. For "Dei Gloria Intacta" is the end of all. And the Bull with h and Chain shows the Burial and the Earth, Life and Labour which accomplish all these things. "Legis Jugum" shows Destiny balancing free-will. {230} In the midst is HB:Shin and the Incense: now Incense requires Air, Fire, Water and Earth for its being: thus the whole table is shown in HB:Shin as the combination and centre of all, being the glory of the Vast Countenance. All this is brilliant and flashing: "i.e.", equilibrated in itself and therefore a fit recipient of the Flashing Light: and brilliance is purity and energy. 25 JECHIDAH (Spirit) NESCHAMAH CHIAH (water)

(Fire) RUACH (Air) NEPHECH (Earth) 26 That is; nowhere a void. The other mottoes mean: the Freedom of the Gospel; the Unsullied Glory of God; and the Yoke of the Law, respectively. Now all kneel down and the Higher is again invoked. Postulant is fixed in Tiphereth and looking up to Kether. He again rejoices that he hath been crucified. Justice ariseth and taketh from him his Kether-wand and Ankh, and his own hands put the chain upon his neck, the symbol of earth and burial therein; and the Supreme Hour of Apophis is upon him, as it is written: "Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani!" Also this chain of Earth refers to the great renunciation of the Ego, refusing Devachan²⁷ and reassuming incarnation: not to the renunciation of Nirvana, which the mere purified man as such is not entitled to. Note also that Postulant himself now rebukes Da,th as the Second Adept did for him in the First Point. At this moment the Aspirant is not longer dead; he enters again the earth-life, for it is the reincarnation of the soul. But he is as the child unconscious of the Adept within him, and knoweth it not. He riseth not yet glorified, but as still upon the Cross. Themis now takes the Cup, or Lotus, and Dagger, or Cross, and the Death Symbol is dipped in the Resurrection Symbol, and the marks of LVX are again imprinted on him, as if to seal the prayer of the Second Adept. The Postulant now takes the Rose Cross and lifts it (as before for symbolism). Note also that this is the fourth element in the consecration (four pillars, &c.;, in 00="00" Ritual). He then upholdeth the Rose Cross as if that were the object of his accepting the Chain. And now, having gained the right to take his Ruach with him in the Darkness, he may demand the Opening of the Pastos. The Altar is moved, "new heavens and new earth," &c.; The Pastos lid also, "Osiris no longer divided into glory and suffering, but central and perfect." The "Third Adept" gives the Postulant his Wand and Ankh, thus again uniting him to Chesed (Isis L). Also "If ye be crucified," &c.;, is said in marking the Chesed hand. The "Third Adept," "And the Light," &c.;, ___ showing Postulant that he is not dead but alive. Accordingly "Chief Adept" reaches out his Kether-wand to that Kether- centre of the Rose Cross above him, and in that act restores himself to life and consciousness thereof. The Higher Self descendeth for the second time and the man is united once more. The Osiris "Chief Adept" (not yet fully glorified, but in his death alive) formulates these ideas. The interchange of Chief Adept and Postulant now takes place completely with the {c}hange of weapons. Chief Adept becomes Isis, and instructs the Osiris in Chesed, her symbol. {231} It also shows the marriage of Isis and Osiris in the tomb, or that Isis hath descended to restore her son to life. Also Isis in the Pastos shows the winter and seed-time of earth, ___ Isis is also Persephone, be it well remembered! Third Aspirant seals all this in the Ruach and synthesises all with "Ex" "Deo Nascimur," &c.; &c.; The Altar and lid are restored, showing that the full glorification is not yet. The Aspirant quits the Portal, showing that to complete the Great Work one must go out into the world and work. " ""Third Point." Represents IAO, the synthesis of that three-fold work. Osiris not only risen but glorified, for IAO is the name also of the Highest, as the Gnostics do assure us. Here then the "Chief Adept" is the glorified Osiris: the Postulant being only the risen Osiris. Again the Higher Genius is formulated. The 27 Heaven. Postulant is now well in touch with the Higher Soul in Kether; but has not yet "begun" the Great Work. The Pastos is without, "for it will never be wanted again." But in south- east and north-east are the Grades and Minutum Mundum; the Serpent and the Flaming Sword are on the altar, also the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus.²⁸ The Empty Pastos is shown ___ there, if anywhere, is a void! The Risen

Osiris contemplates his tomb, when suddenly he is called into the glory by Chief Adept's voice from the place of HB:Yod , the world of Atziluth. But he knoweth it not; only his resurrection is fixed in his mind. He is called back further to his Cross, and then again he looketh forward, and a dim presentment of glory touches him. Then only doth the Postulant's Ruach rise fully into Neschamah, and he nameth the Name of the Highest, and is forever beyond Hell and Death. The "Second Adept" says that Akasa²⁹ (hearing) can hear Spirit. The door is flung wide open, so that no longer a dim sight of glory be, but the full wide-flowing influx of the Light, and the Osiris and his companions bend in awe and adoration at that mighty and terrible glory. Between Strength and Justice doth he kneel in the sign of his rising, and seeth again the Cross, not now of suffering, but only of Light. The God in His glory sayeth: "I am Amoun, the Concealed One," not only Osiris the Justified. At the coming of that Glory they bow and shade their eyes from its brilliance: for what are the Sun and Moon to abide His presence? But now the Sun and Moon are Apollo and Artemis, Osiris and Isis; the Divine Eye is formulated from the Light of those eyes that are but as darkness, and the Osiris saith in very truth: "Before I was blind: now I see!" {232} The Great Light dawns, The Flashing Brilliance of the All-Pervading Spirit of the Gods descends: the Divine Spirit is upon him, and all bow in adoration of that White Glory. The Osiris stands, and by that sign uniteth himself with that Light. He faces the West, ready to shed light upon the World, and there in the Pyramid is the Great Work accomplished; for in his heart is Kether, the Centre of light, and the Rosy Cross is in his body, "i.e.", his Nephesch is redeemed while his Mind is ever open to the Descending Floods of the Influx from the Higher. Now the Chief Adept is again Isis, and instructs. She formulateth AHIH and Tiphereth, and the light is finally fixed as the analysis of the Key Word, synthesising and uniting the symbolism of the entire ceremony again by the Pyramid formula. Minutum Mundum. The Light is shown divided and balanced in the Tree. Crook and Scourge. The Light is shown in the symbols of Osiris. Serpent and Sword. The Light-bearers run and return. Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus. The Abodes of Light are only reached by a steep ascent. The Vault is then explained on Microcosm lines. Note that 40 shows the 10 Sephiroth in the four worlds, or letters of the name. Aspirant is now in Water, and Chief Adept in Earth, to show how complete is their interchange. Chief Adept being naturally Water, Chesed; and Aspirant, Earth. The grip of the grade strengthens this. Right hand above left hand shows Nephthys above Isis, the Completed work. The wrists ____ the unity from which the five springs ____ are grasped="Kether." The Cross (hands crossed) is the means of doing this. 28 The explanation of this abstruse point has been unfortunately omitted by Frater P. This is to be regretted as the rest is so beautifully lucid. 29 See 777, Cols. lv., lxxv., pp. 16, 17. Note: if you "pull" in this position you initiate a whirling force. They regain positions. " "Closing" The 120 is formulated and calleth forth the elemental Guardians. The Triangle of the Supernals is formulated, and the LVX signs close the whole with its synthetical glory, but they are given in silence, as showing forth that they have all attained unto the Peace of God which passeth understanding, to keep their hearts and minds through IHShVH our Lord. AMEN. By thus passing through the ritual of the 5ø="6ø" Grade of Adeptus Minor, P., in part at least, unveiled that knowledge which he had set out in the 0ø="0ø" ritual to discover. For as the first grade of the First Order endows the Neophyte with an unforgettable glimpse of that Higher Self, the {233} Augoeides, Genius, Holy Guardian Angel or Adonai; so does the first grade of the

Second Order engender within him that divine spark, by drawing down upon the Aspirant the Genius in Pentecostal Flames; until it no longer enshrines him like the distant walls of the starry abyss, but burns within him, pouring through the channels of his senses an unending torrent of glory, of that greater glory which alone can be comprehended by one who is an Adept: yet again, but the shadow of that supreme glory which is neither the shrine nor the flame, but the life of the Master. From the commencement of this history we have ever found Frater P. valiantly battling with the Elemental Forces. As a hoodwinked Neophyte he was led into the colossal darkness of Malkuth to become a Zelator in the hidden mysteries of Earth. Here he found a Kingdom seemingly so balanced in its Scintillating Intelligence that he little suspected that its overwhelming glory was but the reflection of the Supernal Flame on the dark face of the Waters in which slept the invisible coils of the drowsing serpent of human will. Here, on account of its intense darkness, all became to him clear as crystal, in which he could read his own thoughts mirrored in the wavelets of the ever-dancing waters of life. Here again Existence, as the World Mystery, became to him the supreme riddle of the human Sphinx; and in his strivings to read it, in his doubts, which Minerva like sprang from his former certainties, he informed within himself the first letter of the Name of God, the Virgin impregnated by the one idea ____ the Vision of Adonai incarnated in her Son. Illumined by this one supreme longing which had burnt up his coarser desires, he passed through the next ritual to {234} the illusive Foundation of Yesod, which in its apparent Equilibrium contains a falsified reflection of the Supreme path of the Fool. For, though its element is Air, it is not the AEthyr of Zero, the breath of Equilibrium, any more than Air as a mixture of Oxygen and Nitrogen is the Ether of Space. From Yesod he could look back upon Malkuth and be filled with an intense pity for all who still cling to its illusive Splendour; so also could he look up towards Kether (Kether in Yesod, though he knew it not), and burn with a joy not unmingled with sorrow at the apparent hopelessness of ever being able to climb so distant a peak. Thus would the heavens and hells seduce him from the path, the path of the Sun and the Angel, which through their greater glory blinded his understanding from the true way, and appeared to him not as light but as darkness. His present position seemed so clear to him that its very clearness would also have blinded him as it has so many others, had he not slain the incubus of the Supreme, and sought a greater independence by refusing to look at the clouded summit of the mountain whilst the lower slopes were unclimbed. Instead he said to himself, the next step is God to me, ay! God, and very God of very God: there is no other God than He.³⁰ Thus through the strength of the eagle, whose eyes scorn the fire of the sun, did he learn to conquer {235} Hod, the Splendour of the mighty waters, the ever-flowing and fluctuating desires of life, which contains all the colours of the opal, each brother light dissolving into its sister counterpart, according as the position of the Aspirant changes. Here he learnt of the deceptions of desire; how they change, and only exist by perpetually changing. Yet also here he learnt how to slay them by wedding them to their opposites; but in the very act he only begat another mystery more terrible than the last, the mystery of Netzach. As fire may be victorious over water, or water over fire, so may victory itself leave the Victor doubly enslaved by his very Success. Until the present, Frater P. had always found some new cause for which to draw his sword; but now, though the blade was as bright and keen as ever, like a knight surrounded by crafty footpads in the night, he knew not which way to thrust, thought the

danger which surrounded him he felt was greater than any that he had ever experienced before. This danger was, indeed, the seduction of things Supremely Material. For at this point on his journey, having mastered the three elements, he came nigh falling slave to the fourth; just as a warrior who has slain the King, and the Captain of the Guard, and even the Chief Eunuch who sleeps across the threshold of the Queen's bed-chamber, may lose the Kingdom he has all but won amongst the soft seducing cushions of a fair woman's couch, and only awake from his foolish sleep as the mallet drives the nail through his unguarded head. More valiant men have fallen in Netzach than ever fell in Malkuth, Yesod, and Hod combined, and more will fall in Tiphereth than ever fell in Netzach, and for the same reason, {236} and that is, that all Success is illusionary, the greatest illusion being to consider oneself Successful. It is here that man leaves, if he strive, the bow of worldly desires, and cleaves the firmament of thought like an arrow, which, eventually speeding out of the world's attraction, becomes as an universe to itself. This cleaving of the Veil of the Vault of the Adepts is in truth the precipitation of the Jechidah from the elemental flux that goes to make man. The Virgin Mother of Malkuth, the Earth fecundated by Air, Water and Fire, is delivered of her Son the Spirit, who is the Adept reborn in the Vault as Christian Rosencreutz; not yet Adonai the Christ, the Son of God, but Adonai, Jehesuah, the Son of Man, Jesus the Carpenter who one day will fashion the Tree of Life into the image of the Supernal Christ. No longer is the Vision of Adonai a mere glimpse as of a flickering light without, lost in the distance of a great forest, but a light which burns as a lamp within a lantern, and which sheds its beams equally in all directions. It is here, when the Aspirant becomes a sun unto himself, entranced by the beauty of his children, his seemingly balanced thoughts,³¹ the 30 A person arriving at Kether of Malkuth is liable to mistake it for Kether of Kether, and so on with an ever-increasing likelihood until Kether of Kether is actually attained, when the one swallows the other as the Serpent swallows its tail and eventually itself. In Kether of Kether there is no thinking or thought, therefore no certainty or uncertainty. From Malkuth of Yesod three obsessing forces come into play, viz., Kether of Malkuth, which tempts the Aspirant to look back; the local temptations of all the Sephiroth of Yesod save Yesod of Yesod, which is the next; and Malkuth of Hod, which tempts him to run in Hod before he can walk in Yesod. ³¹ The Pillar of Mildness in the Tree of Life passes through the Sephiroth Kether, Tiphereth, Yesod and Malkuth which appear to be all equally balanced. This, however, is incorrect, for all save Kether, which is the point from which motion originates, are as marks set upon the pendulum of a clock, the nearer to Malkuth (the weight) the greater will be the space they move through, wandering planets and comets that obey his will, that he is liable to forget that though a sun to himself, he is nevertheless but an atom of the Glory Supernal, but a mote of dust dancing in the beam of the Eye Divine. This it arrives that he is as likely to be obsessed by the ordered harmony of things in Tiphereth, as the joys of the {237} discord of things obsessed him but a stage or two below. As the sun vivifies so can it corrupt. Therefore by his own forces must he destroy his contentment by a self-explosion of discontent so terrific that the ordered universe governed by Spirit is not blown into Chaos, the Qliphoth, but out of Chaos, out of Cosmos itself, into a new world, a higher Equilibrium, a universe of colossal strength and power. If he tremble, he is lost; he must strain every nerve, every muscle, until his whole frame vibrates and flashes forth the magical Strength of the Sephira Geburah. Thus is the Magician begotten by

devotion to the Great Work, and Work as Work alone can only gain for the Aspirant this exalted grade. He must strive beyond the hope of success; success is failure; he must strive beyond the hope of victory; victory is defeat; he must strive beyond the hope of reward; reward is punishment; he must indeed strive beyond all things; he must break up the equipoise of things; he must swing the pendulum off its hook, and wrench the lingam of Shiva from between the loins of Sakti. Justice or Mercy are nothing to him; he, as Horus the child, must quench the one with the other, as his father Osiris quenched the Waters of Hod with the fires of Netzach. Good and Evil are his implements, for his work is still in the Kingdom of the Ruach. And so long as his strivings beget, conceive, and bear the fruits of a greater and nobler Work, there is no cup of bitterness that may be refused, and no cross of suffering whose nails shall not pierce him. As Osiris he learnt to vanquish himself; risen as Horus he shall vanquish the world ____ ay! and who shall say me nay? the ultimate filaments of the hair of Nu. {238} conversely, the farther away the less.

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About this capture

THE MAGICIAN VERY shortly after the ceremony of Adeptus Minor, P. returned to his fastness to carry out the great Magical Operation of Abramelin the Mage, the preliminary preparations of which he had for so long now been setting in order. Unfortunately we have but scanty information of P.'s daily life during these days, and all that is recorded is to be found in a small book of some twenty pages entitled, "The Book of the Operation of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage. (Being the account of the events of my life, with notes on the operation by P., an humble Aspirant thereto.)" This slight volume commences with "The Oath of the Beginning," after which it is roughly divided into three parts. The first deals with the events of his life between the beginning of November 1899 and the end of February 1900; the second with the Abramelin Operation; and the third with the transactions P. had with Frater D.D.C.F. From the first part of this work we gather that great forces of evil were leagued against P.; and we learn this with no very great surprise, for those who set their faces against Darkness must expect Darkness to attempt to swallow them up. The Exempt Adept may laugh equally at good or at evil, but not so the mere magician whose passage along the {239}

Path of Light is only to be marked by the increasing depths of the Darkness which surrounds him. It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1898 P. had met Frater V.N., who had lent him a copy of a book known as "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage," and had to some degree instructed him in the workings contained in it. This work P. had read and reread with the greatest interest and zeal, determining to perform the ceremonial operation laid down in it at the very first opportunity. This he was unable to do for nearly a year; it being not until November 1899 that he found it possible for him to retire to the house he had bought and make all necessary preparations for the great ceremony, which was to be commenced on the following Easter. The system, as taught by Abramelin, of entering into communication with one's Holy Guardian Angel, is, of all Western systems of Magic, perhaps the most simple and effective. No impossible demands are made, and though perhaps some are difficult to carry out, there is always a reason for them, and they are not merely placed in the way as tests of the worker's skill. The whole Operation is so lucidly dealt with in Mr. MacGregor Mathers' translation,³² that it would be but a waste of time and space to enter into it fully, and the following consists of but the briefest summary, only intended to give the reader an idea of the Operation, and in no way meant as a basis for him to work on. Abramelin having first carefully warned his readers against impostors, lays down that the chief thing to be considered is: "Whether ye be in good health, because the body being feeble and unhealthy, it is subject to divers infirmities {240} whence at length result impatience and want of 32 WEH NOTE: Actually Mathers probably did not translate the work. He makes reference to an Old French copy in the Library of the Arsenal in Paris and claims to have translated that into English, adding copious notes on Hebrew and Greek names. In fact, there is an English and a Hebrew version in the British Museum, a place Mathers frequented. Mathers also claimed to have translated the Greater and Lesser Keys of Solomon, and the manuscripts he cites are in the British Museum, in Elizabethan English! power to operate and pursue the Operation; and a sick man can neither be clean and pure, nor enjoy solitude; and in such a case it is better to cease."³³ The true and best time of commencing this Operation is the first day after the Celebration of the Feasts of Easter at about the time of the vernal Equinox. The time necessary for the working is six months, so that should it be commenced on March 22, it would end on September 21. The six months is divided into three periods of two months each. "First Period." "Every morning precisely a quarter of an hour before sunrise enter your Oratory, after having washed and dressed yourself in clean clothing, open the window, and then kneel at the Altar facing the window and invoke the Name of the Lord; after which you should confess to him your entire sins. This being finished you should supplicate Him "that in time to come He may be willing and pleased to regard you with pity and grant you His grace and goodness to send unto you His Holy Angel, who shall serve unto you as a Guide. ..."34 In the above exercise by prayer the one great point to observe, as Abramelin himself impresses in the following words, is: "It serveth nothing to speak without devotion, without attention, and without intelligence ... it is absolutely necessary that your prayer should issue from the midst of your heart, because simply setting down prayers in writing, the hearing of them will in no way explain unto you how really to pray."³⁵ At sunset the same invocation, confession and prayer is to be repeated. {241} During this first period the points to be observed are: (1) That both the bed-chamber and Oratory are to be kept thoroughly clean. "Your whole

attention must be given to purity in all things." (2) That "you may sleep with your Wife in the bed when she is pure and clean," not otherwise. (3) Every Saturday the sheets of the bed are to be changed and the chamber is to be perfumed. (4) No animal is to enter or dwell in the house. (5) "If you be your own Master, as far as lieth in your power, free yourself from all your business, and quit all mundane and vain company and conversation; leading a life tranquil, solitary and honest." (6) "Take well heed in treating of business, in selling or buying, that it shall be requisite that you never give way unto anger, but be modest and patient in your actions." (7) "You shall set apart two hours each day after having dined, during which you shall read with care the Holy Scripture and other Holy Books." (8) "As for eating, drinking and sleeping, such should be in moderation and never superfluous." (9) "Your dress should be clean but moderate, and according to custom. Flee all vanity." (10) "As for that which regardeth the family, the fewer in number, the better; also act so that the servants may be modest and tranquil." (11) "Let your hand be ever ready to give alms and other benefits to your neighbour; and let your heart be ever open unto the poor, whom God so loveth that one cannot express the same."³⁶ "Second Period." During the whole of this period the accustomed prayer is to be made morning and evening, "but before entering into the Oratory ye 33 "The Book of the Sacred Magic," p. 54. 34 "Ibid." p. 64. Some of the following quotations have been abridged. 35 "Ibid." p. 65. 36 "The Book of the Sacred Magic," pp. 66-69. shall wash your hands and face thoroughly with pure water. And you shall prolong your prayer with the greatest possible affection, devotion and submission; humbly entreating the Lord God that he would deign to command His Holy Angels to lead you in the True Way. ..." During this period the points to be observed are: (1) "The use of the rites of Marriage is permitted, but should scarcely if at all be made use of." (2) "You shall also wash your whole body every Sabbath Eve." (3) "As to what regardeth commerce and rules of living, as in the first period." (4) "It is absolutely necessary during this period to retire from the world and seek retreat."^{242} (5) "Ye shall lengthen your prayers to the utmost of your ability." (6) "As for eating, drinking, and clothing, as before."³⁷ "Third Period." "Morning and Noon ye shall wash your hands and your face on entering the Oratory; and first ye shall make Confession of all your sins; after this, with a very ardent prayer, ye shall entreat the Lord to accord unto you this particular grace, which is, that you may enjoy and be able to endure the presence and conversation of His Holy Angels, and that He may deign by their intermission to grant unto you the Secret Wisdom, so that you may be able to have dominion over the Spirits and over all creatures. "Ye shall do this same at midday before dining and also in the evening,"³⁸ as well as at sunrise. During this period the points to be observed are: (1) "The man who is his own master shall leave all business alone, except works of charity towards his neighbour." (2) "You shall shun all society except that of your Wife and of your Servants." (3) "Ye shall employ the greatest part of your time in speaking of the Law of God." (4) "Every Sabbath Eve shall ye fast, and wash your whole body, and change your garment."³⁹ If possible the whole of this Operation should be performed in a place where solitude can be obtained; the best being, as Abramelin writes: "Where there is a small wood, in the midst of which you shall make a small Altar, and you shall cover the same with a hut of fine branches, so that the rain may not fall thereon and extinguish the Lamps and the Censer."⁴⁰ The Altar should be made of wood and in the manner of a cupboard, so that it may hold all the necessary things. There should be two tunics,

one of linen, and the other of Crimson or Scarlet Silk with gold. The sacred oil is prepared from myrrh, cinnamon and galangal mixed with olive oil. The incense of Olibanum, storax, and lign aloes, or cedar, is reduced to a fine powder and well mixed together. The Wand is cut from an Almond tree.⁴¹ {243} The third period having been completed, on the morning following: "Rise betimes, neither wash yourself at all nor dress yourself at all in your 37 "The Book of the Sacred Magic," pp. 69, 70. 38 "Ibid." pp. 70, 71. 39 "Ibid." p. 71. 40 "Ibid." p. 74. 41 "Ibid." pp. 76, 77. ordinary clothes; but take a Robe of Mourning; enter the Oratory with bare feet; go unto the side of the Censer, and having opened the windows, return unto the door. There prostrate yourself with your face against the ground, and order the Child (who is used as assistant and clairvoyante) to put the Perfume upon the Censer, after which he is to place himself upon his knees before the Altar; following in all things and throughout the instructions which I have given unto you. ... Humiliate yourself before God and His Celestial Court, and commence your prayer with fervour, for then it is that you will begin to enflame yourself in praying, and you will see appear an extraordinary and supernatural Splendour which will fill the whole apartment, and will surround you with an inexpressible odour, and this alone will console you and comfort your heart so that you shall call for ever happy the Day of the Lord.⁴² * * * * *

"During Seven Days shall you perform the Ceremonies without failing therein in any way: namely, the Day of the Consecration, the Three Days of the Convocation of the Good and Holy Spirits, and the Three other Days of the Convocation of the Evil Spirits. "On the second morning you shall follow the counsels your Holy Guardian Angel shall have given you, and on the third you shall render thanks. "And then shall you first be able to put to the test whether you shall have well employed the period of your Six Moons, and how well and worthily you shall have laboured in the quest of the Wisdom of the Lord; since you shall see your Guardian Angel appear unto you in unequalled beauty: who also will converse with you, and speak in words so full of affection and of goodness, and with such sweetness, that no human tongue could express the same. ... In one word, you shall be received by him with such affection that this description I here give unto you shall appear a mere nothing in comparison."⁴³ After the Third day Abramelin very wisely writes: "Now at this point I commence to restrict myself in my writing, seeing that by the Grace of the Lord I have submitted and consigned you unto a MASTER so great that he will never let you err."⁴⁴ Thus, briefly though it be, we have run through the system {244} as advocated by one of the greatest masters of Magic in the West. With perfect lucidity Abramelin brings us step by step towards the MASTER ____ Augoeides, Adonai, Higher Self, call Him what you will. By means of symbols of purity ____ by cleanliness and clean living ____ he leads us on by meditation and concentration through prayer to a one-pointedness, a vision or conversation with the MASTER so full of goodness and beauty, so full of rapture and ecstasy that no human tongue can express the same. Alas! that we are not simple-minded enough to accept it, and to seek at that little altar in the wood that sweet reward which at once cancels all the toils and sorrows of our lives. But in these present times prayer has become a mockery, and it is hard, how hard we know well, for any one to pray with that earnestness which brings with it reward. The rationalist has so befouled prayer with his wordy slush that it is indeed a hard task to dissociate it from the host of external symbols and images. A man who prays to a god is at once imagined to be praying to a thing with legs; for the educated are so surfeited with tangible things that

the transcendental entirely escapes them; yet the man who prays may in truth be praying to the Master, and it matters not one whit whether the Master have legs or no legs, for God does not depend on 42 "The Book of the Sacred Magic," p. 81. 43 "Ibid." pp. 82,85. 44 "Ibid." p. 85. the education of man's mind, or the standard of his knowledge, or the idols he has set up. In some cases hostility to prayer would prove more fruitful than devotion to it. He who believes in denying and blaspheming God will attain to the Divine Vision of Adonai as speedily as he who believes in praying to Him and worshipping His Holy Name; so long as he "enflame" himself with blasphemy and denial. It is the "will" {245} to accomplish, to conquer and overcome, which in both cases carries with it the supreme reward, and not the mere fact of denying or believing, which are but instruments towards this end. But, be it well remembered! this mystery of the Equivalence of all symbols, good and evil, is only true in Da,th and from Da,th. One man may fell a tree with an axe, another may saw it down, another dig it up, another burn it down, another wash it out of the earth by water, blast it by powder, or drag it down by a rope. In the end the tree falls, and the desire of each particular man is accomplished in spite of the variety of their tools. Thus we find that as Rising on the Planes was one method, so was Skrying another; so again were the rituals of the Golden Dawn; so again "The HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation" and Talismanic Magic; and now again still one more ____ the method of Abramelin; all different means to enable man to fell the tall tree of life and obtain the Master Vision of Adonai, the Augoeides or Higher Self. Each method, used rightly and carried to its ultimatum, leads to the same Heaven; each method used wrongly, or mistaken for the End, side-tracks the Adept into some Limbo or plunges him into some Hell. To all such as are of a devout disposition Prayer offers an excellent means of Concentration towards this end ____ identification with Adonai. And it matters no whit to what we pray, whether it be to Buddha or to Christ, or the top-hat and gin-bottle of a West African ju-ju, so long as we pray with our whole heart; and eventually, as the Vision informs, belief, faith, prayer, worship and supplication vanish, the {246} burning- glass of our Will has set on fire the white sheet of paper that had been our ideal; it crumples, turns brown, blackens, and bursts into flame. The gates of the mind swing apart, and the realm into which we rush is as different from the realm which we had contemplated as our ideal as the burning fire is to the cool white paper we had looked upon. For those who cannot thus believe, who in fact have no faith in prayer, there are yet other ways for them to travel, as we shall presently see; in fact so many that each could travel by a different road and yet arrive at the same destination; and it is hoped that those who study this book may thereby discover the speediest road to the Portal of the Temple. Early in November, P. returned to London to consult with Fratres I.A. and V.N., and shortly afterwards crossed over to Paris, and after a few days' residence in that city returned to England; and by means of the Codselim symbol journeyed to D____, and from thence to T____. here he received a letter from I.A. warning him of very grave danger. P. Thereupon invoked Heru-pa-kraatist and cast himself upon the Providence of God: "that he may give His Angels charge over me, to keep me in all my ways. So mote it be!" Thus far the events which carry us down to the commencement of the Operation, which begins with: " ""THE OATH OF THE BEGINNING." I, P____, Frater Ordinis Rosae Rubeae et Aureae Crucis, a Lord of the Paths in the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts, a 5ø = 6ø of the Order of the Golden Dawn; and an humble servant of the Christ of God; do this day spiritually bind myself

anew" By the Sword of Vengeance: By the Powers of the Elements: By the Cross of Suffering: {247} That I will devote myself to the Great Work: the obtaining of Communion with my own Higher and Divine Genius, (called the Guardian Angel) by means of the prescribed course: and that I will use any Power so obtained unto the Redemption of the Universe. So help me the Lord of the Universe and mine own Higher Soul! Let us now turn to "The Obligation of the Operation." I, P____, in the presence of the Lord of the Universe, and of all Powers Divine and Angelic, do spiritually bind myself, even as I am now physically bound unto the cross of suffering: (1) To unite my consciousness with the divine, as I may be permitted and aided by the Gods Who live for ever, the AEons of Infinite years, that, being lost in the Limitless Light, it may find Itself: to the Regeneration of the Race, either of man or as the Will of God shall be. And I submit myself utterly to the Will Divine. (2) To follow out with courage, modesty, lovingkindness, and perseverance the course prescribed by Abramelin the Mage; as far as in me lies, unto the attainment of this end. (3) To despise utterly the things and the opinions of this world lest they hinder me in doing this. (4) To use my powers only to the Spiritual well-being of all with whom I may be brought in contact. (5) To give no place to Evil: and to make eternal war against the Forces of Evil: until even they be redeemed unto the Light. (6) To harmonize my own spirit that so Equilibrium may lead me to the East and that my Human Consciousness shall allow no usurpation of its rule by the Automatic. (7) To conquer the temptations. (8) To banish the illusions. (9) To put my whole trust in the Only and Omnipotent Lord God: as it is written "Blessed are they that put their trust in Him." (10) To uplift the Cross of Sacrifice and Suffering: and to cause my Light to shine before men that they may glorify my Father which is in Heaven.⁴⁵ Furthermore: I most solemnly promise and swear: to acquire this Holy Science in the manner prescribed in the Book of Abramelin, without omitting the least imaginable thing of their contents: not to gloss or comment in any way on that which may be or may not be; not to use this Sacred Science to offend the Great God, nor to work ill unto my neighbour: to communicate it to no living person, unless by long practice and conversation I shall know him thoroughly, well examining whether such an one really {248} intendeth to work for the Good or for the Evil. I will punctually observe, in granting it, the same fashion which was used by Abramelin to Abraham. Otherwise, let him who receiveth it draw no fruit therefrom. I will keep myself as from a Scorpion from selling this Science. Let this Science remain in me and in my generation as long as it shall please the Most High.⁴⁶ All these points I generally and severally swear to observe under the awful penalty of the displeasure of God, and of Him to whose Knowledge and Conversation I do most ardently aspire. So help me the Lord of the Universe, and my own Higher Soul! The obligation is followed, in the book, by various preparations which we pass over in order that we may the more speedily record some of the

⁴⁵ The reader will note that this is a sort of personal adaptation of the 5ø = 6ø obligation. ⁴⁶ This latter portion of the obligation is taken from the Oath which Abramelin imposed on his pupil Abraham. Visions which P. experienced at this time: the first we quote is little better than an obsession, and is as follows: In bed, I invoked the Fire angels and spirits on the tablet, with names, etc., and the 6th Key.⁴⁷ I then (as Harpocrates) entered my crystal. An angel, meeting me, told me among other things, that they (of the tablets) were "at war with the angels of the 30 AEthyrs, to prevent the squaring of" "the circle." I went with him unto the abodes of Fire, but must have fallen asleep, or nearly so. Anyhow, I

regained consciousness in a very singular state half consciousness being there, and half here. I recovered and banished the Spirits, but was burning all over, and tossed restlessly about___very sleepy, but consumed of fire! Only repeated careful assumption of Harpocrates' god-form enabled me to regain my normal state. I had a long dream of a woman eloping, whom I helped, and after of a man stealing my Rose Cross jewel from a dressing-table in a hotel. I caught him and found him a weak man beyond natural (I could bend or flatten him at will), and then the dream seemed to lose coherence. ... I carried him about and found a hair-brush to beat him, &c. &c. Query: Was I totally obsessed? The second is: Invoking the angels of Earth I obtained a wonderful effect. The angel, my guide, treated me with great contempt and was very rude and truthful. He shewed me divers things. In the centre of the earth is formulated the Rose and Cross. Now the Rose is the Absolute Self-Sacrifice, the merging of "all" in the 0 (Negative) the Universal {249} Principle of generation through change ("not" merely the feminine), and the Universal Light "Khab" The Cross is the Extension or Pekht principle. Now I should have learned more but my attention wandered. This closes the four elemental visions: prosecuted, alas! with what weakness, fatuity, and folly! And, lastly, the following, which is of considerable interest: I ... in the afternoon shut myself up, and went on a journey. ... I went with a very personal guide: and beheld (after some lesser things) our Master as he sat by the Well with the Woman of Samaria. Now the five husbands were five great religions which had defiled the purity of the Virgin of the World: and "he whom thou now hast" was materialism (or modern thought) Other scenes also I saw in His life: and behold I also was crucified! Now did I go backwards in time even unto Berashith, the Beginning, and was permitted to see marvellous things. First the Abyss of the Water: on which I, even I, brooded amid other dusky flames as S upon M held by my Genius. And I beheld the victory of Rf upon Apophis and the First of the Golden Dawns! Yea: and monsters, faces half-formed, arose: but they subsisted not. And the firmament was. Again the Chaos and the Death! Then "Ath" Hashamaim v. "ath" h-aretz. There is a whirling intertwining infinitude of nebulae, many concentric systems, each system non-concentric to any other, yet "all" concentric to the whole. As I went backwards in time they grew faster and faster, and less and less material. (P.S. ___ This is the scientific hypothesis, directly contrary to that of Anna Kingsford), and at last are whirling wheels of light: yet through them "waved" a thrill of an intenser invisible light in a direction perpendicular to the tangents. I asked to go yet further back and behold! I am floating on my back___cast down! in a wind of Light flashing down upon me from the immeasurable Above. (This Light is of a blueish silver tinge.) And I saw that Face, lost above me in the height inscrutable: a face of absolute 47 The Enochian Keys of Dr. Dee. beauty. And I saw as it were a Lamb slain in the Glamour of Those Eyes. Thus was I made pure: for there, what impunity could live? I was told that not many had been so far back: none further: those who "could" go farther would not, since that would have reabsorbed them into the Beginning, and that must not be to him who hath sworn to uplift the Standard of Sacrifice and Sorrow, which is strength. (I forgot the Angels in the Planetary Whirl. They regarded me with curiosity: and were totally unable to comprehend my explanation that I was a "Man, returning in time to behold the" "Beginning of Things.") " Now was I able to stand in my Sephiroth: and the Crown of Twelve Stars" "was upon my head! I then went into the centre of the earth (I suppose) and" "stood upon the "{250} top of an high mountain. The many dragons and guardians

I was able to overpower by "authority." Now the mount was of glistening whiteness, exceeding white as snow: yet dead and unluminous. And I beheld a vision, even like unto that of the Universal Mercury;⁴⁸ and I learnt that I myself was sulphur and unmercurial. Now having attained the Mercurialising of my Sulphur I was able (in my vision) to fecundate the mountain (of Salt). And it was instantly transmuted into gold. What came ye out into the wilderness for to see? No: into living, glowing, molten Light: the Light that redeemeth the material world! So I returned: having difficulty to find the earth(?). But I called on S.R.M.D. and V.N.R. who were glad to see me; and returned into the body: to waste the night in gibing at a foolish medico. (It is worth noting here how very much more coherent this Vision is than the first ones we have had occasion to mention.) So far the second part of the "Book of the Operation." The third part of this book, which consists but of two pages, begins obscurely enough: "Heard this evening from D.D.⁴⁹ Second Order apparently mad." However, this information which, from the following, we gauge to be connected with the dead sea apple schism which had for some time been ripening amongst the members of the Order of the Golden Dawn, was considered sufficiently important by P. for him to offer his services to G. H. Frater D.D.C.F., who was then in Paris. About a week later P. writes: "D.D.C.F. accepts my services, therefore do I rejoice, that my sacrifice is accepted. Therefore do I again postpone the Operation of Abramelin the Mage, having by God's Grace formulated even in this a new link with the Higher, and gained a new weapon against the Great Princes of the Evil of the World. Amen." {251} Thus ends the "Book of the Operation." But on the back of the last page there is a note from which we gather the following. That P. journeyed from London to Paris (evidently shortly after his letter to D.D.C.F. he had left T___ for London). There he was selected as the messenger of D.D.C.F., after a long talk with him and V.N.R., and at noon, four days later, he left Paris for London. This note ends with the following words: "The history of my mission: is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Revolt of the Adepts?" Before glancing through this Chronicle of Revolt, which in all truth might be called "The Book of the Fatuity of the Inepti," it will be necessary to return for a moment to that interesting document, "The History Lesson." The last point we arrived at in the Lesson was that, "in 1900 one P., a brother, instituted a rigorous test of S.R.M.D. on the one side and the Order on the other." S.R.M.D. is but another name for G.H. Frater D.D.C.F., against whose authority the Second Order were now in open revolt. From this point the Lesson continues: ⁴⁸ Described in a M.S. edited by S.R.M.D. and issued to the Second Order, in which is a picture of Mercury diving into the sea. ⁴⁹ Secretary of the Order of the Golden Dawn. "He discovered that S.R.M.D., though a scholar of some ability and a magician of remarkable powers, had never attained complete initiation: and further had fallen from his original place, he having imprudently attracted to himself forces of evil too great and terrible for him to withstand.⁵⁰ "The claim of the Order that the true adepts were in charge of it was definitely disproved. "In the Order, with two certain exceptions and two {252} doubtful ones, he found no persons with any capacity for initiation of any sort. "He thereupon, by his subtle wisdom, destroyed both the Order and its chief. "Being himself no perfect adept, he was driven of the Spirit into the Wilderness, where he abode for six years, studying by the light of reason the sacred books and secret systems of initiation of all countries and ages." We must now leave the Lesson, to return to it again six years later, and as briefly as possible run through the Chronicles of Revolt, which consist of various

documents for the most part printed towards the close of 1900 and the beginning of 1901, by such members of the Order as had broken away from their chief, D.D.C.F. In a printed document written on May 4, 1901, and signed by D.E.D.I., we find the following: You are aware that, originally, the Second Order in this country was governed absolutely by three chiefs. Ultimately their authority all devolved on one ____ our late chief, the G.H. Frater D.D.C.F., who was practically recognised as Autocrat. This we have already learnt from the Lecture. But from a "Statement" issued to Adepts in February 1901, we further learn that on April 1 ("sic"), 1897, V.H. Soror S.S.D.D. was appointed head of the London branch of the Order and that the formation of secret groups was advised and legalised by D.D.C.F. "S.A. approved of this and formed a group himself, as Silentio ("sic") can bear witness." However, in "Letters to the Adepts of R.R. and A.C." issued in the same month, it appears that it was not by D.D.C.F.'s sanction, but through their distrust of him, that Soror S.S.D.D. started a group in London, and Frater S.S. one in Edinburgh. These groups {253} seemed to have worked as secret societies within the Order. Fra: D.E.D.I. appears in this same document to have objected to this, for we find him attempting to get S.S.D.D. to amalgamate the smaller groups and form a larger group of Theorici. This attempt led to a meeting of the Executive Council in which S.S.D.D. raised an objection of D.E.D.I.'s proposal; and we find D.E.D.I. writing: "I have sat on many committees in my own country and elsewhere, but I am proud to say that I never met among the mechanics, farmers and shop-assistants with whom I have worked in Ireland a state of feeling so ignoble, or resolutions so astonishing, as those I had to listen to yesterday." From the "Statement" it appears that these groups were the chief cause of the Revolt. D.D.C.F., permitting these groups to be formed, little by little delegated his power to others; so that when the crash came he had no magical force left to meet it; and that those who had gained it had so dispersed it among themselves that instead of causing them to rise a phoenix out of the ashes of the past, it simply set them squabbling and fighting over petty and absurd points of morals and law. A fair specimen of the magical powers displayed by the Order after the fall of D.D.C.F. is to be found in the above "Statement." "... The most serious charge that Soror F.E.R. has brought against Soror S.S.D.D. is that she has conducted the examinations unjustly." S.S.D.D.'s 50 Presumably Abramelin Demons. reply was: "That she has no time, even if she had the inclination, to indulge in futile acts of spite or favouritism." Whilst revolt was simmering in the pot of dissatisfaction, it appears that D.D.C.F. was residing in Paris, reviving the mysteries of Isis at the Bodinière Theatre.⁵¹ Here he and {254} his wife lived under a variety of pseudonyms such as "The Hierophant Rameses," and the "High Priestess Anari," Count and Countess MacGregor of Glenstrae, &c. &c. Their success seems at first to have been considerable, for we read in "The Humanitarian," vol. xvi. No. 2, that their receptions "are amongst the most interesting in Paris. You will find people attending them of nearly every shade of opinion and of profession: Isis-worshippers, Alchemists, Protestants, Catholics, scientists, doctors, lawyers, painters, and men and women of letters, besides persons of high rank." This success may have possibly distracted his attention from the real state of affairs in England. However, from a mere simmer the pot began to boil, and by the middle of February 1900 the fat was fairly in the fire. It was also at about this time, if not a few weeks earlier, that the notorious Madam Horos introduced herself to D.D.C.F.; this question, however, we will deal with a little later on, though in several

ways it seems to be connected with the present revolt. On February 16, 1900, from 87 Rue Mozart, D.D.C.F. addressed the following letter to V.H. Soror S.S.D.D. (the Chief in charge in Anglia). It is divided into five paragraphs, the last two of which we give in full. C. et V.H. Soror S.S.D.D. * * * * * ("d") Now, with regard to the Second Order, it would be with the "very" "greatest regret" both from my personal regard for you, as well as from the occult standpoint, that I should receive your Resignation as my Representative in the Second Order in London; but I cannot let you form a combination to make a schism therein with the idea of working secretly or avowedly under "Sapere Aude"⁵² under the mistaken impression {255} that he received an Epitome of the Second Order work from G.H. Soror, "Sapiens Dominabitur Astris." For this forces me to tell you plainly (and, understand me well, I can prove to the hilt every word which I here say and more, and were I confronted with S.A., I should say the same), though for the sake of the Order, and for the circumstance that it would mean so deadly a blow to S.A.'s reputation, I entreat you to keep this secret from the "Order," for the present, at least, though you are at perfect liberty to show "him" this if you think fit, "after mature consideration." ("e") He has NEVER been at "any time" either in personal or in written communication with the Secret Chiefs of the Order, he having "either himself" "forged or procured to be forged" the professed correspondence between him and them, and my tongue having been tied all these years by a previous Oath of Secrecy to him, demanded by him, from me, before showing me what he had either done or caused to be done or both. You must comprehend from what little I say here the "extreme gravity" of such a matter, and again I ask you, both for his sake and that of the Order, not to force me to go further into the subject. This letter ends by stating that every atom of the knowledge of the Order has been communicated to him, and to him alone, by the Secret Chiefs of the Order, and that G.H. Soror S.D.A. was now in Paris with him.⁵³ 51 See the "Sunday Chronicle," March 19, 1899. 52 S.A. was Sapere Aude (or Non Omnis Moriar), Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, King's Coroner for Hoxton. 53 This, as we shall shortly see, must have been Madame Horos. It must be remembered here that in the "History Lecture" we learnt that S.R.M.D. (that is D.D.C.F.), by the death of one of his colleagues and the weakness of the other, secured sole authority over the Order; these two were G.H. Fratres M.E.V. and N.O.M. (that is, S.A.); and it was the latter, so it was generally supposed, who had first discovered the cipher MSS. which led to the connecting-link being established with G.H. Soror S.D.A. and the great chiefs of the Third Order in Germany. S.S.D.D. on receiving the above letter went into the country and spent whole days considering it, after which she wrote to S.A., requesting an explanation of D.D.C.F.'s statement. S.A. replied that he did not admit the accuracy of the {256} statement, though, his witnesses being dead, he could not legally prove it false, and therefore he wished to remain neutral in the matter. So for the first time he refused to sit upon a corpse. On March 3, S.S.D.D. formed a Committee of Seven to inquire into the matter. This Committee pointed out to D.D.C.F. the seriousness of his accusation, and asked him to give them proof of its accuracy. A considerable correspondence ensued, in which D.D.C.F. absolutely and unconditionally refused to acknowledge the Committee or to give any proof whatsoever. Consequent on this refusal, the Committee agreed to place the matter before the Second Order. On March 23, D.D.C.F. wrote a letter to S.S.D.D. purporting to remove her from her position as his representative in the Second Order. On the 25th she replied: "I saw that if I kept silence I should become a

party to a fraud, and therefore took the advice of some Members of the Order who have always been friendly to your interests. ..." On March 24 a general meeting of the Second Order was held, and D.D.C.F. was informed that the reason for making his charge of forgery public was, that the whole constitution of the Order depended upon the authenticity of the documents that he alleged to be forged. At a meeting of the Committee on March 29, L.O. stated that he had seen S.A., who had given him his honourable assurance that he had no reason to suppose that S.D.A. was not the person she purported to be. He had only had communication with her by letter, and had, "bon fide," posted letters to her in Germany in reply. {257} On April 2, D.D.C.F. wrote refusing to acknowledge the right of the Second order to elect a Committee, and threatened members with the Punitive Current. At this juncture P., influenced, so far as himself knew, only by the impulse of self-sacrifice for the Order that had done so much for him; but, as is now apparent, secretly impelled by the true and Unknown Chiefs of the Third Order to put both the Order and its Chief to the test, crossed over to Paris and offered his services to D.D.C.F. They were accepted, and he was asked to act as envoy to the refractory brethren. In his long talk with D.D.C.F., P. proposed that the following scheme of action should be adopted to quell the revolt of the Second Order: I. The Second Order to be summoned at various times during two or three days. They to find, on being admitted one by one, a masked man in authority and a scribe. These questions, &c., pass, after pledge of secrecy concerning the interview. (A) Are you convinced of the truth of the doctrines and knowledge received in the grade of 5 θ = 6 θ ? Yes or No? If "yes" (1) Then their origin can spring from a pure source only? If "no" (2) I degrade you to be a Lord of the Paths in the Portal in the Vault of the Adepts. (B) If he reply "Yes," the masked man continues: Are you satisfied with the logic of this statement? Do you solemnly promise to cease these unseemly disputes as to the headship of this Order? I for my part can assure you that from my own knowledge D.D.C.F. is really a 7 θ = 4 θ . If "yes" (3) Then you will sign this paper; it contains a solemn reaffirmation of your obligation as a 5 θ = 6 θ) slightly expanded, and a pledge to support heartily the new regulations. If "no" (4) I expel you from this Order. II. The practice of masks is to be introduced. Each member will know only the member who introduced him. Severe tests of the candidate's moral excellence, courage, earnestness, humility, refusal to do wrong, to be inserted in the Portal or 5 θ = 6 θ) ritual. {258} III. Outer Order to be summoned. Similar regulations to be announced to them. New pledges required that they will not communicate the identity of anybody they happen to have known to any new member. IV. Vault to be reconsecrated. D.D.C.F. at once accepted these proposals and gave to P. the following instructions, which were at the time so hastily jotted down in a note-book that they are now almost impossible to decipher. From them we make out the following: That the false⁵⁴ Sapiens Dominabitur Astris was a very stout woman and very fair, who possessed the power of changing her appearance from youth to age and "vice vers^f." That at present she has appeared as Mrs. Horos, or Howes, or Dutton. Her husband, Theo Horos, whose mystical name is Magus Sidera Regit, is a man of about twenty-five to thirty years old, short and very fair. He does not look strong but is extremely so. He has a bald patch on his head with very yellow hair growing over it. That Sapientia Ad Beneficiendum Hominibus⁵⁵ is very dark and in appearance like S.S.D.D. To accept nothing from these, and in case of doubt or trouble to telegraph direct to him (D.D.C.F.). Not to be taken in by mere tricks, and to be both courteous and

firm. The warnings given to P. by D.D.C.F. were as follows: If he were to feel feeble or ill or worried, and if fires refused to burn, she (Madame Horos) may be expected. {259} That the real H.P. Blavatsky and the real S.D.A. can incarnate in her; and that they (her forces) have been against D.D.C.F. for long. That her occult name is Swami Vive Ananda. That to work against them it was first necessary to separate them, and, at the very last resort, arrest them for theft. (They had stolen a travelling bag belonging to D.D.C.F., containing his rituals.) To wire their real address to D.D.C.F. 54 It will be evident that D.D.C.F. detected the fraud between the dates of his first letter to S.S.D.D. and of P.'s arrival in Paris. 55 Mrs. Rose Adams(?). To use the MacGregor symbols ____ tartan and dirks. The shoulder-plaid to be thrown over the head to isolate (like H.P.K. formula). And above all to use their own current against them. Symbol of Rose Cross only to be used to invoke D.D.C.F. Other symbols were also given him. P. had long learnt to pity the ignorance and folly of most of the Members of the Order, as we learn from the "History Lecture"; he was now destined to put to the test the powers of his alleged chief. If his appearance in England were followed by immediate submission of the rebels, it might safely be concluded that D.D.C.F. had not lost all control; if D.D.C.F. failed, it was then P.'s intention occultly to confound and so destroy the Order. P. at once set out on his return journey to England, and throughout followed in the minutest details the instructions given him by D.D.C.F. On arriving in London he immediately set his powers in motion. He was at once rejected by various members of the Order, who had always been bitterly envious of his powers and progress. On the first day of his arrival in London he went to see {260} Soror P.E.C.Q. and Frater S.: on his way the cab-lamps catch fire, and later a cab-horse runs away with him, and Soror S.S.D.F.'s fire refuses to burn. This was on a Friday. On Saturday the rose cross given him by D.D.C.F. began to lose colour and whitened; a rubber mackintosh nowhere near the fire suddenly caught light; and fires were by no means anxious to burn. Again he went to see Soror P.E.C.Q., and in the evening records a long dream about "the Horos lot." "They were at C____," he writes, "and wanted to get a particular MS. I had no one I could trust at all, and it was hell and Tommy for a long while. But it ended tragically enough for them." On Sunday he saw various members of the Order; and on Monday saw Soror S.S.D.F., arranged with her final details, and captured the Vault. He writes: In the morning early I was very badly obsessed, and entirely lost my temper ____ utterly without reason or justification. Five times at least have horses bolted at sight of me." Also: "Fires at 15 R.R. refuse utterly to burn." On Tuesday he recaptured vault and suspended H.S. and it appears S.S.D.D., who sought aid from the police, and, so to speak, with the majority of the fallen Order under the protection of the truncheons of Scotland Yard, drew up a new set of rules and regulations, and expelled such members from the Order as had shown any knowledge superior to their own. Thus it came to pass that on April 21, 1900, the Second Order of the Golden Dawn struggled through the fogs of their own fatuity; the sun of Occult Knowledge rising in the Outer Court of Scotland Yard to illumine twenty-two members of {261} the R.R. and A.C. and the few remaining sleepy constables that the lightning flash had not destroyed. Five days later we find D.D.C.F. writing to one of the brothers of the Order as follows: ... I admit that I "have" committed one great though unavoidable fault, which is this: in giving these persons so great a knowledge I have not also been able to give them brains and intelligence to comprehend it, for this miracle the Gods have not granted me the power

to perform. You had better address your reproaches to the Gods rather than to me, unless some spark of returning wisdom can make you recognise in such "critics" the swine who trample the Divine teaching under foot. With all this we entirely agree, and so eventually did P.; but D.D.C.F. had also failed, the bow had proved as rotten as the arrows, and now P., throwing the empty quiver of the Golden Dawn aside, set out alone on the next stage of his Mystic Progress. P. was not yet certain of this failure of D.D.C.F. The final test was made two years later, and is described in due course. As to the intrigues of Madame Horos and her husband, nothing very definite is known. But on October 23, 1901, when the Horos case was before the public gaze, D.D.C.F. addressed a letter from Paris to the Editor of "Light"⁵⁶ in which he states that on October 13 he wrote a letter to Mr. Curtis Bennett "to protest against the shameful and utterly unauthorised use of its name (the Order of the Golden Dawn) for their own abominable and immoral purposes by the execrable couple calling themselves 'Mr. and Mrs. Horos.'" {262} Further, D.D.C.F.⁵⁷ writes: Coincident with certain dissensions in my Order, stirred up by a few members, constant fermentors of discord, jealous of my authority, though clamorous for my teaching, the so-called Mr. and Mrs. Horos and a Mrs. Rose Adams, who said she was a doctor of medicine, came to me in Paris in the beginning of last year (1900) with an introduction from an acquaintance of good social standing. At this time my name was well known here in connection with lectures on Ancient Egyptian Religious Ceremonies. The female prisoner stated that they had come with the intention of aiding me in this, and she professed to be an influential member of the Theosophical society, and also of my own Order, giving me the secret name⁵⁸ of a person of high occult rank in it, who had been reported to be dead some years before. I have yet to learn how, when, where and from whom she obtained the knowledge of that Order, which she then certainly possessed. She was also acquainted with the names and addresses of several of the members, notably of those belonging to the discordant category. ... D.D.C.F. then states that she stole from his house several MSS. relating to the Order of the G.'. D.'. "From these she and her infamous accomplices would seem to have concocted some form of initiation under the name of my Order, to impose upon their unfortunate victims." Coincident with her second appearance more dissension arose in the Order, "culminating in severance of the discordant members from it." As far as it goes this seems to be an honest and straightforward account.⁵⁹ But D.D.C.F. does not state, as he must have known at the time, that Madame Horos was a Vampire of remarkable power, that is to say, one who, following the left-hand path, uses sexual love as a bait to catch her victims by, and that she had told him (as he, D.D.C.F., told P. at the time he appointed P. his envoy) that she (Soror S.V.A.) {263} could be "overshadowed by H.P. Blavatsky and G.H. Soror S.D.A. 8ø = 3ø." This D.D.C.F. said he knew, because she had related to him details of a very private conversation he had had with Madame Blavatsky at Denmark Hill; also ⁵⁶ This letter was not published in "Light" until January 11, 1902, as at the time the case was "sub judice." ⁵⁷ In this letter D.D.C.F. signs himself G. S. L. MacGregor Mathers (Comte MacGregor de Glenstrae). ⁵⁸ S.D.A. ⁵⁹ In this letter Mr. Mathers points out the perfectly pure intentions of the Order; who could have doubted it after Inspector Kane's pronouncement at the trial of Madame Horos: "It is a perfectly pure Order"? that he most certainly knew that she must be at least a 6ø = 5ø on account of her power of performing miracles.⁶⁰ As D.D.C.F. apparently much dreaded that Madame Horos might take over the command of the

Order in London, he, as we have seen, instructed P. to use cold steel and the MacGregor Tartan against her.⁶¹ He also informed P. that she had stolen some rituals in a portmanteau, which theft, it will be remembered, P. was to make use of as a last weapon against her. He further added that she was a "financial fraud," and that her husband was but a victim to her vampirism, a sort of soulless maniac, possessing unexpected and demoniacal strength when inspired by her. Her motive, he thought, was hostility against the Order and himself, and as {264} he expressed it: "to the current sent at the end of a century to regenerate this planet." N.'s statement again varies somewhat from the above, and is probably more trustworthy. It is as follows: S.V.A.⁶² came suddenly to Paris and informed D.D.C.F. that she was S.D.A. 80 = 30, who had not died as had been reported. On hearing this D.D.C.F. at once accepted her statement.⁶³ She promised him a large sum of money to build a temple to Isis;⁶⁴ for at this time D.D.C.F. was starting what he called "The Mysteries of Isis," and the public dances and entertainments were being held by V.N.R.⁶⁵ at the Bodini, re Theatre. Now that she had turned out to be a fraud it proved that D.D.C.F. was a fraud also.⁶⁶ This of course is as ridiculous as assertion to make as that made by another member of the Order, which was: "That if indeed it were the promise of S.V.A.'s money that had satisfied D.D.C.F.'s conscience, then he most certainly must be a fraud." P., in his own subtle way, saw this, arguing that in the case where a great man claims to be a leader amongst men, it is permissible to suppose 60 One or two curious points in her trial are worth recording. Laura Horos, alias The Swami, alias Mrs. Jackson, alias Soror S.V.A., claimed to be Princess Editha Lollito Baroness Rosenthal, Countess of Landfeld, daughter of Louis I., King of Bavaria, and Lola Montez (for Lola Montez see "Lola Montez: an Adventuress of the Forties," by Edmund B. D'Auvergne). In Cape Town she had promoted "The Order of Theocratic Unity," which was also called "The Order of the Atonement," and the "United Templars." Her whole trial was marked by the disgusting display of public eagerness to revel in the filth that was disclosed. At the time, from the coroneted aristocrat to the red-tied demagogue, all classes in England were smacking their filthy lips over such insinuating muck as: "Daisy is a dark little thing, bright and attractive, with hair down her back in thick curls, and looking even less that her age" (sixteen). ____ "The Sun," October 17, 1901. On leaving the court the day before this tasty paragraph appeared in the above-mentioned feculent luminary, the public having for several hours greedily sniffed round her messes, commenced to hiss at her, whereupon she turned upon them and shouted: "Shut up, you reptiles. It's only snakes that hiss." For this remark alone her final sentence should most certainly have been reduced. 61 Because she had been afraid of them. 62 Fra: AE.A. of the G.'. D.'. believes that some American members of the Order met Madame Horos in New York, and from them it was that she obtained her knowledge. 63 Probably after S.V.A. had given him the grade signs. 64 This explains the term "financial fraud." 65 D.D.C.F.'s "hermetic" wife: for a more correct account see "The Humanitarian," vol. xvi. No. 2, "Isis-Worship in Paris." 66 From this wonderful piece of logic one might be permitted to mistake N. for a member of the Rationalistic Press Association. But he was only a 50 = 60. that his actions may be meant to place his followers between the horns of a rational dilemma. {265} The disciple who can recognize Christ in the darkness that surrounds the Cross, he is a true disciple. P. suspended judgment on D.D.C.F. till he had proved that he had pledged his honour, to excuse a maniacal assault upon a Saint of God, Frater I.A. It is permissible for a

great musician to improvise in some great masterpiece he may be playing; but it is not permissible for a student to say that he can play this piece when he can only scrape through it by improvising easy bars for the more difficult ones. Similarly with a great Magician; he can indulge in petty black magical tricks if he so desire (there is always a danger), for at a breath they will vanish before the greater magic that is his. But the shivering little cardshuffler who pretends he is the Master because he has successfully forced a card on a village curate, not only cuts off all hope of ever becoming such, but unless he is extremely careful, will find himself literally in the place of the evil triad, marching, not between Isis and Nephthys, but between two sturdy guardians of the peace. Towards the end of April, 1900, P. returned to his lonely house in the north, but only remaining there a few days, he travelled back to Paris. For it was now past Easter, and so too late in the year to begin the Operation of Abramelin. He had, as we have seen induced D.D.C.F. to put in force the Deadly and Hostile Current of Will, but, as in the case of the Jackdaw of Rheims, nobody seemed a penny the worse. One might have expected that D.D.C.F. having failed, P. would have abandoned him. No, for it seemed still possible that D.D.C.F., really in touch with the Supreme Chiefs, had yet finally decided to say with Christ upon the {266} Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," even though this theory was somewhat rudely shaken by D.D.C.F. spending the whole of one Sunday afternoon in rattling a lot of dried peas in a sieve under the impression that they were the revolted members: as subsequent events proved, they were only the ideas in his head. So we find P. still loyal, if a little sceptical, and searching within himself to discover a touchstone by which he might prove beyond doubt the authenticity of D.D.C.F.'s claim to represent the Masters. Now, there had been a good deal of talk of an adventure that happened to D.D.C.F. and Frater I.A., who was a guest in his house, in which a revolver figured prominently; but the story was only vague, and Frater I.A., who could and would have told the truth about it, had departed for a distant colony. So on arriving in Paris, P. lured D.D.C.F. into telling the story, which was as follows: That he and I.A. had disagreed upon an obscure point in theology, thereby formulating the accursed Dyad, thereby enabling the Abramelin demons to assume material form: one in his own shape, another in that of I.A. Now, the demon that looked like I.A. had a revolver, and threatened to shoot him (D.D.C.F.), while the demon that resembled himself was equally anxious to shoot I.A. Fortunately, before the demons could fire, V.N.R. came into the room, thus formulating the symbol of the Blessed Trinity, of which her great purity of character would naturally fit her to be a prominent member. Now, the only probability about this story, which D.D.C.F. related on his magical honour as a $7\emptyset = 4\emptyset$, was that D.D.C.F. saw double. Frater P., however, was not going to judge any isolated story by the general laws of probability, so, bowing gracefully, he rose and set out {267} to find Frater I.A., whom he eventually ran down at the house of a holy Yogi in the Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, to hear his account. Frater I.A.'s account was less of a strain upon P.'s faculties of belief. They had had, he said, an argument about the God Shiva, the Destroyer, whom I.A. worshipped because, if one repeated his name often enough, Shiva would one day open his eye and destroy the Universe, and whom D.D.C.F. feared and hated because He would one day open His eye and destroy D.D.C.F. I.A. closed the argument by assuming the position Padmasana and repeating the Mantra: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." D.D.C.F., angrier than ever, sought the sideboard, but soon returned, only to find Frater

I.A. still muttering: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." "Will you stop blaspheming?" cried D.D.C.F.; but the holy man only said: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." "If you don't stop I will shoot you!" said D.D.C.F., drawing a revolver from his pocket, and levelling it at I.A.'s head; but I.A., being concentrated, took no notice, and continued to mutter: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." Whether overawed by the majesty of the saint, or interrupted by the entry of a third person, I.A. no longer remembered, but D.D.C.F. never pulled the trigger. It was only after this interview, which did not take place till August 1901, that P. definitely decided against D.D.C.F. We must now return to his wanderings, and so we find him in July 1900 crossing the Atlantic to New York. From New York P. journeyed to Mexico: in this country he travelled about alone for three months; and whilst in {268} Mexico D.F. became partaker in a wonderful experience known as "the Vision and the Voice."⁶⁷ Shortly after this vision, he founded at Guanajato the Order of the L.I.L., and the fire of Adonai descending upon him, he wrote "The Book of the Spirit of the Living God," of which the two following rituals are part:

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About this capture

THE BOOK OF THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD.

HB:Resh HB:Peh HB:Samekh HB:Chet HB:Vau HB:Resh HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh
HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Heh The Casting-out of the Evil ones. The Consecration of the Shrine. The Cleansing of the Son of Man. The Drawing together of the Elements. The Coming of the Golden Dawn. The Indwelling of the Isis. The Initiation of the Whirling Force. The Chant of Mystery. The Music of the Divine One. The Movement of the Spirit. The Descent of the Soul of Isis. The Night of Apophis. The Light of Osiris. The Knowledge of the Higher soul. These be duly written; these shall be, unto the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name. [The Aspirant, having fasted for a period of nine days, during which he constantly aspireth unto the Higher, shall now enter the Temple which he hath prepared (banishing and consecrating with Fire and Water) and its order and disposition is thus: Let there be a square altar and pillars as for the Neophyte ceremony. On the altar is the Symbol of Isis, with the elements as usual. And know thou that the altar may

be removed unto the East after the Great Invocation of Isis, where he shall duly confess himself in the Presence of God the Vast One. Whereafter, let him arise, and, standing in the Sign of Osiris Slain, let him obligate himself as followeth and is hereafter duly set down in clear writing.] [269} " ""THE OBLIGATION" 67 Two of the "Cries of the AEthyrs." [To be most solemnly accepted by him who would attain unto the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Genius.] In my bondage and affliction, O Lord, let me raise Thy Holy Symbol alike of Suffering and of Strength. I invoke Thee, the great avenging angel HUA, to place thine hand invisibly upon mine head, in attestation of this mine Obligation! I, ... a member of the body of Aeshoori, do spiritually bind myself, even as I am this day physically bound unto the Cross of Suffering. That I will to the utmost endeavour lead a pure and an unselfish life: not revealing to any other person the mysteries which shall herein be revealed unto me: that I will obey the dictates of my Higher Soul: that I will work in silence and with perseverance against all opposition: I furthermore most solemnly promise and swear that with the Divine Permission I will from this day apply myself constantly unto the Great Work: that is, so to purify and exalt my spiritual nature, that with the Aid Divine, I may at length attain to be more than human; and that in this event I will not abuse the great power entrusted unto me. I will invoke the Great Names of God the Vast One before performing any important magical working. I will yearn constantly in love toward the whole of mankind. I will work constantly to the Great End, on pain of being degraded from my present state. Finally, if there arise in me any thought or suggestion seeming to emanate from the Divine, I will examine it with care before acknowledging it to be so. Such are the Words of this my Obligation, whereto I pledge myself in the Presence of the Divine One and of the Great Avenging Angel HUA. And if I fail herein, may my rose be disintegrated and my power in magic cease! [Let the Stigmata be placed upon the Aspirant. Then let the Aspirant retire; and being invested with the White Robe, the Blue Sash and the Crown and nemys of our Art let him re-enter the Temple and perform the supreme ritual of the Pentagram⁶⁸ in the four quarters; Having first purified the Temple with Fire and Water, and further equilibrated the symbols in his Magical Mirror of the Universe by the Invocation hereafter set down (Come unto me, O Ma, &c.) with the Calls or Keys Enochian suitable thereunto. And in all this is the wand held by the path of HB:Taw : for why? because in drawing down the light Divine; so is it manifest in the Sphere immediately above Malkuth: and in banishing is the Flaming Sword set against the enemies; and in HB:Taw is the knowledge of the Elements and the Astral Plane; also HB:Taw = the Cross. {270} Let him then perform the invoking Ritual of the Supernals:⁶⁹ by the names HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph : HB:Heh HB:Yod : HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod and HB:Aleph HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Resh HB:Aleph . And after this let him turn again to the East and recite the Great Invocation of Iota Alpha Omega beginning: "Thee I invoke the Bornless One."⁷⁰ And this being accomplished, let him lift up his heart unto that Light, and dwell therein, and aspire even unto that which is beyond. And seeing that the gate is called Strait, let him invoke Her who abideth therein, in the path called Daleth, even Our Lady ISIS.] " ""THE INVOCATION" " ""OF" 68 See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2. 69 See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. 1, No. 2. 70 See The Lesser Key of Solomon: The Goetia. " "ISIS." And I beheld a great wonder in Heaven: a Woman clothed with the Sun: and the Moon was at Her feet: and on Her Head was the

Diadem of the Twelve Stars. Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save. O Thou, Queen of Love and Mercy! Thou, crowned with the Throne! Thou, hornŠd as the Moon! Thou, whose countenance is mild and glowing, even as grass refreshed by rain! Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save! O Thou, who art in Mater manifest! Thou Bride and Queen as Thou art Mother and Daughter of the Crucified! O Thou, who art the Lady of the Earth! Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save! O Thou, Our Lady of the Amber Skin! Lady of Love and Victory! Bright gate of Glory through the darkling skies! O crowned with Light and Life and Love! Head me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save! By Thy Sacred Flower, the Lotus of Eternal Life and Beauty; By Thy love and mercy; By my desire toward Thee; In the name of Aeshoori; Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save! Open thy bosom to Thy child! Stretch wide thy arms and strain me to Thy Breast! Let my lips touch Thy lips ineffable! Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save! {271} Lift up Thy Voice and aid me in this hour! Lift up Thy Voice most musical! Cry aloud, O Queen and Mother! Lift up your heads, O ye Gates, And be ye lift up, ye everlasting Doors. And the King of Glory shall come in! Hear me, Our Lady Isis, and receive! By the symbol of Thy whirling force the Svastika of Flaming Light, I invoke Thee to initiate my soul! Let the whirling of my magic dance be a spell and a link with Thy great Light: so that in the Hour of Apophis, in the apparent darkness and corruption of unconsciousness, may rise the golden Sun of Aeshoori, reborn from incorruption. Hear, Lady Isis, and receive my prayer! Thee, Thee I worship and invoke! Hail, Hail to thee, Sole Mother of my Life! Dwell Thou in me, and bring me to that Self which is in Thee! [The Altar is now moved, if necessary, and the chant and the mystic dance take place, as is set down hereafter.] " ""THE CHANT." Hear, O Amoun! Look with favour on me, Thy Neophyte, now kneeling in Thy presence! Grant that the Music of Thy Mighty Name Iota Alpha Omega , the signs of Light, the Symbol of the Cross, the woven paces of the mystic 3, may be as a spell and a charm and a working of Magic Art, to draw down my Higher Soul to dwell within my heart, that the Great and Terrible Angel who is my Higher Genius may abide in my own Kether unto the Accomplishing of the Great Work and the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name, AMOUN. " "THE MYSTIC DANCE." [Here we have the sign of the Cross at the Centre. The Magus then whirls off in the triple 3, chanting the Name and giving the sign appropriate, very slowly at first, ever quickening. And having fallen down in an ecstasy, let him after awake; and say: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c., down to the Key Word.⁷¹ Which being done, let the Lesser Banishing Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram⁷² be performed, the Lights extinguished, and the Temple left in Silence.] " ""THE GREAT OPERATION OF INVISIBILITY." The Begetting of the Silence. The Dwelling of the Darkness. {272} The Formulation of the Shroud. The Inmost Light. The Sign of Defence and Protection. The Closing of the Mouths of the Crocodiles. The Fear upon the Dwellers of Water. The Radiant Youth of the Lord. The Rising from the Lotus of the Floods. The Habitation of the Palace of Safety. The Understanding of the Peace of God.⁷³ All this is the Knowledge of HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST unto Whom be the Glory for ever and ever, World without End. [The Usual Banishings, Consecrations, &c., are performed in temple of 0ø = 0ø. The forces of Spirit are first invoked by the Supreme Ritual of the Pentagram and the Enochian Keys. Add Hexagram ritual of Binah and her invocation.] Come unto Me, Thoth, Lord of the Astral Light! I adjure Thee, O Light Invisible, Intangible, wherein all thoughts and deeds are written; I adjure Thee by Thoth, thy Lord and God; by the symbols and the words of power: by the Light of my Godhead

in Thy midst: by the Lord Harpocrates, the God of this mine Operation: that Thou leave Thine abodes and habitations, to concentrate about me, invisible, intangible, as a shroud of darkness; a formula of defence: that I may become invisible, so that seeing me men see not, nor understand the thing that they behold! Come unto me, O Ma, Goddess of Truth and Justice! Thou that presidest over the Eternal Balance. Auramooth, come unto me, Lady of the Water! Thoum-aesh-neith, come unto me, Lady of the Fire! Purify me and consecrate, for I am Aeshoori the Justified. For the Twelve Stars of Light are on my Brow: Wisdom and Understanding are balanced in my thought! Wrath in my right hand and the Thunderbolts; Mercy in my left hand and the fountains of delight! In my heart is Aeshoori and the Symbol of Beauty. 71 See 5ø = 6ø Ritual, "supra." 72 See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol i. No. 2. 73 Note that the whole Operation may be performed mentally and in silence, and that on each occasion of concentrating the shroud the God-form and Vibration of Harpocrates, as taught, may be employed. My thighs are as pillars on the right and on the left; Splendour and Victory, for they cross with the currents reflected. I am established as a Rock, for Jesod is my foundation. {273} And the sphere of the Nephesch, and the palaces of Malkuth are cleansed and consecrate, balanced and beautiful, in the might of Thy Name, Adonai, to whom be the Kingdom, the Sceptre and the Splendour: The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. O Thou! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! [Middle Pillar.] Child of the Silence! O Thou! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! [Mystic Circumambulation.] Lord of the Lotus! O Thou! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! [Silence.] Thou that standest on the heads of the dwellers of the Waters! Thee, Thee I invoke! O Thou, Babe in the Egg of Blue! Lord of Defence and Protection! Thou who bearest the Rose and Cross of Life and Light! Thee I invoke! Behold I am! a circle on whose hands the Twelfefold Kingdom of my Godhead stands. I am the Alpha and the Omega . My life is as the circle of the sky. I change but I cannot die! O ye! the Bennu Birds of Resurrection, Who are the hope of men's mortality! Back, Crocodile Mako, Son of Set! Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity! Behold He is in Me and I in Him! Mine is the Lotus, as I rose from the firmament of Waters; My throne is set on high; My light is in the firmament of Nu! I am the Centre and the Shrine: I am the Silence and the Eternal Light: Beneath my feet they rage, the angry crocodiles; the dragons of death; the eaters of the wicked. But I repress their wrath: for I am HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST, the lotus-throned Lord of Silence. If I said: Come up upon the mountains, the celestial waters would flow at my word and the celestial fires flame forth. For I am Rf enshrouded: Khephra unmanifest to men; I am my father Hoor, the might of the Avenger: and my mother Asi, the Veiled One: Eternal wisdom in eternal beauty. Therefore I say unto Thee: Bring Me unto Thine Abode in the Silence Unutterable, Wisdom: All-Light, All Power! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! Thou Nameless Child of the Eternities! Bring me to Thee, that I may be defended in this work of Art. {274} Thou, the Centre and the Silence! Light Shrouded in Darkness is Thy Name! The Celestial Fire is Thy Father! Thy Mother the Celestial Sea! Thou art the Equilibrium of the All, and Thou art Lord against the Face of the Dwellers within the Waters! Bring me, I say, bring me to Thine abode of Silence: that I may go invisible: so that every Spirit created, and every soul of man and beast; and every thing of sight and sense, and every Spell and Scourge of God, may see me not nor understand! And now, in the Name of God the Vast One, Who hath set limits and bounds unto all material and astral things, do I formulate a barrier and a bar without mine astral form, that it may be unto me as a wall,

and as a fortress, and as a defence. And I now declare that it is so formulated, to be a basis and receptacle for the Shroud of Darkness which I shall presently encincture me withal. And unto ye, O forces of Akasa,⁷⁴ do I now address my Will. In the Great Names Exarp, Hcoma, Nanta and Bitom,⁷⁵ By the mysterious letters and sigils of the Great Tablet of Union.⁷⁶ By the mighty Names of God AHIH, AGLA, IHVH, ALHIM. By the Great God Harpocrates; By your deep purple darkness; By my white and brilliant light do I conjure ye: Collect yourselves together about me: clothe this astral form with a shroud of darkness: Gather, O Gather, Flakes of Astral Light: Shroud, shroud my form in your substantial night: Clothe me and hide me, at my charm's control; Darken man's eyes and blind him in his soul! Gather, O Gather, at my Word Divine, Ye are the Watchers and my soul the shrine! [Let formulate the Idea of becoming Invisible; imagine the results of success: Then say:] Let the shroud of concealment encircle me at a distance of ten inches from the physical body. Let the Sphere be consecrated with Water and with Fire. [Done.] O Auramooth and O Thaum-aesh-neith, I invoke and beseech you: Let the vapour {275} of this water, and of this fire, be as a basis on the material plane for the formation of this shroud of Art. [Form mentally the shroud.] I, P., Frater of the Order of the Golden Dawn, and a 5^o = 6^o thereof: a Lord of the Paths in the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts: a Frater Ordinis Rosae Rubeae et Aureae Crucis: and especially a member of the 0^o = 0^o grade: master of the pass-word "H____" and of the Grand Word "M____," am here: in order to formulate to myself a shroud of concealment: that I may attain unto knowledge and power, to use in the Service of the Eternal Gods: that I may pursue safely and without interruption my magical and other pursuits: and that I may pass unseen among men, to execute the Fiat of Tetragrammaton. And I bind and obligate myself and do spiritually swear and affirm: that I will use this power to a good purpose only, and in the service of the Gods. And I declare that in this Operation I shall succeed: that the Shroud shall conceal me alike from men and spirits; that it shall be under my control: ready to disperse and to re-form at my command. And I declare that all is now ready for the due fulfilment and prosecution of this mine Operation of Magick Art. [Go to Altar as Hierophant, left hand on triangle, right hand holding Verendum, by path of HB:Taw or Malkuth.] " ""THE POTENT EXORCISM." Come unto me, O shroud of darkness and of night. I conjure ye, O particles of Darkness, that ye enfold me, as a guard and shroud of utter Silence and of Mystery. In the name AHIH and by the name AHIH! In the name AGLA and by the name AGLA! In the name EXARP and by the name EXARP! In the name HCOMA and by the name HCOMA! ⁷⁴ The Element of Spirit. ⁷⁵ The names on the Tablet of Spirit. ⁷⁶ The Tablet of Spirit. In the name NANTA and by the name NANTA! In the name BITOM and by the name BITOM! In the name TETRAGRAMMATON ELOHIM and by the name TETRAGRAMMATON ELOHIM! In the name HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST and by the name HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! By your deep purple darkness! By my white brilliant light! I invoke ye: I conjure ye: I exorcise ye potently: I command and constrain ye: I compel ye to utter, absolute and instant obedience, and that without deception or delay, ____ for why? The Light of Godhead is my trust and I have made IHVH mine hope! "Gather, O Gather, Flakes of Astral Light: Shroud, shroud my form in your substantial night: {276} Clothe me and hide me, at my charm's control; Darken man's eyes and bind him in his soul! Gather, O Gather, at my Word Divine, Ye are the Watchers and my soul the shrine!" [Turn round three times.] In the Name of the Lord of the Universe and by the

Power of mine own Higher Soul and by the Aspiration of Thine Higher Soul I conjure thee, O shroud of darkness and of mystery, that thou encirclest me, so that I may become invisible: so that seeing me men may see not, neither understand: but that they may see the thing that they see not and comprehend not the thing that they behold! So mote it be! [Go North.] I have set my feet in the North and have said: "I will shroud myself in mystery and concealment." The Voice of My Higher Soul said unto me: "Let me enter the path of darkness: peradventure thus may I attain the Light. {} am the Only Being in an Abyss of Darkness: from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth; from the Silence of a Primal Sleep." And the Voice of Ages answered unto my soul: "I am He that formulates in Darkness: the Light indeed shineth in Darkness, but the Darkness comprehendeth it not." Let the Mystic Circumambulation take place in the Place of Darkness. [Go round, knocks, &c. In South formulate Pillars as before and imagine self as shrouded.] [In the West.] Invisible, I cannot pass by the Gate of the Invisible save by virtue of the Name of Darkness. [Formulate forcibly shroud about thee.] Darkness is My Name and Concealment! I am the Great One Invisible of the Paths of the Shades. I am without fear though veiled in Darkness: for within me, though unseen, is the Magic of the Light! [Go round. In North, Pillars, &c., as before.] [In the East.] Invisible, I cannot pass by the Gate of the Invisible, save by virtue of the Name of Light. [Form shroud forcibly.] I am Light shrouded in Darkness. I am the wielder of the Forces of the Bilanx! [Concentrate shroud mentally. Go West of Altar.] [The Potent Exorcism as before.] {277} Shroud of Concealment, long has thou dwelt concealed! Quit the Light, that thou mayst conceal me before men! [Carefully formulating shroud.] I receive Thee, as a covering and a guard! KHABS AM PEKHT! KONX OM PAX! LIGHT IN EXTENSION! Before all magical manifestation cometh the Knowledge of the Hidden Light. [Go to Pillars: give signs and words and with the Sign of Horus project your whole will so as to realize the self fading out. The effect will be that the physical body will become gradually and partially invisible, as though a veil or cloud were coming between it and thee. Divine ecstasy will follow, but no loss of self-control. With Sign of Silence use Hoor Po Krat formula⁷⁷ and vibrate the Grand Word.⁷⁸] [Repeat concentration and Mystic Circumambulation.] [Intensely form shroud: stand at East and say:] Thus have I formulated unto myself this shroud of Darkness and of Mystery as a concealment and a guard. O Thou, Binah, IHVH ALHIM, AIMA, AMA, Lady of Darkness and of Mystery; Moon of the Conceal^{Sd}; Divine Light that rulest in thine Own Deep Gloom: Thy power I invoke. Come unto me and dwell within me, that I also may have power and control, even I, over this shroud of Darkness and of Mystery. And now I conjure thee, O shroud of Darkness and of Mystery, that thou conceal me from the eyes of all men, from all things of sight and sense, in this my present purpose: which is ... O Binah, IHVH ALHIM, AMA, AIMA, Thou who art Darkness illuminated by the Light Divine, send me Thine Archangel Tzaphrael, Thy legions of Aralim, the mighty angels, that I may disintegrate and scatter this shroud of darkness and of mystery, for its work is ended for the hour. I conjure thee, O shroud of darkness and of Mystery, who hast well served my purpose, that thou now depart unto thine ancient ways. But be ye very instant and ready, when I shall again call ye, whether by a word or a will, or by this great invocation of your powers, to come quickly and forcibly to my behest, again to shroud me from the eyes of men! And now I say unto ye, Depart in peace, and with the Blessing of God the Vast and Shrouded One: and be ye very ready to come when ye are called! IT IS

FINISHED! {278} These rituals being completed, P. left Mexico D.F., and in the first days of the new year of 1901 he journeyed to Ixtaccihuatl. Some time before this he had been joined by his friend D.A., and with him he travelled to Colima and thence to Toluca and Popocatepetl. Now that we have arrived at the end of this chapter, it will be pertinent to inquire into the progress P. made since he passed through the 5ø = 6ø Ritual and became an Adeptus Minor in the Order of the R.R. et A.C. Strictly speaking, some time before he was officially promoted to the grade of 5ø = 6ø, he was already a 6ø = 5ø. In London and Paris his works of Magical Art had caused him to be admired by his friends and dreaded by his enemies. He had succeeded in proving that the HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation was in fact none other than that of "The Rising on the Planes," though in practice and theory very different. By their study and the equilibrating forces of the 5ø = 6ø Ritual he was able to apply the eye 77 Imagine yourself as Harpocrates standing upon two crocodiles. 78 "I.e." of 0ø = 0ø, Har-Po-Crat. of a skilled craftsman to the dreaded 79 Operation of Abramelin, {279} and though he was never destined to accomplish this Sacred Work in the prescribed fashion, it so far illuminated him (for he worked astrally at it for months whilst in Mexico) as to show him the futility of even successful Magic. He was disgusted with his results. He had attained a rank which few arrive at, namely, that of Adeptus Major; and now, even though he had attained to the powers of Hecate, for which he had so long striven, he saw that the Great Attainment lay far, far beyond. And so it happened that by renouncing all his magical strength to gain a greater Power, a Nobler Art, he set forth upon the Path of the Lion that bridges the great gulf between the two highest Grades of the Second Order, as it is written: "A similar Fire flashingly extending through the rushings of Air, or a Fire formless whence cometh the Image of a Voice, or even a flashing Light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. Also there is the vision of the fire flashing Courser of Light, or also a Child, borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery, or clothed with gold, or naked, or shooting with the bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse; then if thy meditation prolongeth itself, thou shalt unite all these Symbols into the Form of a Lion." "(To be continued)" {280} 79 On this occasion the Abramelin demons appeared as misty forms filling the whole house with a pernicious aura, which was still noticeable three years after they had been attracted. Whether these demons are to be considered as material or mental beings depends upon the philosophic outlook of the reader. Nevertheless, let it be understood that Abramelin is not a work to be taken lightly. The obsession of these demons was probably one of the chief causes of D.D.C.F.'s troubles. Frater P., in spite of his equilibrating practices of Yoga which followed immediately upon this Operation, suffered terribly on their account. Frater AE.A. fled secretly from his house in terror; his gardener, a teetotaler for twenty years, went raving drunk, as did nearly every one who lived on the estate ____ we could continue examples for pages. His clairvoyants became drunkards and prostitutes, while later a butcher upon one of whose bills the names of two demons had been casually jotted down, viz., Elerion and Mabakiel, which respectively mean "A laughter" and "Lamentation" (conjoint, "unlooked-for sorrow suddenly descending upon happiness") whilst cutting up a joint for a customer accidentally severed the femoral artery and died in a few minutes. These mishaps are most likely mere coincidences, but a coincidence when it happens is quite as awkward as the real thing, and in the case of Abramelin the coincidences can be counted by scores.

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[up]

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

BOOK II

The Scaffolding of the Temple
of

SOLOMON THE KING

and

The ten mighty Supports which
are set between the
Pillars of Death
and Life.

That which is below is like
that which is above, and
that which is above is like
that which is below, for the
performance of the miracles
of the ONE SUBSTANCE.

Hermes.

Illustration on this page. In the background is an inverted solid black pentagram. Superimposed on the black pentagram is an upright white pentagram, so arranged as to obscure all but the points of the black pentagram which emerge behind the inner angles of the white. These two pentagrams form a perfectly symmetrical ten-pointed star or

decagram with alternating white and black points. In the center of the white pentagram, a symbol of alchemical salt is located, more for its shape of a black ring with single horizontal bar than for its alchemical significance. This barred ring is centered within but not touching the inner angles of the white pentagram. In the lower space defined by the barred ring is a solid black upright Sans-serif letter "T". In the upper space of the barred ring is a white inverted Sans-serif letter "T" defined by a thin black line.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD
THE ACOLYTE
THE NEOPHYTE

THE RITUALS OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN
RITUAL OF THE 0=0 GRADE OF NEOPHYTE
RITUAL OF THE 1=10 GRADE OF ZELATOR
RITUAL OF THE 2=9 GRADE OF THEORICUS
RITUAL OF THE 3=8 GRADE OF PRACTICUS
RITUAL OF THE 4=7 GRADE OF PHILOSOPHUS

THE SEER
THE LADDER

[The continuation of Book, II. will appear in Nos., III. and IV. of THE EQUINOX.]

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THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

IV.

THE HERMIT

WITH the seventh stage in the Mystical Progress of Frater P. we arrive at a sudden and definite turning-point.

During the last two years he had grown strong in the Magic of the West. After having studied a host of mystical systems he had entered the Order of the Golden Dawn, and it had been a nursery to him. In it he had learnt to play with the elements and the elemental forces; but now having arrived at years of adolescence, he put away childish things, and stepped out into the world to teach himself what no school could teach him, --- the Arcanum that pupil and master are one!

He had become a 6 $\emptyset$ = 5 $\emptyset$, and it now rested with him, and him alone, to climb yet another ridge of the Great Mountain and become a 7 $\emptyset$ = 4 $\emptyset$, an Exempt Adept in the Second Order, Master over the Ruach and King over the Seven Worlds.

By destroying those who had usurped control of the Order of the Golden Dawn, he not only broke a link with the darkening past, but forged so might an one with the gleaming future, that soon he was destined to weld it to the all encircling chain of the Great Brotherhood.

The Golden Dawn was now but a deserted derelict, mastless, rudderless, with a name of opprobrium painted across its battered stern. P. however did not abandon it to cast himself helpless into the boiling waters of discontent, but instead, he leapt on board that storm-devouring Argosy of Adepts which was destined to bear him far beyond the crimsoning rays of {43} this dying dawn to the mystic land where stood the Great Tree upon the topmost branches of which hung the Golden Fleece.

Long was he destined to travel, past Lemnos and Samothrace, and through Colchis and the city of AEea. There, as a second Jason, in the Temple of Hecate, in the grove of Diana, under the cold rays of the Moon, was he to seal that fearful pact, that pledge of fidelity to Medea, Mistress of Enchantments. There was he to tame the two Bulls, whose feet were of brass, whose horns were as crescent moons in the night, and whose nostrils belched forth mingling columns of flame and of smoke. There was he to harness them to that plough which is made of one great adamantine stone; and with it was he determined to plough the two acres of ground which had never before been tilled by the hand

of man, and sow the white dragons' teeth, and slay the armed multitude, that black army of unbalanced forces which obscures the light of the sun. And then, finally, was he destined to slay with the Sword of Flaming Light that ever watchful Serpent which writhes in silent Wisdom about the trunk of that Tree upon which the Christ hangs crucified.

All these great deeds did he do, as we shall see. he tamed the bulls with ease, --- the White and the Black. He ploughed the double field, --- the East and the West. He sowed the dragons' teeth, --- the Armies of Doubt; and among them did he cast the stone of Zoroaster given to him by Medea, Queen of Enchantments, so that immediately they turned their weapons one against the other, and perished. And then lastly, on the mystic cup of Iacchus he lulled to sleep the Dragon of the illusions of life, and taking down the Golden Fleece accomplished the Great Work. Then once again did he set {44} sail, and sped past Circe, through Scylla and Carybdis; beyond the singing sisters of Sicily, back to the fair plains of Thessaly and the wooded slopes of Olympus. And one day shall it come to pass that he will return to that far distant land where hung that Fleece of Gold, the Fleece he brought to the Children of Men so that they might weave from it a little garment of comfort; and there on that Self-same Tree shall he hand himself, and others shall crucify him; so that in that Winter which draweth nigh, he who is to come may find yet another garment to cover the hideous nakedness of man, the Robe that hath no Seam. And those who shall receive, though they cast lots for it, yet shall they not rend it, for it is woven from the top throughout.

For unto you is paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, a city is builded, the rest is allowed, yea, perfect goodness and wisdom. The root of evil is sealed up from you, weakness and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled unto hell to be forgotten: sorrows are passed, and in the end is shewed the treasure of immortality.¹

Yea! the Treasure of Immortality. In his own words let us now describe this sudden change.

IN NOMINE DEI
HB:Nun-final HB:Mem HB:Aleph
Insit Naturae Regina Isis.

At the End of the Century:
At the End of the Year:
At the Hour of Midnight:
Did I complete and bring to perfection the Work of
L.I.L.2

{45}

In Mexico: even as I did receive it from him who is reincarnated in me: and

this work is to the best of my knowledge a synthesis of what the Gods have given unto me, as far as is possible without violating my obligations unto the Chiefs of the R. R. et A. C. Now did I deem it well that I should rest awhile before resuming my labours in the Great Work, seeing that he, who sleepeth never, shall fall by the wayside, and also remembering the twofold sign: the Power of Horus: and the Power of Hoor-pa-Kraat.³

Now, the year being yet young, One D. A. came unto me, and spake.

1 ii Esdras, viii, 52-54.

2 Lamp of Invisible Light. L.I.L. The title of the first AÆthyr derived from the initial letters of the Three Mighty Names of God. In all there are thirty of these AÆthyrs, "whose dominion extendedth in ever widening circles without and beyond the Watch Towers of the Universe." In one sense rightly enough did P. bring to completion the work L.I.L. at the end of the year 1900; but, in another, it took him nine long years of toil before he perfected it, for it was not until the last days of the year 1909 that the work of the Thirty AÆthyrs was indeed brought to an end. In 1900 verily was the work conceived, but not until the year 1909 was it brought forth a light unto the darkness, a little spark cast into the Well of Time. (P. merely means that at this time he established a secret Order of this name.)

3 The Signs are of Projection and Withdrawal of Force; necessary complements.

And he spake not any more (as had been his wont) in guise of a skeptic and indifferent man: but indeed with the very voice and power of a Great Guru, or of one definitely sent from such a Brother of the Great White Lodge.

Yea! though he spake unto me words all of disapproval, did I give thanks and grace to God that he had deemed my folly worthy to attract his wisdom.

And, after days, did my Guru not leave me in my state of humiliation, and, as I may say, despair: but spake words of comfort saying: "Is it not written that if thine Eye be single thy whole body shall be full of Light?" Adding: "In thee is no power of mental concentration and control of thought: and without this thou mayst achieve nothing."

Under his direction, therefore, I began to apply myself unto the practice of Raja-yoga, at the same time avoiding all, even the smallest, consideration of things occult, as also he bade me.

Thus, at the beginning, I did meditate twice daily, three meditations morning and evening, upon such simple objects as --- a white triangle; a red cross; Isis; the simple Tatwas; a wand; and the like. I remained after some three weeks for 59 1/2 minutes at one time, wherein my thought wandered 25 times. Now I began also to consider more complex things: my little Rose Cross;⁴ the {46} complex Tatwas; the Golden Dan Symbol, and so on. also I began the exercise of the pendulum and other simple regular motions. Wherefore to-day of Venus, the 22nd of February 1901, I being in the City of Guadalajara, in the Hotel Cosmopolita, I do begin to set down all that I accomplish in this work:

And may the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep my heart and mind through Christ Jesus our Lord.

Let my mind be open unto
the Higher:
Let my heart be the Centre
of Light:
Let my body be the
Temple
of the
ROSY CROSS.
Ex Deo Nascimur
In Jesu Morimur
Per Spiritum Sanctum Reviviscimus.

We must now digress in order to give some account of the Eastern theories of the Universe and the mind. Their study will clarify our view of Frater P's progress.

The reader is advised to study Chapter VII of Captain J. F. C. Fuller's "Star in the West" in connection with this exposition.

{47}

- 4 Lost under dramatic circumstances at Frater P. A.'s house in 1909.

THE AGNOSTIC POSITION

DIRECT experience is the key to Yoga; direct experience of that Soul (Atman) or Essence (Purusha) which acting upon Energy (Pr?na), and Substance (Ak?sa) differentiates a plant from a stone, an animal from a plant, a man from an animal, a man from a man, and man from God, yet which ultimately is the underlying Equilibrium of all things; for as the Bhaga-vad-G?ta says: "Equilibrium is called Yoga."

Chemically the various groups in the organic and inorganic worlds are similar in structure and composition. One piece of limestone is very much like another, and so also are the actual bodies of any two men, but not so their minds. There-fore, should we wish to discover and understand that Power which differentiates, and yet ultimately balances all appearances, which are derived by the apparently unconscious object and received by the apparently conscious subject, we must look for it in the workings of man's brain.⁵ {48}

This is but a theory, but a theory worth working upon until a better be

derived from truer facts. Adopting it, the transfigured-realist gazes at it with wonder and then casts Theory overboard, and loads his ship with Law; postulates that every cause has its effect; and, when his ship begins to sink, refuses to jettison his wretched cargo, or even to man the pumps of Doubt, because the final result is declared by his philosophy to be unknowable.

If any one cause be unknowable, be it first or last, then all causes are unknowable. The will to create is denied, the will to annihilate is denied, and finally the will to act is denied. Propositions perhaps true to the Master, but certainly not so to the disciple. Because Titian was a great artist and Rodin is a great sculptor, that is no reason why we should abolish art schools and set an embargo on clay.

If the will to act is but a mirage of the mind, then equally so is the will to differentiate or select. If this be true, and the chain of Cause and Effect is eternal, how is it then that Cause A produces effect B, and Cause B effect C, and Cause A + B + C effect X. Where originates this power of production? It is said there is no change, the medium remaining alike throughout. But we say there is a change --- a change of form,⁶ and not only a change, but a distinct birth and a distinct death of form. What creates

5 Verworn in his "General Physiology" says: "It was found that the sole reality that we are able to discover in the world is mind. The idea of the physical world is only a product of the mind. ... But this idea is not the whole of mind, for we have many mental constituents, such as the simple sensations of pain and of pleasure, that are not ideas of bodies ... every process of knowledge, including scientific knowledge, is merely a psychical event. ... This fact cannot be banished by the well-known method of the ostrich" (pp. 39, 40).

"The real mystery of mysteries is the mind of man. Why, with a pen or brush, one man sits down and makes a masterpiece, and yet another, with the self-same instruments and opportunities, turns out a daub or botch, is twenty times more curious than all the musings of the mystics, works of the Rosicrucians, or the mechanical contrivances which seem to-day so fine, and which our children will disdain as clumsy" (R. B. Cumminghame Graham in his preface to "The Canon").

6 Form here is synonymous with the Hindu M^y?, it is also the chief power of the Buddhist devil, Mara, and even of that mighty devil, Choronzon.

this form? Sense perception. what will destroy this form, and reveal to us that which lies behind it? {49} Presumably cessation of sense perception. How can we prove our theory? By cutting away every perception, every thought-form as it is born, until nothing thinkable is left, not even the thought of the unknowable.

The man of science will often say "I do not know, I really do not know where these bricks came from, or how they were made, or who made them; but

here they are; let us build a house and live in it." Now this indeed is a very sensible view to take, and the result is we have some very fine houses built by these excellent bricklayers; but strange to say, this is the fatalist's point of view, and a fatalistic science is indeed a cruel kind of oxymoron. As a matter of fact he is nothing of the kind; for, when he has exhausted his supply of bricks, he starts to look about for others, and when others cannot be found, he takes one of the old ones and picking it to pieces tries to discover of what it is made so that he may make more.

What is small-pox? Really, my friend, I do not know where it came from, or what it is, or how it originated; when a man catches it he either dies or recovers, please go away and don't ask me ridiculous questions! Now this indeed would not be considered a very sensible view to adopt. And why? Simply because small-pox no longer happens to be believed in as a malignant devil, but is, at least partially, known and understood. Similarly, when we have gained as much knowledge of the First Cause as we have of small-pox, we shall no longer "believe" in a Benevolent God or otherwise, but shall, at least partially, know and understand Him as He is or is-not. "I can't learn this!" is the groan of a schoolboy and not the exclamation of a sage. No doctor who is worth his salt will say: "I can't tackle this disease"; he says: "I will" tackle {50} this disease." So also with the Unknowable, God, "? priori," First Cause, etc., etc., this metaphysical sickness can be cured. Not certainly in the same manner as small-pox can be; for physicians have a scientific language wherein to express their ideas and thoughts, whilst a mystic too often has not; but by a series of exercises, or a system of symbolic teaching, which will gradually lead the sufferer from the material to the spiritual, and not leave him gazing and wondering at it, as he would at a star in the night.

A fourth dimensional being, outside a few mathematical symbols, would be unable to explain to a third dimensional being a fourth dimensional world, simply because he would be addressing him in a fourth dimensional language. Likewise, in a less degree, would a doctor be unable to explain the theory of inoculation to a savage, but it is quite conceivable that he might be able to teach him how to vaccinate himself or another; which would be after all the chief point gained.

Similarly the Yogi says: I have arrived at a state of Superconsciousness (Sam?dhi) and you, my friend, are not only blind, deaf and dumb, and a savage, but the son of a pig into the bargain. You are totally immersed in Darkness (Tamas); a child of ignorance (Avidy?), and the offspring of illusion (M?y?); as mad, insane and idiotic as those unfortunates you lock up in your asylums to convince you, as one of you yourselves has very justly remarked, that you are not all raving mad. For you consider not only one thing, which you insult by calling God, but all things, to be real; and anything which has the slightest odour of reality about it you pronounce an illusion. But, as my brother the Magician has told you, "he {51} who denies anything asserts something," now let me disclose to you this "Something," so that you may find behind the pairs of opposites what this something is in itself and not in its appearance.

It has been pointed out in a past chapter how that in the West symbol has been added to symbol, and how that in the East symbol has been subtracted from symbol. How in the West the Magician has said: "As all came from God so must all proceed to God," the motion being a forward one, and acceleration of the one already existing. Now let us analyze what is meant by the worlds of the yogi when he says: "As all came from god so must all return to God," the motion being, as it will be at once seen, a backward one, a slowing down of the one which already exists, until finally is reached that goal from which we originally set out by a cessation of thinking, a weakening of the vibrations of illusion until they cease to exist in Equilibrium.⁷ {52}

- 7 "The forces of the universe are only known to us, in reality, but disturbances of equilibrium. The state of equilibrium constitutes the limit beyond which we can no longer follow them" (Gustave le Bon, "The Evolution of Matter," p. 94).

THE VEDANTA

BEFORE we enter upon the theory and practice of Yoga, it is essential that the reader should possess some slight knowledge of the Ved?nta philosophy; and though the following in no way pretends to be an exhaustive account of the same, yet it is hoped that it will prove a sufficient guide to lead the seeker from the Western realms of Magic and action to the Eastern lands of Yoga and renunciation.

To begin with, the root-thought of all philosophy and religion, both Eastern and Western, is that the universe is only an appearance, and not a reality, or, as Deussen has it:

The entire external universe, with its infinite ramifications in space and time, as also the involved and intricate sum of our inner perceptions, is all merely the form under which the essential reality presents itself to a consciousness such as ours, but is not the form in which it may subsist outside of our consciousness and independent of it; that, in other words, the sum total of external and internal experience always and only tells us how things are constituted for us, and for our intellectual capacities, not how they are in themselves and apart from intelligences such as ours.⁸

Here is the whole of the World's philosophy in a hundred words; the undying question which has perplexed the mind of man from the dim twilight of the Vedas to the sweltering noon-tide of present-day Scepticism, what is the "Ding an sich"; what is the alpha upsilon tau omicron chi alpha theta alpha upsilon tau omicron ; what is the Atman?

That the thing which we perceive and experience is not {53} the "thing in itself" is very certain, for it is only what "WE see." Yet nevertheless we renounce this as being absurd, or not renouncing it, at least do not live up to our assertion; for, we name that which is a reality to a child, and a deceit or illusion to a man, an apparition or a shadow. Thus, little by little, we beget a new reality upon the old reality, a new falsehood upon the old falsehood, namely, that the thing we see is "an illusion" and is not "a reality," seldom considering that the true difference between the one and the other is but the difference of name. Then after a little do we begin to believe in "the illusion" as firmly and concretely as we once believed in "the reality," seldom considering that all belief is illusory, and that knowledge is only true as long as it remains unknown.⁹

Now Knowledge is identification, not with the inner or outer of a thing, but with that which cannot be explained by either, and which is the essence of the thing in itself,¹⁰ and which the Upanishads name the Atman. Identification with this Atman (Emerson's "Oversoul") is therefore the end of Religion and Philosophy alike.

8 Deussen, "The Philosophy of the Upanishads," p. 40. See also Berkeley's "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous."

9 Once the unknown becomes known it becomes untrue, it loses its Virginity, that mysterious power of attraction the Unknown always possesses; it no longer represents our ideal, though it may form an excellent foundation for the next ideal; and so on until Knowledge and Nescience are out-stepped. General and popular Knowledge is like a common prostitute, the toy of any man. To maintain this purity, this virginity, are the mysteries kept secret from the multitude.

10 And yet again this is a sheer deceit, as every conceit must be.

"Verily he who has seen, heard, comprehended and known the Atman, by him is this entire universe known."¹¹ Because there is but one Atman and not many Atmans. {54}

The first veil against which we must warn the aspirant is the entanglement of language, of words and of names. The merest tyro will answer, "of course you need not explain to me that, if I call a thing 'A' or 'B,' it makes no difference to that thing in itself." And yet not only the tyro, but many of the astutest philosophers have fallen into this snare, and not only once but an hundred times; the reason being that they have not remained silent¹² about that which can only be "known" and not "believed in," and that which can never be names without begetting a duality (an untruth), and consequently a whole world of illusions. It is the crucifixion of every world-be Saviour, this teaching of a truth under the symbol of a lie, this would-be explanation to the multitude of the unexplainable, this passing off on the "canaille" the strumpet of language (the Consciously Known) in the place of the Virgin of the World (the Consciously Unknown).¹³

No philosophy has ever grasped this terrible limitation so firmly as the Ved?nta. "All experimental knowledge, the four Vedas and the whole series of

empirical science, as they are enumerated in Ch?ndogya, 7. 1. 2-3, are 'n?ma eva,' 'mere name.'"14 As the Rig Veda says, "they call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni, and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutm?n. To what is one, sages give many a title: they call it Agni, Tama, M?tirisvan."15 {55}

Thus we find that "duality" in the East is synonymous with "a mere matter of words,"16 and further, that, when anything is (or can be) describe by a word or a name, the knowledge concerning it is Avidy? "ignorance."

No sooner are the eyes of a man opened17 than he sees "good and evil," and becomes a prey to the illusions he has set out to conquer. He gets something apart from himself, and whether it be Religion, Science, or Philosophy it matters not; for in the vacuum which he thereby creates, between him and it, burns the fever that he will never subdue until he has annihilated both.18 God, Immortality, Freedom, are appearances and not realities, they are M?y? and not Atman; Space, Time and Causality19 are appearances and not realities,

11 Brihad?ranjaka Upanishad, 2. 4. 5b.

12 The highest men are calm, silent and unknown. They are the men who really know the power of thought; they are sure that, even if they go into a cave and close the door and simply think five true thoughts and then pass away, these five thoughts of theirs will live through eternity. (Vivek?nanda, "Karma Yoga," Udbodhan edition, pp. 164, 165.)

13 Or the Unconsciously Known.

14 Deussen, "ibid.", p. 76.

15 "Rigveda" (Griffiths), i. 164. 46. "You may call the Creator of all things by different names: Liber, Hercules, Mercury, are but different names of the same divine being" (Seneca, iv, 7. 8).

16 "Ch?ndogya Upanishad," 6. 1. 3. Also of "form."

17 That is to say, when he gains knowledge.

18 This is the meaning of "Nequaquam Vacuum."

19 Modern Materialism receives many a rude blow at the hands of Gustave le Bon. This great Frenchman writes: "These fundamental dogmas, the bases of modern science, the researches detailed in this work tend to destroy. If the principle of the conservation of energy --- which, but the by, is simply a bold generalization of experiments made in very simple cases --- likewise succumbs to the blows which are already attacking it, the conclusion must be arrived at that nothing in the world is eternal." ("The Evolution of Matter," p. 18.) In other words, all is full of birth, growth, and decay, that is M?y?. Form to the Materialist, Name to the Idealist, and Nothing to him who has risen above both.

they also are M?y? and not Atman. All that is not Atman is M?y?, and M?y? is ignorance, and ignorance is sin.

Now the philosophical fall of the Atman produces the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, God and not-God --- the Universe, or the power which asserts a separateness, an individuality, {56} a self-consciousness --- I am! This is

explained in Brihad?ranyaka, 1. 4. 1. as follows:

"In the beginning the Atman alone in the form of a man²⁰ was this universe. He gazed around; he saw nothing there but himself. Thereupon he cried out at the beginning: 'It is I.' Thence originated the name I. Therefore to-day, when anyone is summoned, he answers first 'It is I'; and then only he names the other name which he bears."²¹

This Consciousness of "I" is the second veil which man meets on his upward journey, and, unless he avoid it and escape from its hidden meshes, which are a thousandfold more dangerous than the entanglements of the veil of words, he will never arrive at that higher consciousness, that superconsciousness (Sam?dhi), which will consume him back into the Atman from which he came.

As the fall of the Atman arises from the cry "It is I," so does the fall of the Self-consciousness of the universe-man arise through that Self-consciousness crying "I am it," thereby identifying the shadow with the substance; from this fall arises the first veil we had occasion to mention, the veil of duality, of words, of belief.

This duality we find even in the texts of the oldest Upanishads, such as in Brihad?ranjaka, 3. 4. 1. "It is thy soul, {57} which is within all." And also again in the same Upanishad (I. 4. 10.), "He who worships another divinity (than the Atman), and says 'it is one and I am another' is not wise, but he is like a house-dog of the gods." And house-dogs shall we remain so long as we cling to a belief in a knowing subject and an known object, or in the worship of anything, even of the Atman itself, as long as it remains apart from ourselves. Such a dilemma as this does not take long to induce one of those periods of "spiritual dryness," one of those "dark nights of the soul" so familiar to all mystics and even to mere students of mysticism. And such a night seems to have closed around Y?j?avalkhya when he exclaimed:

After death there is no consciousness. For where there is as it were a duality, there one sees the other, smells, hears, addresses, comprehends, and knows the other; but when everything has become to him his own self, how should he smell, see, hear, address, understand, or know anyone at all? How should he know him, through whom he knows all this, how should he know the knower?²²

Thus does the Supreme Atman become unknowable, on account of the individual Atman²³ remaining unknown; and further, will remain unknowable as long as consciousness of a separate Supremacy exists in the heart of the individual.

²⁰ "There are two persons of the Deity, one in heaven, and one which descended upon earth in the form of man ("i.e.", Adam Qadmon), and the Holly One, praised be It! unites them (in the union of Sam?dhi, that is, of "Sam" (Greek sigma epsilon nu , "together" "with"), and "Adhi," Hebrew "Adonai, the Lord"). There are three Lights in the Upper Holy Divine united in One, and this is the

foundation of the doctrine of Every-Thing, this is the beginning of the Faith, and Every-Thing is concentrated therein" ("Zohar III," beginning of paragraph. "She'meneeh," fol. 36a.

21 It is fully realized that outside the vastness of the symbol this "Fall of God" is as impertinent as it is unthinkable.

22 Brihad?ranjaka Upanishad, 2. 4. 12.

23 The illusion of thinking ourselves similar to the Unity and yet separated from It.

Directly the seeker realizes this, a new reality is born, and the clouds of night roll back and melt away before the light of a breaking dawn, brilliant beyond all that have preceded it. Destroy this consciousness, and the Unknowable may become the Known, or at least the Unknown, in the sense of the undiscovered. Thus we find the old Vedantist presupposing an Atman and a sigma upsilon mu beta omicron lambda omicron nu of it, so that he might better transmute

{58} the unknown individual soul into the known, and the unknowable Supreme Soul into the unknown, and the, from the knowable through the known to the knower, get back to the Atman and Equilibrium --- Zero.

All knowledge he asserts to be M?y?, and only by paradoxes is the Truth revealed.

Only he who knows it not knows it,
Who knows it, he knows it not;
Unknown is it by the wise,
But by the ignorant known.24

These dark nights of Scepticism descent upon all systems just as they descend upon all individuals, at no stated times, but as a reaction after much hard work; and usually they are forerunners of a new and higher realization of another unknown land to explore. Thus again and again do we find them rising and dissolving like some strange mist over the realms of the Ved?nta. To disperse them we must consume them in that same fire which has consumed all we held dear; we must turn our engines of war about and destroy our sick and wounded, so that those who are strong and whole may press on the faster to victory.

As early as the days of the Rig Veda, before the beginning was, there was "neither not-being nor yet being." This thought again and again rumbles through the realms of philosophy, souring the milk of man's understanding with its bitter scepticism.

Not-being was this in the beginning,
From it being arose.
Self-fashioned indeed out of itself ...
The being and the beyond {59}
Expressible and inexpressible,
Founded and foundationless,

Consciousness and unconsciousness,
Reality and unreality.²⁵

All these are vain attempts to obscure the devotee's mind into believing in that Origin he could in no way understand, by piling up symbols of extravagant vastness. All, as with the Qabalists, was based on Zero, all, same one thing, and this one thing saved the mind of man from the fearful palsy of doubt which had shaken to ruin his brave certainties, his audacious hopes and his invincible resolutions. Man, slowly through all his doubts, began to realize that if indeed all were M?y?, a matter of words, he at least existed. "I am," he cried, no longer, "I am it."²⁶

And with the Is? Upanishad he whispered:

Into dense darkness he enters
Who has conceived becoming to be naught,
Into yet denser he
Who has conceived becoming to be aught.

24 Kena Upanishad, 11.

25 Taittir?ya Br?hmana, 2. 7.

26 "I.e.", "Existence is" HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph HB:Resh HB:Shin
HB:Aleph

HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph .

Abandoning this limbo of Causality, just as the Buddhist did at a later date, he tackled the practical problem "What am I? To hell with God!"

The self is the basis for the validity of proof, and therefore is constituted also before the validity of proof. And because it is thus formed it is impossible to call it in question. For we many call a thing in question which comes up to us from without, but not our own essential being. For if a man calls it in question yet is it his own essential being.

An integral part is here revealed in each of us which is a reality, perhaps the only reality it is given us to know, and {60} one we possess irrespective of our not being able to understand it. We have a soul, a veritable living Atman, irrespective of all codes, sciences, theories, sects and laws. What then is this Atman, and how can we understand it, that is to say, see it solely, or identify all with it?

The necessity of doing this is pointed out in Ch?ndogya, 8. 1. 6.

He who departs from this world without having known the soul or those true desires, his part in all worlds is a life of constraint; but he who departs from this world after having known the soul and those true desires, his part in all worlds is a life of freedom.

In the Brihad?ranjaka,²⁷ king Janaka asks Y?j?avalkhya, "what serves man

for light?" That sage answers:

The sun serves him for light. When however the sun has set? --- the moon. And when he also has set? --- fire. And when this also is extinguished? --- the voice. And when this also is silenced? Then is he himself his own light.²⁸

This passage occurs again and again in the same form, and in paraphrase, as we read through the Upanishads. In K?thaka 5. 15 we find:

There no sun shines, no moon, nor glimmering star,
Nor yonder lightning, the fire of earth is quenched; {61}
From him,²⁹ who alone shines, all else borrows its
brightness.
The whole world bursts into splendour at his shining.

And again in Maitr?yana, 6. 24.

When the darkness is pierced through, then is reached that which is not affected by darkness; and he who has thus pierced through that which is so affected, he has beheld like a glittering circle of sparks Brahman bright as the sun, endowed with all might, beyond the reach of darkness, that shines in yonder sun as in the moon, the fire and the lightning.

27 Brihad?ranyaka Upanishad, 4. 3-4.

28 These refer to the mystic lights in man. Compare this with the Diagram 2 "The Paths and Grades" in "The Neophyte." After the Atman in the aspirant has been awakened by the trumpet of Israfel (The Angel) he proceeds by the path of HB:Shin . The next path the Aspirant must travel is that of HB:Resh --- the Sun; the next that of HB:Qof --- the Moon; the next that of HB:Tzaddi --- the Star. This path brings him to the Fire of Netzach. When this fire is extinguished comes the Voice or Lightning, after which the Light which guides the aspirant is Himself, his Holy Guardian Angel, the Atman --- Adonai.

29 The Atman.

Thus the Atman little by little came to be known and no longer believed in; yet at first it appears that those who realized it kept their methods to themselves, and simply explained to their followers its greatness and splendour by parable and fable, such as we find in Brihad?ranyaka, 2. 1. 19.

That is his real form, in which he is exalted above desire, and is free from evil and fear. For just as one who dallies with a beloved wife has no consciousness of outer or inner, so the spirit also dallying with the self, whose essence is knowledge, has no consciousness of inner or outer. That is

his real form, wherein desire is quenched, and he is himself his own desire, separate from desire and from distress. Then the father is no longer father, the mother no longer mother, the worlds no longer worlds, the gods no longer gods, the Vedas no longer Vedas. ... This is his supreme goal.

As theory alone cannot for ever satisfy man's mind in the solution of the life-riddle, so also when once the seeker has become the seer, when once actual living men have attained and become Adepts, their methods of attainment cannot for long remain entirely hidden.³⁰ And either from their teachings directly, or from those of their disciples, we find in India {62} sprouting up from the roots of the older Upanishads two great systems of practical philosophy:

1. The attainment by Sannyasa.
2. The attainment by Yoga.

The first seeks, by artificial means, to suppress desire. The second by scientific experiments to annihilate the consciousness of plurality.

In the natural course of events the Sannyasa precedes the Yoga, for it consists in casting off from oneself home, possessions, family and all that engenders and stimulates desire; whilst the Yoga consists in withdrawing the organs of sense from the objects of sense, and by concentrating them on the Inner Self, Higher Self, Augoeides, Atman, or Adonai, shake itself free from the illusions of Maya --- the world of plurality, and secure union with this Inner Self or Atman. {63}

30 As the light of a lamp brought into a dark room is reflected by all surfaces around it, so is the illumination of the Adept reflected even by his unilluminated followers.

ATTAINMENT BY YOGA.

ACCORDING to the Shiva Sanhita there are two doctrines found in the Vedas: the doctrines of "Karma Kanda" (sacrificial works, etc.) and of "Jana Kanda" (science and knowledge). "Karma Kanda" is twofold --- good and evil, and according to how we live "there are many enjoyments in heaven," and "in hell there are many sufferings." Having once realized the truth of "Karma Kanda" the Yogi renounces the works of virtue and vice, and engages in "Jnana Kanda" --- knowledge.

In the Shiva Sanhita we read:³¹

In the proper season, various creatures are born to enjoy the consequences of their karma.³² As though mistake mother-of-pearl is taken for silver, so through the error of one's own karma man mistakes Brahma for the universe.

Being too much and deeply engaged in the manifested world, the delusion arises about that which is manifested --- the subject. There is no other cause (of this delusion). Verily, verily, I tell you the truth.

If the practiser of Yoga wishes to cross the ocean of the world, he should renounce all the fruits of his works, having preformed all the duties of his ?shrama.³³

"Jana K?nda" is the application of science to "Karma K?nda," the works of good and evil, that is to say of Duality. {64} Little by little it eats away the former, as strong acid would eat away a piece of steel, and ultimately when the last atom has been destroyed it ceases to exist as a science, or as a method, and becomes the Aim, "i.e.", Knowledge. This is most beautifully described in the above-mentioned work as follows:

34. That Intelligence which incites the functions into the paths of virtue and vice "am I." All this universe, moveable and immovable, is from me; all things are seen through me; all are absorbed into me;³⁴ because there exists nothing but spirit, and "I am that spirit." There exists nothing else.

35. As in innumerable cups full of water, many reflections of the sun are seen, but the substance is the same; similarly individuals, like cups, are innumerable, but the vivifying spirit like the sun is one.

49. All this universe, moveable or immovable, has come out of Intelligence. Renouncing everything else, take shelter of it.

50. As space pervades a jar both in and out, similarly within and beyond this ever-changing universe there exists one universal Spirit.

58. Since from knowledge of that Cause of the universe, ignorance is destroyed, therefore the Spirit is Knowledge; and this Knowledge is everlasting.

59. That Spirit from which this manifold universe existing in time takes its origin is one, and unthinkable.

31 Shiva Sanhita, ii, 43, 45, 51.

32 Work and the effects of work.; The so-called law of Cause and Effect in the moral and physical worlds.

33 The four ?shramas are (1) To live as a Brahmach?rin --- to spend a portion of one's life with a Brahman teacher. (2) To live as a Grihastha --- to rear a family and carry out the obligatory sacrifices. (3) To live as a V?naprastha --- to withdraw into solitude and meditate. (4) To live as a Sanny?sin --- to await the spirit's release into the Supreme Spirit.

34 At the time of the Pralaya.

62. Having renounced all false desires and chains, the Sanny?si and Yogi

see certainly in their own spirit the universal Spirit.

63. Having seen the Spirit that brings forth happiness in their own spirit, they forget this universe, and enjoy the ineffable bliss of Sam?dhi.³⁵

As in the West there are various systems of Magic, so in the East are there various systems of yoga, each of which purports to lead the aspirant from the realm of M?y? to that of Truth in Sam?dhi. The most important of these are:

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1. Gana Yoga. | Union by Knowledge. | |
| 2. Raha Yoga. | Union by Will | |
| 3. Bhakta Yoga. | Union by Love. | {65} |
| 4. Hatha Yoga. | Union by Courage. | |
| 5. Mantra Yoga. | Union through Speech. | |
| 6. Karma Yoga. | Union through Work. | ³⁶ |

The two chief of these six methods according to the Bhagavad-G?ta are: Yoga by S??khya (Raja Yoga), and Yoga by Action (Karma Yoga). But the difference between these two is to be found in their form rather than in their substance; for, as Krishna himself says:

Renunciation (Raja Yoga) and Yoga by action (Karma Yoga) both lead to the highest bliss; of the two, Yoga by action is verily better than renunciation by action ... Children, not Sages, speak of the S??khya and the Yoga as different; he who is duly established in one obtaineth the fruits of both. That place which is gained by the S??khyas is reached by the Yogis also. He seeth, who seeth that the S??khya and the Yoga are one.³⁷

Or, in other words, he who understand the equilibrium of action and renunciation (of addition and subtraction) is as he who perceives that in truth the circle is the line, the end the beginning.

To show how extraordinarily closely allied are the methods of Yoga to those of Magic, we will quote the following three verses from the Bhagavid-G?ta, which, with advantage, the reader may compare with the citations already made from the works of Abramelin and Eliphas Levi.

When the mind, bewildered by the Scriptures (Shruti), shall stand immovable, fixed in contemplation (Sam?dhi), then shalt thou attain to Yoga.³⁸

Whatsoever thou doest, whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou offerest, {66} whatsoever thou givest, whatsoever thou dost of austerity, O Kaunteya, do thou that as an offering unto Me.

On Me fix thy mind; be devoted to Me; sacrifice to Me; prostrate thyself before Me; harmonized thus in the SELF (Atman), thou shalt come unto Me, having Me as thy supreme goal.³⁹

These last two verses are taken from "The Yoga of the Kingly Science and the Kingly Secret"; and if put into slightly different language might easily

be mistaken for a passage out of "the Book of the Sacred Magic."

Not so, however, the first, which is taken from "The Yoga by the S?ākhya," and which is reminiscent of the Quietism of Molinos and Madam de Guyon rather than of the operations of a ceremonial magician. And it was just this Quietism

35 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. 1.

36 Besides these, there are several lesser known Yogas, for the most part variant of the above such as: Asht?nga, Laya, and T?raka. See "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. iii.

37 The "Bhagavad-G?ta." Fifth Discourse, 2-5.

38 "Ibid." Second Discourse, 53.

39 "Ibid." Ninth Discourse, 27, 34.

that P. as yet had never fully experienced; and he, realizing this, it came about that when once the key of Yoga was proffered him, he preferred to open the door of Renunciation and close that of Action, and to abandon the Western methods by the means of which he had already advanced so far rather than to continue in them. This in itself was the first great Sacrifice which he made upon the path of Renunciation --- to abandon all that he had as yet attained to, to cut himself off from the world, and like an Hermit in a desolate land seek salvation by himself, through himself and of Himself. Ultimately, as we shall see, he renounced even this disownment, for which he now sacrificed all, and, by an unification of both, welded the East to the West, the two halves of that perfect whole which had been lying apart since that night wherein the breath of God moved upon the face of the waters and the limbs of a living world struggled from out the Chaos of Ancient Night. {67}

THE YOGAS.

DIRECT experience is the end of Yoga. How can this direct experience be gained? And the answer is: by Concentration or Will. Swami Vivek?nanda on this point writes:

Those who really want to be Yogis must give up, once for all, this nibbling at things. Take up one idea. Make that one idea your life; dream of it; think of it; live on that idea. Let the brain, the body, muscles, nerves, every part of your body, be full of that idea, and just leave every other idea alone. This is the way to success, and this is the way great spiritual giants are produced. Others are mere talking machines. ... To succeed, you must have tremendous perseverance, tremendous will. "I will drink the ocean," says the persevering soul. "At my will mountains will crumble up." Have that sort of

energy, that sort of will, work hard, and you will reach the goal.⁴⁰

"O Keshara," cries Arjuna, "enjoin in me this terrible action!" This will TO WILL.

To turn the mind inwards, as it were, and stop it wandering outwardly, and then to concentrate all its powers upon itself, are the methods adopted by the Yogi in opening the closed Eye which sleeps in the heart to every one of us, and to create this will TO WILL. By doing so he ultimately comes face to face with something which is indestructible, on account of it being uncreatable, and which knows no dissatisfaction. {68}

Every child is aware that the mind possesses a power known as the reflective faculty. We hear ourselves talk; and we stand apart and see ourselves work and think. We stand aside from ourselves and anxiously or fearlessly watch and criticize our lives. There are two persons in us, --- the thinker (or the worker) and the seer. The unwinding of the hoodwink from the eyes of the seer, for in most men the seer is, like a mummy, wrapped in the countless rags of thought, is what Yoga purposes to do: in other words to accomplish no less a task than the mastering of the forces of the Universe, the surrender of the gross vibrations of the external world to the finer vibrations of the internal, and then to become one with the subtle Vibrator --- the Seer Himself.

We have mentioned the six chief systems of yoga, and now before entering upon what for us at present must be the two most important of them, --- namely, Hatha Yoga and Raja Yoga, we intend, as briefly as possible, to explain the remaining four, and also the necessary conditions under which all methods of Yoga should be practised.

GANA YOGA. Union through Knowledge.

Gana Yoga is that Yoga which commences with a study of the impermanent wisdom of this world and ends with the knowledge of the permanent wisdom of the Atman. Its first stage is Viveka, the discernment of the real from the unreal. Its second Vairagya, indifference to the knowledge of the world, its sorrows and joys. Its third Mukti, release, and unity with the Atman.

In the fourth discourse of the Bhagavad Gita we find Gana Yoga praised as follows: {69}

⁴⁰ Vivekananda, "Raja Yoga," Udbodhan edition, pp. 51, 52. "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth. ... Prepare ye the way of Adonai." --- Luke, iii, 5, 4.

Better than the sacrifice of any objects is the sacrifice of wisdom, O Paratapa. All actions in their entirety, O Portha, culminate in wisdom.

As the burning fire reduces fuel to ashes, O Arjuna, so doth the fire of wisdom reduce all actions to ashes.

Verily there is nothing so pure in this world as wisdom; he that is perfected in Yoga finds it in the Atman in due season.⁴¹

KARMA YOGA. Union through Work.

Very closely allied to Gana Yoga is Karma Yoga, Yoga through work, which may seem only a means towards the former. But this is not so, for not only must the aspirant commune with the Atman through the knowledge or wisdom he attains, but also through the work which aids him to attain it.

A good example of Karma Yoga is quoted from Chuang-Tzu by Flagg in his work on Yoga. It is as follows:

Prince Hui's cook was cutting up a bullock. Every blow of his hand, every heave of his shoulders, every tread of his foot, every thrust of his knee, every "whshh" of rent flesh, every "chhk" of the chopper, was in perfect harmony, --- rhythmical like the dance of the mulberry grove, simultaneous like the chords of Ching Shou." "Well done," cried the Prince; "yours is skill indeed." "Sir," replied the cook, "I have always devoted myself to "Tao" (which here means the same as Yoga). "It is better than skill." When I first began to cut up bullocks I saw before me simply whole "bullocks." After three years' practice I saw no more whole animals. And now I work with my mind and not with my eye. when my senses bid me stop, but my mind urges me on, I fall back upon eternal 70 principles. I follow such openings or cavities as there may be, according to the natural constitution of the animal. A good cook changes his chopper once a year, because he cuts. An ordinary cook once a month --- because he hacks. But I have had this chopper nineteen years, and although I have cut up many thousand bullocks, its edge is as if fresh from the whetstone.⁴²

MANTRA YOGA. Union through Speech.

This type of Yoga consists in repeating a name or a sentence or verse over and over again until the speaker and the word spoken become one in perfect concentration. Usually speaking it is used as an adjunct to some other practice, under one or more of the other Yoga methods. Thus the devotee to the God Shiva will repeat his name over and over again until at length the great God opens his Eye and the world is destroyed.

Some of the most famous mantras are:

"Aum mani padme Hum."

"Aum Shivaya Vashi."

⁴¹ "The Bhagavad-G?ta," iv, 33, 37, 38. Compare with the above "The Wisdom of Solomon," "e.g.": "For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me; for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good. ... for wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of

God." (Chap. VII, 22, 24, 25.)

42 "Yoga or Transformation," p. 196. Control, or Restraint, is the Key to Karma Yoga; weakness is its damnation. Of the Karma Yogi Vivek?nanda writes: "He goes through the streets of a big city with all their traffic, and his mind is as calm as if he were in a cave, where not a sound could reach him; and he is intensely working all the time." "Karma Yoga," p. 17.

"Aum Tat Sat Aum."

"Namo Shivaya namaha Aum."

The pranava AUM⁴³ plays an important part throughout the whole of Indian Yoga, and especially is it considered sacred by the Mantra-Yogi, who is continually using it. To pronounce it properly the "A" is from the throat, the "U" in the middle, and the "M" at the lips. This typifies the whole course of breath. {71}

It is the best support, the bow off which the soul as the arrow flies to Brahman, the arrow which is shot from the body as bow in order to pierce the darkness, the upper fuel with which the body as the lower fuel is kindled by the fire of the vision of God, the net with which the fish of Pr?na is drawn out, and sacrificed in the fire of the Atman, the ship on which a man voyages over the ether of the heart, the chariot which bears him to the world of Brahman.⁴⁴

At the end of the "Shiva Sanhita" there are some twenty verses dealing with the Mantra. And as in so many other Hindu books, a considerable amount of mystery is woven around these sacred utterances. We read:

190. In the four-petalled Muladhara lotus is the seed of speech, brilliant as lightning.

191. In the heart is the seed of love, beautiful as the Bandhuk flower. In the space between the two eyebrows is the seed of Shakti, brilliant as tens of millions of moons. These three seeds should be kept secret.⁴⁵

These three Mantras can only be learnt from a Guru, and are not given in the above book. By repeating them a various number of times certain results happen. Such as: after eighteen lacs, the body will rise from the ground and remain suspended in the air; after an hundred lacs, "the great yogi is absorbed in the Para-Brahman.⁴⁶

BHAKTA YOGA. Union by love.

In Bhakta Yoga the aspirant usually devotes himself to some special deity, every action of his life being done in honour and glory of this deity, and, as Vivek?nanda tells us, "he has not to suppress any single one of his emotions, he only strives to intensify them and direct them to god." Thus, if he devoted himself to Shiva, he must reflect in his life to his utmost the life of Shiva; if to Shakti the life of Shakti, unto the seer and the seen become

one in the mystic union of attainment. {72}
Of Bhakta Yoga the "Nārada Sūtra" says:

- 58. Love (Bhakti) is easier than other methods.
- 59. Being self-evident it does not depend on other truths.
- 60. And from being of the nature of peace and supreme bliss.⁴⁷

This exquisite little Sūtra commences:

- 43 See Vivekananda's "Bhakti-Yoga," pp. 62-68.
- 44 Deussen. "The Upanishads," p. 390.
- 45 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v. The seed in each case is the Mantra.
- 46 The Absolute.
- 47 Nārada Sūtra. Translated by T. Sturdy. Also see the works of Bhagavan Ramanuja, Bhagavan Vyasa, Prahlada, and more particularly Vivekananda's "Bhakti Yoga." Bhakta Yoga is divided into two main divisions. (1) The preparatory, known as "Gauni"; (2) The devotional, known as "Parā." Thus it very closely resembles, even in detail, the Operation of Abramelin, in which the aspirant, having thoroughly prepared himself, devotes himself to the invocation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

- 1. will now explain Love.
- 2. Its nature is extreme devotion to some one.
- 3. Love is immortal.
- 4. Obtaining it man becomes perfect, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied.
- 5. And obtaining it he desires nothing, grieves not, hates not, does not delight, makes no effort.
- 6. Knowing it he becomes intoxicated, transfixed, and rejoices in the Self (Atman).

This is further explained at the end of Swāmī's "Hatha-Yoga."

Bhakti really means the constant perception of the form of the Lord by the Antahkarana. There are nine kinds of Bhaktis enumerated. hearing his histories and relating them, remembering him, worshipping his feet, offering flowers to him, bowing to him (in soul), behaving as his servant, becoming his companion and offering up one's Atman to him. ... Thus, Bhakti, in its most transcendental aspect, is included in Sampradnyā Samādhi.⁴⁸ {73}

The Gana Yoga P., as the student, had already long practised in his study of the Holy Qabalah; so also had he Karma Yoga by his acts of service whilst a Neophyte in the Order of the Golden Dawn; but now at the suggestion of D. A. he betook himself to practice of Hatha and Raja Yoga.

Hatha Yoga and Raja Yoga are so intimately connected, that instead of

forming two separate methods, they rather form the first half and second half of one and the same.

Before discussing either the Hatha or Raja Yogas, it will be necessary to explain the conditions under which Yoga should be performed. These conditions being the conventional ones, each individual should by practice discover those more particularly suited to himself.

i. "The Guru."

Before commencing any Yoga practice, according to every Hindu book upon this subject, it is first necessary to find a Guru,⁴⁹ to teacher, to whom the disciple (Chela) must entirely devote himself: as the "Shiva Sanhita" says:

11. Only the knowledge imparted by a Guru is powerful and useful; otherwise it becomes fruitless, weak and very painful.

12. He who attains knowledge by pleasing his Guru with every attention, readily obtains success therein.

13. There is not the least doubt that Guru is father, Guru is mother, and Guru is God even: and as such, he should be served by all, with their thought, word and deed.⁵⁰

ii. Place. "Solitude and Silence."

48 In Bhakta Yoga the disciple usually devotes himself to his Guru, to whom he offers his devotion. The Guru being treated as the God himself with which the Chela wishes to unite. Eventually "He alone sees no distinctions! The mighty ocean of love has entered unto him, and he sees not men, animals and plants or the sun, moon and the stars, but beholds his Beloved everywhere and in everything. Vivekananda, "Bhakti Yoga," Udbodham edition, p. 111. The Sufis were Bhakti Yogis, so was Christ. Buddha was a Gnani Yogi.

49 A Guru is as necessary in Yoga as a Music master is in Music.

50 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iii.

The place where Yoga is performed should be a beautiful and pleasant place, according to the Shiva Sanhita.⁵¹ In the {74} Kshurik? Upanishad, 2. 21, it states that "a noiseless place" should be chosen; and in S'vet's'vatara, 2. 10:

Let the place be pure, and free also from boulders and sand,
Free from fire, smoke, and pools of water,
Here where nothing distracts the mind or offends the eye,
In a hollow protected from the wind a man should compose himself.

The dwelling of a Yogi is described as follows:

The practiser of Hathayoga should live alone in a small Matha or monastery

situated in a place free from rocks, water and fire; of the extent of a bow's length, and in a fertile country ruled over by a virtuous king, where he will not be disturbed.

The Mata should have a very small door, and should be without any windows; it should be level and without any holes; it should be neither too high nor too long. It should be very clean, being daily smeared over with cow-dung, and should be free from all insects. Outside it should be a small corridor with a raised seat and a well, and the whole should be surrounded by a wall.
...52

iii. "Time."

The hours in which Yoga should be performed vary with the instructions of the Guru, but usually they should be four times a day, at sunrise, mid-day, sunset and mid-night.

iv. "Food."

According to the "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika": "Moderate {75} diet is defined to mean taking pleasant and sweet food, leaving one fourth of the stomach free, and offering up the act to Shiva."⁵³

things that have been once cooked and have since grown cold should be avoided, also foods containing an excess of salt and sourness. Wheat, rice, barley, butter, sugar, honey and beans may be eaten, and pure water and milk drunk. The Yogi should partake of one meal a day, usually a little after noon. "Yoga should not be practised immediately after a meal, nor when one is

51 "Ibid.," chap. v, 184, 185. The aspirant should firstly, join the assembly of good men but talk little; secondly, should eat little; thirdly, should renounce the company of men, the company of women, all company. He should practise in secrecy in a retired palace. "For the sake of appearances he should remain in society, but should not have his heart in it. he should not renounce the duties of his profession, caste or rank, but let him perform these merely as an instrument without any thought of the event. By thus doing there is no sin." This is sound Rosicrucian doctrine, by the way.

52 "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," pp. 5, 6. Note the similarity of these conditions to those laid down in "The Book of the Sacred Magic." Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," p. 33.

53 "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 22. On the question of food Vivekananda in his "Bhakti Yoga," p. 90, says: "The cow does not eat meat, nor does the sheep. Are they great Yogins? ... Any fool may abstain from eating meat; surely that alone give him no more distinction than to herbivorous animals." Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," pp. 34-36.

very hungry; before beginning the practice, some milk and butter should be taken."⁵⁴

v. "Physical considerations."

The aspirant to Yoga should study his body as well as his mind, and should cultivate regular habits. He should strictly adhere to the rules of health and sanitation. He should rise an hour before sunrise, and bathe himself twice daily, in the morning and the evening, with cold water (if he can do so without harm to his health). His dress should be warm so that he is not distracted by the changes of weather.

vi. "Moral considerations."

The yogi should practise kindness to all creatures, he should abandon enmity towards any person, "pride, duplicity, and crookedness" ... and the "companionship of women."⁵⁵ Further, in Chapter 5 of the "Shiva Sanhita" the hindrances {76} of Enjoyment, Religion and Knowledge are expounded at some considerable length. Above all the Yogi "should work like a master and not like a slave."⁵⁶

HATHA YOGA. Union by Courage.

It matters not what attainment the aspirant seeks to gain, or what goal he has in view, the one thing above all others which is necessary is a healthy body, and a body which is under control. It is hopeless to attempt to obtain stability of mind in one whose body is ever leaping from land to water like a frog; with such, any sudden influx of illumination may bring with it not enlightenment but mania; therefore it is that all the great masters have set the task of courage before that of endeavour.⁵⁷ He who "dares" to "will," will "will" to know, and knowing will keep silence;⁵⁸ for even to such as have entered the Supreme Order, there is no way found whereby they may break the stillness and communicate to those who have not ceased to hear.⁵⁹ The guardian of the Temple is Adonai, he alone holds the key of the Portal, seek it of Him, for there is none other that can open for thee the door.

Now to dare much is to will a little, so it comes about that though Hatha Yoga is the physical Yoga which teaches the aspirant how to control his body, yet is it also Raja Yoga {77} which teaches him how to control his mind. Little by little, as the body comes under control, does the mind assert its sway over the body; and little by little, as the mind asserts its sway, does it come gradually, little by little under the rule of the Atman, until ultimately the Atman, Augoeides, Higher Self or Adonai fills the Space which was once occupied solely by the body and mind of the aspirant. Therefore though the death of the body as it were is the resurrection of the Higher Self accomplished, and the pinnacles of that Temple, whose foundations are laid deep in the black earth, are lost among the starry Palaces of God.

In the "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika" we read that "there can be no Raja Yoga without Hatha Yoga, and vice versa," that to those who wander in the darkness

⁵⁴ "Shiva Sanhita," iii, 37.

⁵⁵ "Ibid.," iii, 33.

⁵⁶ Vivekananda, "Karma-Yoga," p. 62.

57 As in the case of Jesus, the aspirant, for the joy that is set before him, must "dare" to endure the cross, despising the shame; if he would be "set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Hebrews, xii, 2.

58 "If there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church; and let him speak to himself, and to God" (1 Corinthians, xiv, 28) has more than one meaning.

59 "And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half and hour" (Rev. viii, 1).

of the conflicting Sects unable to obtain Raja Yoga, the most merciful Sw?tm?r?ma Yogi offers the light of Hathavidya."60

In the practice of this mystic union which is brought about by the Hatha Yoga and the Raja Yoga exercises the conditions necessary are:

1. "Yama:" Non-killing (Ahinsa); truthfulness (Satya); non-stealing (Asteya); continence (Brahmacharya); and non-receiving of any gift (Aparigraha).
2. "Niyama:" Cleanliness (S'ancha); contentment (Santosha); mortification (Papasa); study and self surrender (Sw dhy ya); and the recognition of the Supreme (I's'wara pranidh n).
3. "A'sana:" Posture and the correct position of holding the body, and the performance of the Mudras. {78}
4. "Pr?n?y?ma:" Control of the Pr?na, and the vital forces of the body.
5. "Praty?h?ra:" Making the mind introspective, turning it back upon itself.
6. "Dh?ran?:" Concentration, or the "will" to hold the mind to certain points.
7. "Dhy?na:" Meditation, or the outpouring of the mind on the object held by the will.
8. "Sam?dhi:" Ecstasy, or Superconsciousness.

As regards the first two of the above stages we need not deal with them at any length. Strictly speaking, they come under the heading of Karma and Gnana Yoga, and as it were form the Evangelicism of Yoga --- the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." They vary according to definition and sect.61 However, one point must be explained, and this is, that it must be remembered that most works on Yoga are written either by men like Patanjali, to whom continence, truthfulness, etc., are simple illusions of mind; or by charlatans, who imagine that, by displaying to the reader a mass of middle-class "virtues," their works will be given so exalted a flavour that they themselves will pass as great ascetics who have out-soared the bestial passions of life, whilst in fact they are running harems in Boulogne or making indecent proposals to flower-girls in South Audley Street. These latter ones generally trade under the exalted names of "The" Mahatmas; who, {79} coming straight from the Sh?m Bazaar, retail their wretched "b?k b?k" to their sheep-headed followers as the eternal word of Brahman --- "The shower from the Highest!" And, not infrequently, end in silent meditation within the illusive walls of Wormwood Scrubbs.

The East like the West, has for long lain under the spell of that potent but Middle-class Magician --- St. Shamefaced sex; and the whole of its literature swings between the two extremes of Paederasty and Brahmacharya. Even the great science of Yoga has not remained unpolluted by his breath, so that in many cases to avoid shipwreck upon Scylla the Yogi has lost his life in the eddying whirlpools of Charybdis.

The Yogis claim that the energies of the human body are stored up in the brain, and the highest of these energies they call "Ojas." they also claim that that part of the human energy which is expressed in sexual passion, when checked, easily becomes changed into Ojas; and so it is that they invariably insist in their disciples gathering up the sexual energy and converting it into Ojas. Thus we read:

It is only the chaste man and woman who can make the Ojas rise and become stored in the brain, and this is why chastity has always been considered the

60 "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 2.

61 In all the Mysteries the partakers of them were always such as had not committed crimes. It will be remembered that Nero did not dare to present himself at the Eleusinian (Sueton. "vit. Nero," e. 3A). And Porphyry informs us that "in the Mysteries honour to parents was enjoined, and not to injure animals" ("de Abstinencia," iv, 22).

highest virtue. ... That is why in all the religious orders in the world that have produced spiritual giants, you will always find this intense chastity insisted upon. ...62 If people practise Raja-Yoga and at the same time lead an impure life, how can they expect to become Yogis?63 {80}

This argument would appear at first sight to be self-contradictory, and therefore fallacious, for, if to obtain Ojas is so important, how then can it be right to destroy a healthy passion which is the chief means of supplying it with the renewed energy necessary to maintain it? The Yogi's answer is simple enough: Seeing that the extinction of the first would mean the ultimate death of the second the various Mudra exercises were introduced so that this healthy passion might not only be preserved, but cultivated in the most rapid manner possible, without loss of vitality resulting from the practices adopted. Equilibrium is above all things necessary, and even in these early stages, the mind of the aspirant should be entirely free from the obsession of either ungratified or over-gratified appetites. Neither Lust nor Chastity should solely occupy him; for as Krishna says:

Verily Yoga is not for him who eateth too much, nor who abstaineth to excess, nor who is too much addicted to sleep, nor even to wakefulness, O Arjuna.

Yoga killeth out all pain for him who is regulated in eating and amusement, regulated in performing actions, regulated in sleeping and waking.64

This balancing of what is vulgarly known as Virtue and Vice,⁶⁵ and which the Yogi Philosophy does not always appreciate, is illustrated still more forcibly in that illuminating work "Konx om Pax," in which Mr. Crowley writes:

As above so beneath! said Hermes the thrice greatest. The laws of the physical world are precisely paralleled by those of the moral and intellectual sphere. To the prostitute I prescribe a course of training by which she shall {81} comprehend the holiness of sex. Chastity forms part of that training, and I should hope to see her one day a happy wife and mother. To the prude equally I prescribe a course of training by which she shall comprehend the holiness of sex. Unchastity forms part of that training, and I should hope to see her one day a happy wife and mother.

To the bigot I commend a course of Thomas Henry Huxley; to the infidel a practical study of ceremonial magic. Then, when the bigot has knowledge of the infidel faith, each may follow without prejudice his natural inclination; for he will no longer plunge into his former excesses.

So also she who was a prostitute from native passion may indulge with safety in the pleasure of love; and she who was by nature cold may enjoy a virginity in no wise marred by her disciplinary course of unchastity. But the one will understand and love the other.⁶⁶

Once and for all do not forget that nothing in this world is permanently good or evil; and, so long as it appears to be so, then remember that the
62 Certainly not in the case of the Mahometan Religion and its Sufi Adepts, who drank the vintage of Bacchus as well as the wine of Iacchus. The question of Chastity is again one of those which rest on temperament and not on dogma. It is curious that the astute Vivek?nanda should have fallen into this man-trap.

63 Swami Vivek?nanda, "Raja Yoga," p. 45.

64 The Bhagavad-G?ta, vi, 16, 17.

65 Or more correctly as the Buddhist puts it --- skilfulness and unskilfulness.

66 "Konx om Pax," by A. Crowley, pp. 62, 63.

fault is the seer's and not in the thing seen, and that the seer is still in an unbalanced state. Never forget Blake's words:

"Those who restrain desire do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling."⁶⁷ Do not restrain your desires, but equilibrate them, for: "He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence."⁶⁸ Verily: "Arise, and drink your bliss, for everything that lives is holy."⁶⁹

The six acts of purifying the body by Hatha-Yoga are Dhauti, Basti, Neti, Trataka, Nauli and Kap?labh?ti,⁷⁰ each of {82} which is described at length by Sw?tm?r?n Swami. But the two most important exercises which all must undergo, should success be desired, are those of A'sana and Pr?n?y?ma. The first

consists of physical exercises which will gain for him who practises them control over the muscles of the body, and the second over the breath.

"The A'sanas," or Positions.

According to the "Pradipika" and the "Shiva Sanhita," there are 84 A'sanas; but Goraksha says there are as many A'sana as there are varieties of beings, and that Shiva has counted eighty-four lacs of them.⁷¹ The four most important are: Siddh?sana, Padm?sana, Ugr?sana and Svastik?sana, which are described in the Shiva Sanhita as follows:⁷²

The "Siddh?sana." By "pressing with care by the (left) heel the yoni,⁷³ the other heel the Yogi should place on the lingam; he should fix his gaze upwards on the space between the two eyebrows ... and restrain his senses."

The "Padm?sana." By crossing the legs "carefully place the feet on the opposite thighs (the left on the right thigh and "vic? vers?," cross both hands and place them similarly on the thighs; fix the sight on the tip of the nose."

The "Ugr?sana." "Stretch out both the legs and keep them apart; firmly take hold of the head by the hands, and place it on the knees."

The "Svastik?sana." "Place the soles of the feet completely under the thighs, keep the body straight and at ease."

For the beginner that posture which continues for the {83} greatest length of time comfortable is the correct one to adopt; but the head, neck and chest should always be held erect, the aspirant should in fact adopt what the drill-book calls "the first position of a soldier," and never allow the body in any way to collapse. The "Bhagavad-G?ta" upon this point says:

In a pure place, established in a fixed seat of his own, neither very much raised nor very low ... in a secret place by himself. ... There ... he should

67 The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

68 "Ibid."

69 Visions of the Daughters of Albion.

70 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 30. Dhauti is of four kinds:

Antardhauti (internal washing); Dantdhauti (cleaning the teeth); Hriddhauti (cleaning the heart); Mulashodhana (cleaning the anus). Basti is of two kinds, Jala Basti (water Basti) and Sukshma Basti (dry Basti) and consists chiefly in dilating and contracting the sphincter muscle of the anus. Neti consists of inserting a thread into the nostrils and pulling it out through the mouth, Trataka in steadying the eyes, Nauli in moving the intestines, and Kap?labh?ti, which is of three kinds, Vy?t-krama, V?ma-krama, and Sit-krama, of drawing in wind or water through the nostrils and expelling it by the mouth, and "vice vers?". Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," pp. 2-10. This little book should be read in conjunction with the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika."

71 The "Gheranda Sanhita" gives thirty-two postures.

72 The "Shiva Sanhita," pp. 25, 26.

73 The imaginary "triangle of flesh" near the perinaeum.

practise Yoga for the purification of the self. Holding the body, head and neck erect, immovably steady, looking fixedly at the point of the nose and unwandering gaze.

When these posture have been in some way mastered, the aspirant must combine with them the exercises of Prāṇāyāma, which will by degrees purify the Nāḍi or nerve-centres.

These Nāḍis, which are usually set down as numbering 72,000,⁷⁴ ramify from the heart outwards in the pericardium; the three chief are the Ida, Pingala and Sushumnā,⁷⁵ the last of which is called "the most highly beloved of the Yogis."

Besides practising Prāṇāyāma he should also perform one {84} or more of the Mudras, as laid down in the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" and the "Shiva Sanhita," so that he may arouse the sleeping Kundalini, the great goddess, as she is called, who sleeps coiled up at the mouth of the Sushumnā. But before we deal with either of these exercises, it will be necessary to explain the Mystical Constitution of the human organism and the six Chakras which constitute the six stages of the Hindu Tau of Life.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM

Firstly, we have the Atman, the Self or Knower, whose being consists in a trinity in unity of, Sat, Absolute Existence; Chit, Wisdom; Ananda, Bliss. Secondly, the Anthakāraṇa or the internal instrument, which has five attributes according to the five elements, thus:

- Ākāśa . . . Atma.
- Vāta . . . Manas.⁷⁶ The mind or thought faculty.
- 1. Spirit. Āgni . . . Buddhi. The discriminating faculty.
- Pāṇi . . . Chittam.⁷⁷ The thought-stuff.
- Prithvī . . . Ahankāra. Egoity.
- 2. Air. The five organs of knowledge. Gnanendriyam.
- 3. Fire. The five organs of Action. Karmendriyam.
- 4. Water. The five subtle airs or Prāṇas.
- 5. Earth. The five Tatwas.

⁷⁴ Besides the 72,000 nerves or veins there are often 101 others mentioned. These 101 chief veins each have 100 branch veins which again each have 72,000 tributary veins. The total (101 + 101 x 100 x 100 x 72,000) equals 727,210,201. The 101st is the Sushumnā. Yoga cuts through all these, except the 101st, stripping away all consciousness until the Yogi "is merged in the supreme, indescribable, ineffable Brahman." Also see "Gheranda

Sanhita," p./ 37. The N^{adis} are known to be purified by the following signs: (1) A clear skin. (2) A beautiful voice. (3) A calm appearance of the face. (4) Bright eyes. (5) Hearing constantly the N^{ada}.

75 The Sushumn^a may in more than one way be compared to Prometheus, or the hollow reed, who as the mediator between heaven and earth transmitted the mystic fire from the moon. Again the Mahalingam or omicron phi alpha lambda lambda omicron sigma . For further see "The Canon," p. 119.

76 Manas and Chittam differ as the movement of the waters of a lake differ from the water itself.

77 Manas and Chittam differ as the movement of the waters of a lake differ from the water itself.

The Atma of Anthak^ara has 5 sheaths, called Kos'as.⁷⁸ {85}

1. Anandam^ay^akos'a, Body of Bliss, is innermost. It is still an illusion. Atma, Buddhi and Manas at most participate.
2. Manom^ay^akos'a. The illusionary thought-sheath including Manas, Buddhi, Chittam, and Ahank^ara in union with one or more of the Gnanendriyams.
3. Vip^aanam^ay^akos'a. The consciousness sheath, which consists of Anthak^ara in union with an organ of action or of sense --- Gnan- and Karm-endriyam.
4. Pr^an^am^ay^akos'a. Consists of the five airs. Here we drop below Anthak^ara.
5. Annam^ay^akos'a. Body of Nourishment. The faculty which feeds on the five Tatwas.

Besides these there are three bodies or Shariras.

1. Karana Sharira. The Causal body, which almost equals the protoplast.
2. Sukshma Sharira. The Subtle body, which consists of the vital airs, etc.
3. Sthula Sharira. The Gross body.

THE CHAKKRAS

According to the Yoga,⁷⁹ there are two nerve-currents in {86} the spinal column called respectively Pingala and Ida, and between these is placed the Sushumn^a, an imaginary tube, at the lower extremity of which is situated the Kundalini (potential divine energy). Once the Kundalini is awakened it forces its way up the Sushumn^a,⁸⁰ and, as it does so, its progress is marked by wonderful visions and the acquisition of hitherto unknown powers.

The Sushumn^a is, as it were, the central pillar of the Tree of Life, and its six stages are known as the Six Chakkras.⁸¹ To these six is added a

78 H. P. Blavatsky in "Instruction No. 1" issued to members of the first degree of her Eastern School of Theosophy (marked "Strictly Private and Confidential") deals with those Kos'as on p. 16.

But it is quite impossible here to attempt to extract from these instructions the little sense they may contain on account of the numerous Auric Eggs, Ak?sic envelopes, Karmic records, D?v?chanic states, etc., etc. On p. 89 of "Instruction No. III" we are told that the Sushumn? "is" the Brahmarandhra, and that there is "an enormous difference between Hatha and Raja Yoga." Plate III of Instructions No. II is quite Theosophical, and the third rule out of the Probationers' pledge, "I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken falsely, or yet unproven, of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others," seems to have been consistently acted upon ever since.

79 Compare with the Kundalini the Serpent mentioned in paragraph 26 of "The Book of Concealed Mystery." Note too the lotus-leaf that backs the throne of a God is also the hood of the Cobra. So too the Egyptian gods have the serpent upon the brow.

80 Provided the other exits are duly stopped by Practice. The danger of Yoga is this, that one may awaken the Magic Power before all is balanced. A discharge takes place in some wrong direction and obsession results.

81 The forcing of the Kundalini up the Sushumn? and through the six Chakkras to the Sahasr?ra, is very similar to Rising on the Planes through Malkuth, Yesod, the Path of HB:Peh, Tiphereth, the Path of HB:Tet, and Da?th to Kether, by means of the Central Pillar of the Tree of Life.

seventh; but this one, the Shasr?ra, lies altogether outside the human organism.

These six Chakkras are:

1. "The M?l?dhara-Chakkra." This Chakkra is situated between the lingam and the anus at the base of the Spinal Column. It is called the Adhar-Padma, or fundamental lotus, and it has four petals. "In the pericarp of the Adhar lotus there is the triangular beautiful yoni, hidden and kept secret in all the Tantras." In this yoni dwells the goddess Kundalini; she surrounds all the Nadis, and has three and a half coils. She catches her tail in her own mouth, and rests in the entrance of the Sushumn?82 {87}

58. It sleeps there like a serpent, and is luminous by its own light ... it is the Goddess of speech, and is called the vija (seed).

59. Full of energy, and like burning gold, know this Kundalini to be the power (Shakti) of Vishnu; it is the mother of the three qualities --- Satwa (good), Rajas (indifference), and Tamas (bad).

60. There, beautiful like the Bandhuk flower, is placed the seed of love; it is brilliant like burnished gold, and is described in Yoga as eternal.

61. The Sushumn? also embraces it, and the beautiful seed is there; there it rests shining brilliantly like the autumnal moon, with the luminosity of

millions of suns, and the coolness of millions of moons. O Goddess! These three (fire, sun and moon) taken together or collectively are called the vija. It is also called the great energy.⁸³

In the M?l?dhara lotus there also dwells a sun between the four petals, which continuously exudes a poison. This venom (the sun-fluid of mortality) goes to the right nostril, as the moon-fluid of immortality goes to the left, by means of the Pingala which rises from the left side of the Ajna lotus.⁸⁴

The M?l?dhara is also the seat of the Ap?na.

2. "The Svadisth?na Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated at the base of the sexual organ. It has six petals. The colour of this lotus is blood-red, its presiding adept is called Balakhya and its goddess, Rakini.⁸⁵

He who daily contemplates on this lotus becomes an object of love and adoration to all beautiful goddesses. He fearlessly recites the various Shastras {88} and sciences unknown to him before ... and moves throughout the universe.⁸⁶

This Chakakra is the seat of the Sam?na, region about the navel and of the Apo Tatwa.

3. "The Manip?ra Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated near the navel, it is of a golden colour and has ten petals (sometimes twelve), its adept is Rudrakhya and its goddess Lakini. It is the "solar-plexus" or "city of gems," and is so called because it is very brilliant. This Chakakra is the seat of the Agni Tatwa. Also in the abdomen burns the "fire of digestion of food"

82 The following Mystical Physiology is but a symbolic method of expressing what is night inexpressible, and in phraseology is akin to Western Alchemy, the physiological terms taking the place of the chemical ones.

83 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v.

84 "Ibid.," chap. v, 107, 108, 109. This is probably wrong, as the sun is usually placed in the Manip?ra Chakakra. In the body of a man the Pingala is the solar current, the Ida the lunar. In a woman these are reversed.

85 "Ibide.," chap. v, 75.

86 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v, 76, 77. Compare this Chakakra to the lunar and sexual Yesod of the Qabalah; also note that the power here attained to is that of Skrying.

situated in the middle of the sphere of the sun, having ten Kalas (petals).
...⁸⁷

He who enters this Chakakra

Can made gold, etc., see the adepts (clairvoyantly) discover medicines for diseases, and see hidden treasures.⁸⁸

4. "The Anahata Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated in the heart, it is of a deep blood red colour, and has twelve petals. It is the seat of Pr?na and is a very pleasant spot; its adept is Pinaki and its goddess is Kakini. This Chakakra is also the seat of the V?yu Tatwa.

He who always contemplates on this lotus of the heart is eagerly desired by the daughters of gods ... has clairaudence, clairvoyance, and can walk in the air. ... He sees the adepts and the goddesses. ... 89

5. "The Vishuddha Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated in the throat directly below the larynx, it is of a brilliant gold {89} colour and has sixteen petals. It is the seat of the Udana and the Ak?sa Tatwa; its presiding adept is Chhagalanda and its goddess Sakini.

6. "The Ajna Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated between the two eyebrows, in the place of the pineal gland. It is the seat of the Mano Tatwa, and consists of two petals. Within this lotus are sometimes placed the three mystical principles of Vindu, Nadi and Shakti.⁹⁰ "Its presiding adept is called Sukla-Mahakala (the white great time; also Adhanari --- 'Adonai') its presiding goddess is called Hakini."⁹¹

97. Within that petal, there is the eternal seed, brilliant as the autumnal moon. The wise anchorite by knowing this is never destroyed.

98. This is the great light held secret in all the Tantras; by contemplating on this, one obtains the greatest psychic powers, there is no doubt in it.

99. I am the giver of salvation, I am the third linga in the turya (the state of ecstasy, also the name of the thousand petalled lotus).⁹² By contemplating on This the Yogi becomes certainly like me.⁹³

{Illustration facing page 90 described:

"DIAGRAM 83. The Yogi (showing the Cakkras)."

This is a half tone of a black line vertical rectangle with a white or gray interior. The lower 3/5's of the rectangle is occupied by a frontal nude man

87 "Ibid.", chap. ii, 32. This Chakakra corresponds to Tiphareth.

88 "Ibid.", chap. v, 82.

89 "Ibid.", chap. v, 85, 86, 87.

90 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v, 110.

91 "Ibid.", chap. v, 49.

92 Though all Hindu works proclaim that the Sahasr?ra has but one thousand petals, its true number is one thousand and one as depicted in the diagram called the Yogi. 10001 = 91 x 11

(HB:Nun-final HB:Mem HB:Aleph x HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph ; 91 = HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod +

HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph 11 = ABRAHADABRA = 418 (38 x 11)
= Achad

Osher, or one and ten, = the Eleven Averse Sephiroth = Adonai.
Also 91 = 13 x 7 HB:Dalet HB:Chet HB:Aleph x ARARITA, etc., etc. 11 is
the

Number of the Great Work, the Uniting of the Five and the Six,
and 91 = mystic number (1+2+3 ... + 13) of 13 = Achad = 1.
93 "Ibid.", chap. v, 50.

exactly as described in the Padmasana Asana described on page 83. He is bald.
The six chakras are depicted as abstract devices at the positions described in
the above text.

Muladhara is placed at the intersection of the crossed ankles, with a bit
of the left ankle showing above and the symbol extending below the ankles: A
dark disk with four petals created by the intersection of two vesicas, one
horizontal and the other vertical. The area of intersection is white, the
petals outside each have a radial rib which stops at the arc of the
intersection of the vesicas. There is an upright equilateral black triangle
in the center of the intersection, small circle with central dot inside that.

Svadhithana is placed at the lower pelvis, shown just above the crossed
ankles. It is not in a circle or disk, but is composed of three intersecting
vesicas forming a curved sided hexagonal shape with "points" to top and
bottom. The intersections of adjacent vesicas form white spaces of three
arcs. The combined intersection of all vesicas forms an area of distinct
color with a dark, vertical and linear hexagram. There is a small white
circle with center point in the midst of this.

Manipura is placed at the center of the abdomen. It is contained in a 20-
pointed white star, outline only and giving the appearance of a ring. Within
this is a black disk. Within the black disk is a figure constructed of five
intersecting vesicas, in a similar fashion to the description for the
Svadhithana but forming a curved sided decagonal shape with "points" to the
top and bottom. Where only two vesicas intersect, the space is dark. Where
three vesicas intersect, the space is light. Where four vesicas intersect,
the space is dark again. Where all five vesicas intersect, there is a
different shade used, and in the midst of this is a vertical ten-pointed star
of lines with a white circle and central dot in the midst.

Anahata is placed in the center of the thorax. It is not in a circle, but
is composed of six intersecting vesicas forming a curved sided duo-decagonal
shape of twelve "petals" with points to top and bottom. The outer, mono-
vesical parts are gray, two vesicas intersect in white, three in gray. All
other intersections are in a common space to the center, defined by a circle
and a different shade of gray. Free-standing in the center of this is a ring
of twelve shapes, with radials going outward to cut the space into an inner
ring of twelve five curved-sided and inward pointed irregular pentagons. This
inner ring of twelve petals contains a 12 sided star with points at top and
bottom, defining the divisions of the irregular pentagons. The center is an

approximate white circle with point in center.

Vishuddha is placed at the base of the throat. It is composed of a star ring of sixteen gray leaves with single radial ribs, one leaf to the top. Within this is a ring of sixteen white petals with dots in the lower lobe, petals to top and bottom. The center as for Anahata, but sixteenfold.

Ajna on forehead. This is a more western symbol, two upward curving wings of seven primary feathers and a more complex array of secondaries, curving to the outside and coming to two points just above the top of the head. These join in two white featherlets a semicircular curve at the base, just above the brows. There is a stylized descending gray dove in the midst, just above the lower white featherlets. A white light seems to be seen through the backs of the wings just above the dove. For the meaning of the symbolism of these "closed" wings, see the footnote below, page {147} in the Equinox.

The upper 2/5's of the space contains a large circular device, representing the Shashara. This looks a bit like the head of a thistle and has 72 elongated spikes emanating outward in a circle to define the outer edge of the next inward feature, a white ring. The spikes have rounded bottoms with a dot in the center of each, and there are 72 lines drawn radiating outward between them, one between each pair. Five of these spikes touch and pass behind the head. Within the white ring are 13 concentric rings of petals, 11 in the innermost and the number of petals increasing as the rings go outward. The

second petal ring from the center has 22, the next outward about 44. After that the number of petals ceases doubling, but increases more slowly. Theoretically there is a total of 1000 such petals in all, but I didn't count them all. In the center there is a white circle with a crescent moon in gray inside, horns upward --- this would be the 1,001st petal.}

The Sushumna following the spinal cord on reaching the Brahmarandhra (the hole of Brahman) the junction of the sutures of the skull, by a modification goes to the right side of the Ajna lotus, whence it proceeds to the left nostril, and is called the Varana, Ganges (northward flowing Ganges) or Ida. By a similar modification in the opposite direction the {90} Sushumna goes to the left side of the Ajna lotus and proceeding to the right nostril is called the Pingala. Jamuna or Asi. The space between these two, the Ida and Pingala, is called Varanasi (Benares), the holy city of Shiva.

111. He who secretly always contemplates on the Ajna lotus, at once destroys all the Karma of his past life, without any opposition.

121. Remaining in the place, when the Yogi meditates deeply, idols appear to him as mere things imagination, "i.e.", he perceives the absurdity of idolatry.⁹⁴

The Sahasra, or thousand-and-one-petaled lotus of the brain, is usually described as being situated above the head, but sometimes in the opening of the Brahmarandhra, or at the root of the palate. In its centre there is a

Yoni which has its face looking downwards. In the centre of this Yoni is placed the mystical moon, which is continually exuding an elixir or dew⁹⁵ --- this moon fluid of immortality unceasingly flows through the Ida.

In the untrained, and all such as are not Yogis, "Every particle of this nectar (the Satravi) that flows from the Ambrosial Moon is swallowed up by the Sun (in the M?l?dhara Chakra)⁹⁶ and destroyed, this loss causes the body to become old. If the aspirant can only prevent this flow of nectar by closing the hole in the palate of his mouth (the Prahmarandra), he will be able to utilize it to prevent the waste of his body. By (91) drinking it he will fill his whole body with life, and "even though he is bitten by the serpent Takshaka, the poison does not spread throughout his body."⁹⁷

Further the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" informs us that: "When one has closed the hole at the root of the palate ... his seminal fluid is not emitted even through he is embraced by a young and passionate woman."

Now this gives us the Key to the whole of this lunar symbolism, and we find that the Soma-juice of the Moon, dew, nectar, semen and vital force are but various names for one and the same substance, and that if the vindu can be retained in the body it may by certain practices which we will now discuss, be utilized in not only strengthening but in prolonging this life to an indefinite period.⁹⁸ These practices are called the Mudras, they are to be

94 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v. It does not follow that missionaries are Yogis.

95 Compare. "From the Skull of the Ancient Being wells forth Dew, and this Dew will wake up the dead to a new life." --- The Zohar, "Idra Rabba."

"I will be as a dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." --- Hosea, xiv. 5.

96 This is according to the "Shiva Sanhita." "The Hatha Yoga Pradipika" places the Sun in the Svadisth?na Chakra. The Manip?ra Chakra is however probably the correct one.

97 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 53.

98 Fabulous ages are attributed to many of the Yogis. See Flagg's "Yoga," chap. xxviii; and "OM" by Sabhapaty Swami, p. vi.

found fully described in the Tantras, and are made use of as one of the methods of awakening the sleeping Kundalini.⁹⁹

There are many of these Mudras, the most important being the Yoni-Mudra, Maha Mudra, Maha Bandha, Maha Vedha, Khechari, Uddiyana, Mula and Salandhara Bandha, Viparitakarani, Vajroli and Shakti Chalana.

1. "The Yoni Mudra."

With a strong inspiration fix the mind in the Adhar lotus; then engage in contracting the yoni (the space between the lingam and anus). After which contemplate that the God of love resides in the Brahma-Yoni, and imagine that an union takes place between Shiva and Shakti.

A full account of how to practise this Mudra is given in the "Shiva Sanhita";¹⁰⁰ but it is both complicated and difficult to carry out, and if attempted should most certainly be performed under the instruction of a Guru.

2. "Maha Mudra."

Pressing the anus with the left heel and stretching out the right leg, take hold of the toes with your hand. Then practise the Jalandhara Bandha¹⁰¹ and draw the breath through the Sushumn?. Then the Kundalini become straight just as a coiled snake when struck. ... Then the two other Nadis (the Ida and Pingala) become dead, because the breath goes out of them. Then he should breathe out very slowly and never quickly.¹⁰²

"

"3. "Maha Bandha."

Pressing the anus with the left ankle place the right foot upon the left thigh. Having drawn in the breath, place the chin firmly on the breast, contract the anus and fix the mind on the Sushumn? Nadi. Having restrained the breath as long as possible, he should then breathe out slowly. He should practise first on the left side and then on the right.¹⁰³

4. "Maha Vedha."

As a beautiful and graceful woman is of no value without a husband, so Maha Mudra and Maha Bandha have no value without Maha Vedha.

The Yogi assuming the Maha Bandha posture, should draw in his breath {93} with a concentrated mind and stop the upward and downward course of the Pr?n? by Jalandhara Bandha. Resting his body upon his palms placed upon the ground, he should strike the ground softly with his posteriors. By this the Pr?n?, leaving Ida and Pingala, goes through the Sushumn?. ... The body assumes a death-like aspect. Then he should breathe out.¹⁰⁴

99 We believe this to be the exoteric explanation of this symbolism, the esoteric one being that Shiva represents the Solar or Spiritual Force, and Shakti the lunar or Bodily, the union of these two cancels out the pairs of opposites and produces Equilibrium.

100 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 1-11. Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," p. 23.

101 The Jalandhara Banda is performed by contracting the throat and pressing the chin firmly against the breast.

102 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," pp. 45, 46. Also see "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 11-20. The breath is always exhaled slowly so as not to expend the Pr?na.

103 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 47; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 21, 22.

104 "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 48; "Shiva Sanhita," vol. iv, 23-30.

5. "Khechari Mudra."

The Yogi sitting in the Vajrasana (Siddhasana) posture, should firmly fix his gaze upon Ajna, and reversing the tongue backwards, fix it in the hollow under the epiglottis, placing it with great care on the mouth of the well of nectar.¹⁰⁵

6. "Uddiyana Mudra."

The drawing up of the intestines above and below the navel (so that they rest against the back of the body high up the thorax) is called Uddiyana Bandha, and is the lion that kills the elephant Death.¹⁰⁶

7. "Mula Mudra."

Pressing the Yoni with the ankle, contract the anus and draw the Apana upwards. This is Mula Bandha.¹⁰⁷

8. "Jalandhara Mudra."

Contract the throat and press the chin firmly against the breast (four inches from the heart). This is Jalandhara Bandha. ...¹⁰⁸

9. "Viparitakarani Mudra."

This consists in making the Sun and Moon assume exactly reverse positions. The Sun which is below the navel and the Moon which is above the palate change places. This Mudra {94} must be learnt from the Guru himself, and though, as we are told in the "Pradipika," a theoretical study of crores of Shastras cannot throw any light upon it, yet nevertheless in the "Shiva Sanhita" the difficulty seems to be solved by standing on one's head.¹⁰⁹

10. "Shakti Chalana Mudra."

Let the wise Yogi forcibly and firmly draw up the goddess Kundalini sleeping in the Adhar lotus, by means of the Apana-Vayu. This is Shakti-Chalana Mudra. ...¹¹⁰

the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" is very obscure on this Mudra, it says:

As one forces open a door with a key, so the Yogi should force open the door of Moksha (Deliverance) by the Kundalini.

¹⁰⁵ "Shiva Sanhita," chap iv, 31. This is perhaps the most important of the Mudras. The "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" gives a long

- description of how the "fraenum linguae" is cut. See pp. 49-56.
- 106 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 57; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 48-52.
- 107 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 58; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, p. 41-44.
- 108 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 60; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 38-40.
- 109 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 62; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 45-47. Again this is the union of Shiva and Shakti, and that of the solar and lunar Pingala and Ida by means of the Sushumn? --- the path of the gods.
- 110 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 76-81.

Between the Ganges and the Jamuna there sits the young widow inspiring pity. he should despoil her forcibly, for it leads one to the supreme seat of Vishnu.

You should awake the sleeping serpent (Kundalini) by taking hold of its tail. ...111

As a special form of Kumbhaka is mentioned, most probably this Mudra is but one of the numerous Prāṇāyāma practices, which we shall deal with shortly.

11. "The Vajroli-Mudra."

In the "Shiva Sanhita"¹¹² there is a long account of this Mudra in which the God says: "It is the most secret of all {95} the secrets that ever were or shall be; therefore let the prudent Yogi keep it with the greatest secrecy possible." It consists chiefly in uniting the linga and yoni, but in restraining the vindu.¹¹³

If by chance the Vindu begins to move let him stop it by practice of the Yoni Mudra. ... After a while let him continue again ... and by uttering the sound "hoom," let him forcibly draw up through the contraction of the Apana Vāyu the germ cells. ...

Know Vindu to be moon-like, and the germ cells the emblem of the sun; let the Yogi make their union in his own body with great care.¹¹⁴

I am the Vindu, Shakti is the germ fluid; when they both are combined, then the Yogi reaches the state of success, and his body becomes brilliant and divine.

Ejaculation of Vindu is death, preserving it within is life. ... Verily, verily, men are born and die through Vindu. ... The Vindu causes the pleasure and pain of all creatures living in this world, who are infatuated and subject to death and decay.¹¹⁵

There are two modifications of the Vajroli Mudra; namely, Amarani and Sahajoni. The first teaches how, if at the time of union there takes place a

union of the sun and moon, the lunar flux can be re-absorbed by the lingam. And the second how this union may be frustrated by the practice of Yoni Mudra.

These practices of Hatha Yoga if zealously maintained bring forth in the aspirant psychic powers known as the Siddhis,¹¹⁶ the most important of which are (1) Anima (the {96} power of assimilating oneself with an atom). (2) Mahima (the power of expanding oneself into space). (3) Laghima (the power of reducing gravitation). (4) Garima (the power of increasing gravitation). (5) Prapti (the power of instantaneous travelling). (6) Prakamya (the power of

111 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," pp. 63, 69.

112 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 53-75.

113 On the doctrines of this mudra many popular American semi-occult works have been written, such as "Karezza," "Solar Biology," and "The Goal of Life."

114 It is to be noted here that the union is again that of the mystical Shakti and Shiva, but now within the man. All this symbolism is akin to that made use of by the Sufis.

115 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63.

116 "Any person if he actively practises Yoga becomes a Siddha; be he young, old or even very old, sickly or weak. Siddhis are not obtained by wearing the dress of a Yogi, or by talking about them; untiring practice is the secret of success" ("Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 25).

instantaneous realization). (7) Isatva (the power of creating). (8) Vastiva (the power of commanding and of being obeyed).¹¹⁷

"The Pr?na."

We now come to the next great series of exercises, namely those which control the Pr?na (breath); and it is with these exercises that we arrive at that point where Hatha Yoga merges into Raja Yoga, and the complete control of the physical forces gives place to that of the mental ones.

Besides being able by the means of Pr?n?y?ma to control the breath, the Yogi maintains that he can also control the Omnipresent Manifesting Power out of which all energies arise, whether appertaining to magnetism, electricity, gravitation, nerve currents or thought vibrations, in fact the total forces of the Universe physical and mental.

Pr?na, under one of its many forms¹¹⁸ may be in either a static, dynamic, kinetic or potential state, but, notwithstanding the form it assumes, it remains Pr?na, that is in common language the "will to work" within the Ak?sa, from which it evolves the Universe which appeals to our senses.

The control of this World Soul, this "will to work" is {97} called Pr?n?y?ma. And thus it is that we find the Yogi saying that he who can control the Pr?na can control the Universe. To the perfect man there can be nothing in nature that is not under his control.

If he orders the gods to come, they will come at his bidding. ... All the forces of nature will obey him as his slaves, and when the ignorant see these powers of the Yogi, they call them miracles.¹¹⁹

PRANAYAMA

The two nerve currents Pingala and Ida correspond to the sensory and motor nerves, one is afferent and the other efferent. The one carries the sensations to the brain, whilst the other carries them back from the brain to the tissues of the body. The yogi well knows that this is the ordinary process of consciousness, and from it he argues that, if only he can succeed in making the two currents, which are moving in opposite directions, move in one and the same direction, by means of guiding them through the Sushumn?, he will thus be able to attain a state of consciousness as different from the normal state as a fourth dimensional world would be from a third. Swami Vivekananda explains this as follows:

Suppose this table moves, that the molecules which compose this table are moving in different directions; if they are all made to move in the same direction it will be electricity. electric motion is when the molecules all move in the same direction. ... When all the motions of the body have become perfectly rhythmical, the body has, as it were, become a gigantic battery of will. This tremendous will is exactly what the Yogi wants.¹²⁰

And the conquest of the will is the beginning and end of Pranayama. {98}

117 For further powers see Flagg's "Transformation or Yoga," pp. 169, 181.

118 Such as: Apana, Samana, Udana, Vyana, Haha, Kurma, Vrikodara, Devadatta, Dhanajaya, etc., etc.

119 Raja-Yoga, "Vivekananda," p. 23. See Eliphas Levi's "The Dogma and Ritual of Magic," pp. 121, 158, 192, and Huxley's "Essay on Hume," p. 155.

120 Raja-Yoga, "Vivekananda," pp. 36, 37.

Arjuna says: "For the mind is verily restless, O Krishna; it is impetuous, strong and difficult to bend, I deem it as hard to curb as the wind."

To which Krishna answers; "Without doubt, O mighty-armed, the mind is hard to curb and restless, but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference."¹²¹

The Kundalini whilst it is yet coiled up in the Muladhara is said to be in the Mahakasa, or in three dimensional space; when it enters the Sushumn? it enters the Chittakasa or mental Space, in which supersensuous objects are perceived. But, when perception has become objectless, and the soul shines by means of its own nature, it is said to have entered the Chidakasa or Knowledge space, and when the Kundalini enters this space it arrives at the end of its

journey and passes into the last Chakra the Sahasra. Vishnu is United to Devaki or Shiva to Shakti, and symbolically, as the divine union takes place, the powers of the Ojas rush forth and beget a Universe unimaginable by the normally minded man.¹²² {99}

How to awake the Kundalini is therefore our next task.

We have seen how this can partially be done by the various Mudra exercises, but it will be remembered that the Shakti Chalana mentioned the practice of Kumbhaka or the retention of breath. Such an exercise therefore partially falls under the heading of Prāṇāyāma.

It is a well-known physiological fact that the respiratory system, more so than any other, controls the motions of the body. Without food or drink we can subsist many days, but stop a man's breathing but for a few minutes and life becomes extinct.¹²³ The air oxydises the blood, and it is the clean red blood which supports in health the tissues, nerves, and brain. When we are agitated our breath comes and goes in gasps, when we are at rest it becomes regular and rhythmical.

In the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" we read:

He who suspends (restrains) the breath, restrains also the working of the mind. He who has controlled the mind, has also controlled the breath.

If one is suspended, the other also is suspended. If one acts, the other also does the same. If they are not stopped, all the Indriyas (the senses) keep actively engaged in their respective work. If the mind and Prāṇa are stopped, the state of emancipation is attained.¹²⁴

¹²¹ "Bhagavad-Gītā," vi, 34, 35.

¹²² The whole of this ancient symbolism is indeed in its very simplicity of great beauty. The highest of physical emotions, namely, love between man and woman, is taken as its foundation. This love, if allowed its natural course, results in the creation of images of ourselves, our children, who are better equipped to fight their way than we on account of the experiences we have gained. But, if this love is turned into a supernatural channel, that is to say, if the joys and pleasures of this world are renounced for some higher ideal still, an ideal super-worldly, then will it become a divine emotion, a love which will awake the human soul and urge it on through all obstructions to its ultimate union with the Supreme soul. To teach this celestial marriage to the Children of earth even the greatest masters must make use of worldly symbols; thus it has come about that corruption has cankered the sublimest of truths, until man's eyes, no longer seeing the light, see but the flameless lantern, because of the filth that has been cast about it.

¹²³ Malay [pearl divers can remain from three to five minutes under water.

There are three kinds of Prāṇāyāma: Rechaka Prāṇāyāma (exhaling the breath), Puraka Prāṇāyāma (inhaling the breath), and Kumbhaka Prāṇāyāma (restraining the breath). The first kind consists in performing Rechaka first; the second in doing Puraka first; and the third in suddenly stopping the breath without Puraka and Rechaka.¹²⁵ {100}

Kumbhaka is also of two kinds --- Sahita and Kevala. The Sahita is of two sorts, the first resembling the first kind of Prāṇāyāma, namely Rechaka Kumbhaka Puraka; the second resembling the second kind of Prāṇāyāma, namely Puraka Kumbhaka Rechaka. The Sahita should be practised till the Prāṇa enters the Sushumnā, which is known by a peculiar sound¹²⁶ being produced in the Sushumnā; after which the Kevala Kumbhaka should be practised. This Kumbhaka is described in the "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika" as follows:

When this Kumbhaka has been mastered without any Rechaka or Puraka, there is nothing unattainable by him in the three worlds. He can restrain his breath as long as he likes through this Kumbhaka.

He obtains the stage of Raja-Yoga. Through this Kumbhaka, the Kundalini is roused, and when it is so roused the Sushumnā is free of all obstacles, and he has attained perfection in Hatha-Yoga.¹²⁷

Of the many Prāṇāyāma exercises practised in the East the following are given for sake of example.

1. Draw in the breath for four seconds, hold it for sixteen, and then throw it out in eight. This makes one Prāṇāyāma.

At the same time think of the triangle (The Mūlādhara Chakra is symbolically represented as a triangle of fire) and concentrate the mind on that centre. At the first practice this four times in the morning and four times in the evening, and as it becomes a pleasure to you to do so slowly increase the number.

2. Assume the Padmāsana posture; draw in the Prāṇa through the Ida (left nostril), retain it until the body begins to perspire and shake, and then exhale it through Pingala (right nostril) slowly and never fast. {101}

He should perform Kumbhakas four times a day --- in the early morning, midday, evening, and midnight --- till he increases the number to eighty.¹²⁸

This will make 320 Kumbhakas a day. In the early stages the Prāṇa should be restrained for 12 matras (seconds) increasing as progress is made to 24 and to 36.

In the first stage, the body perspires; in the second, a tremor is felt

throughout the body; and in the highest stage, the Prāṇa goes to the Brahmarandhra.¹²⁹

this exercise may also be practised with an additional meditation on the Pranava OM.

3. Close with the thumb of your right hand the right ear, and with that of the left hand the left ear. Close with the two index fingers the two eyes,

125 Also see "The Yogasara-Sangraha," p. 54.

126 The Voice of the Nada.

127 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 43.

128 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 28; the "Svetasvatara Upanishad;" and the "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iii, 25.

129 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 28.

place the two middle fingers upon the two nostrils, and let the remaining fingers press upon the upper and the lower lips. Draw a deep breath, close both the nostrils at once, and swallow the breath. ... Keep the breath inside as long as you conveniently can; then expire it slowly.¹³⁰ {102}

PRATYAHARA

The next step in Raja Yoga is called Pratyāhāra, or the making of the mind introspective, by which the mind gains will to control the senses and to shut out all but the one object it is concentrating upon.

He who has succeeded in attaching or detaching his mind to or from the centres of will, has succeeded in Pratyāhāra, which means "gathering towards," checking the outgoing powers of the mind, freeing it from the thralldom of the senses. When we can do this we shall really possess a character; then alone we shall have made a long step towards freedom; before that we are mere machines.¹³¹

The absorption of the mind in the ever-enlightened Brahman by resolving all objects into Atman, should be known as Pratyāhāra.¹³²

The mind in ordinary men is entirely the slave of their senses. Should there be a noise, man hears it; should there be an odour, man smell it; a taste, man tastes it; by means of his eyes he sees what is passing on around him, whether he likes it or not; and by means of his skin he feels sensations pleasant or painful. But in none of these cases is he actually master over his senses. The man who is, is able to accommodate his senses to his mind. To him no longer are external things necessary, for he can stimulate mentally the sensation desired. He can hear beautiful sounds without listening to beautiful music, and see beautiful sights without gazing upon them; he in fact becomes the creator of what he wills, he can exalt his imagination to such a

degree over his senses, that by a mere act of imagination he can make those senses instantaneously respond to his appeal, for he is lord over the senses, {103} and therefore over the universe as "it appears," though not as "it is."

The first lesson in Praty?h?ra is to sit still and let the mind run on, until it is realized what the mind is doing, when it will be understood how to

130 "Shiva Sanhita," p. xlix. This in the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 91, is called the Shanmukhi Mudra. Enormous concentration is needed in all these Pr?n?y?ma exercises, and, if the aspirant wishes to succeed, he must inflame himself with a will to carry them out to their utmost, just as in the Ceremonial Exercises of Abramelin he inflamed himself to attain to the Holy Vision through Prayer. The mere act of restraining the breath, breathing it in and out in a given time, so occupies the mind that it has "no time" to think of any external object. For this reason the periods of Kumbhaka should always be increased in length, so that, by making the exercise little by little more difficult, greater concentration may be gained.

Fra. P. writes: "If Kumbhaka be properly performed, the body and mind become suddenly 'frozen.' The will is for a moment free, and can hurl itself toward Adonai perhaps with success, before memory again draws back the attention to the second-hand of the watch."

131 "Raja Yoga," Vivek?nanda, p. 48. It will be noticed that Pr?n?y?ma itself naturally merges into Praty?h?ra as concentration on the breath increase.

132 "The Unity of J?va and Brahman, Srimat S?nkar?ch?rya," paragraph 121.

control it. Then it will find that the thoughts which at first bubbled up, one over the other, become less and less numerous; but in their place will spring up the thoughts which are normally sub-conscious. As these arise the Will of the aspirant should strangle them; thus, if a picture is seen, the aspirant by means of his will should seize hold of it before it can escape him, endow it with an objectivity, after which he should destroy it, as if it were a living creature, and have done with it. After this mastership over the senses has been attained to, the next practice namely that of Dh?ran? must be begun.

DHARANA

Dh?ran? consists in concentrating the will on one definite object or point. sometimes it is practised by concentrating on external objects such as a rose, cross, triangle, winged-globe, etc. sometimes on a deity, Shiva, Isis, Christ or Buddha; but usually in India by forcing the mind to feel certain parts of the body to the exclusion of others, such as a point in the centre of the

heart, or a lotus of light in the brain.

"when the chitta, or mind stuff, is confined and limited to a certain place, this is called Dh?ran?."

"The Steadiness of the mind arising from the recognition of Brahma, wherever it travels or goes, is the real and great Dh?ran?."133 {104}

The six Chakkras are points often used by the Yogi when in contemplation. Thus seated in the Padm?sana he will fix his attention in the Ajna lotus, and by contemplating upon this light the "Shiva Sanhita"134 informs us "all sins (unbalanced forces) are destroyed, and even the most wicked (unbalanced) person obtains the highest end."

Those who would practise Dh?ran? successfully should live alone, and should take care to distract the mind as little as possible. They should not speak much or work much, and they should avoid all places, persons and food which repel them.135 The first signs of success will be better health and temperament, and a clearer voice. Those who practise zealously will towards the final stages of Dh?ran? hear sounds as of the pealing of distant bells,136 and will see specks of light floating before them which will grow larger and larger as the concentration proceeds. "Practice hard!" urges Swami Vivek?nanda, "whether you live or die, it does not matter. You have to plunge in and work, without thinking of the result. If you are brave enough, in six months you will be a perfect Yogi."137

DHYANA.

After Dh?ran? we arrive at Dhy?na, or meditation upon the outpouring of the mind on the object held by the will.138 {105} when once Dh?ran? or

133 "Unity of J?va and Brahman, Srimat S?nkar?ch?rya," paragraph 122.

134 See Chapter V, 43-51.

135 Compare the Abramelin instructions with these.

136 The Nada.

137 Compare Eliphas Levi, "Doctrine and Ritual of Magic," p. 195.

138 Imagine the objective world to be represented by a sheet of paper covered with letters and the names of things, and our power of concentration to be a magnifying glass: that power is of no use, should we wish to burn that paper, until the rays of light are "focussed." By moving the glass or paper with our hand we obtain the right distance. In the above the Will takes the place of the hand.

concentration has progressed so far as to train the mind to remain fixed on one object then Dhy?na or meditation may be practised. And when this power of Dhy?na becomes so intensified as to be able to pass beyond the external perception and brood as it were upon the very centre or soul of the object held by the will, it becomes known as Sam?dhi or Superconsciousness. The

three last stages Dh?ran?, Dhy?na and Sam?dhi, which are so intimately associated, are classed under the one name of Samy?ma.¹³⁹

Thus meditation should rise from the object to the objectless. Firstly the external cause of sensations should be perceived, then their internal motions, and lastly the reaction of the mind. By thus doing will the Yogi control the waves of the mind, and the waters of the great Ocean will cease to be disturbed by their rise and fall, and they will become still and full of rest, so that like a mirror will they reflect the unimaginable glory of the Atman.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.¹⁴⁰ And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.¹⁴¹

{106}

Compare this with the following:

That which is the night of all beings, for the disciplined man is the time of waking; when other beings are waking, then is it night for the Muni who seeth.

He attaineth Peace, into whom all desires flow as rivers flow into the ocean, which is filled with water but remaineth unmoved --- not he who desireth desires.

He who, through the likeness of the Atman, O Arjuna, seeth identity in everything, whether pleasant or painful, he is considered a perfect Yogi.¹⁴²

Now that we have finished our long account of the Ved?nta Philosophy and the theories of Yoga which directly evolved therefrom, we will leave theory alone and pass on to practical fact, and see how Frater P. Turned the above knowledge to account, proving what at present he could only believe.

The following is a condensed table of such of his meditation practices as have been recorded between January and April 1901.

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Winged-Globe. ¹⁴³	4 min.	The entire meditation was bad.
Tejas Ak?sa. ¹⁴⁴	3 "	There was no difficulty in getting

¹³⁹ See also "The Yogasara-Sangraha," p. 74.

¹⁴⁰ It is to be noted that the symbolism made use of here is almost identical with that so often made use of in the Yoga Shastras and in the Vedanta. The union of Kundalini (Shakti) and Shiva.

¹⁴¹ Revelation, xxi, 1-4.

¹⁴² "The Bhagavad-G?ta," ii, 69, 70; vi, 32. Cf. "Konx om Pax,"

pp. 73-77.

143 The ordinary Egyptian Winged-Globe is here meant, but as visualized by the mind's eye; the meditation then takes place on the image in the mind. so with the following practises.

144 Tejas-Ak?sa is the Element of Fire. It is symbolized by a red triangle of fire with a black egg in the centre. See "777", col. LXXV, p. 16. See Diagram 84.

		the object clear; but the mind wandered.
Apas-V?yu ¹⁴⁵	? "	Result not very good.
Winged-Globe and Flaming Sword. ¹⁴⁶	? "	Meditation on both of these was only fair. {107}
Pendulum ¹⁴⁷ (E). ¹⁴⁸	? "	Good as regards plane kept by the pendulum; but thoughts wandered.
Winged-Globe.	? "	The result was pretty good.
Tejas-V?yu (E).	? "	Fair.
Ankh ¹⁴⁹ (a green).	? "	Not bad.
Pentagram (E).	? "	Rather good.
The L. I. L. ¹⁵⁰ (E).	? "	Burning till extinct. Rather good, but oil level descended very irregularly. ¹⁵¹
Cross.	? "	Result fair.
Cross.	10 m. 15 s.	Three breaks.
Isis ¹⁵² (E).	18 m. 30 s.	Five breaks. A very difficult practice, as Isis behaved like a living object. ¹⁵³
Winged-Globe.	29 m.	Seven breaks. Result would have been much better but for an episcene enuch with an alleged flute. My mind revolved various methods of killing it.
Tejas-Ak?sa.	18 "	Seven breaks.
R. R. et A. C. ¹⁵⁴	19 "	Seven breaks.
Pendulum.	? "	After 3 m. lost control and gave up.
Winged-Globe. (E).	10 "	Ten breaks. ¹⁵⁵ {108}

145 Apas-V?yu is the Element of Water and is symbolized by a black egg of Spirit in the Silver Crescent of Water. See "777", col. LXXV, p. 16. See Diagram 84.

146 The Golden Dawn symbol of the Flaming Sword. See Diagram 12.

147 By this is meant watching the swing of an imaginary pendulum. The difficulty is to keep it in one plane, as it tries to swing round; also to change its rate.

148 In these records "M" means morning and "E" evening.

149 The Egyptian Key of Life. See Diagram 61.

150 Lamp of the Invisible Light.

151 In the mind.

152 The visualized form of the goddess Isis.

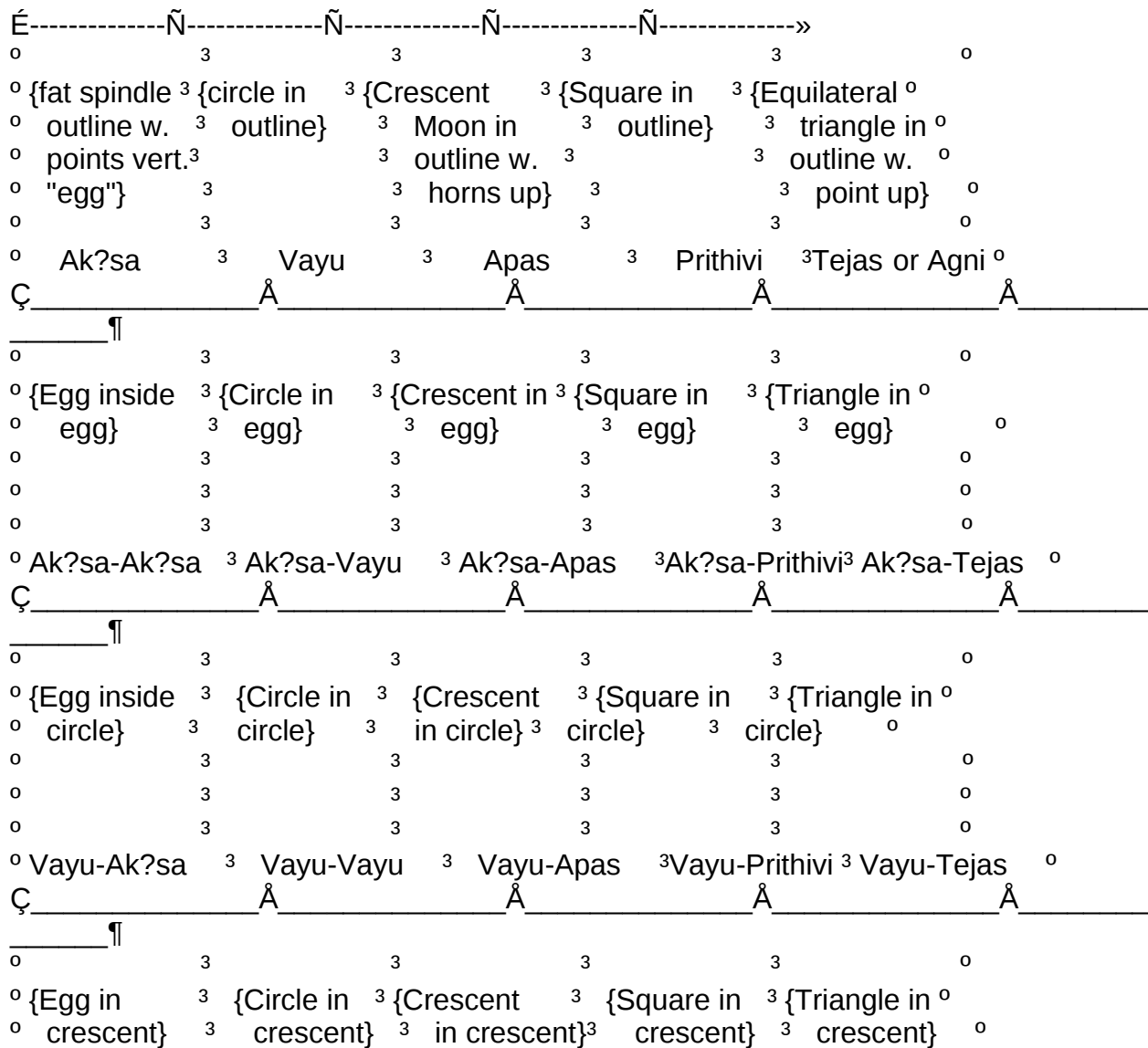
153 That is to say she kept on moving out of the line of mental sight.

154 See Diagram 80. A scarlet rose on a gold cross.

155 At this point P. made the following resolve: "I resolve to increase my powers very greatly by the aid of the Most High, until I can meditate for twenty-four hours on one object."

{Illustration facing page 108 partly approximated and partly described:

"DIAGRAM 84. The Five Tatwas, with their twenty-five sub-divisions."



o	3	3	3	3	o
o	3	3	3	3	o
o	3	3	3	3	o
° Apas-Ak?sa	3	Apas-Vayu	3	Apas-Apas	3Apas-Prithivi 3 Apas-Tejas °
Ç	Ä	Ä	Ä	Ä	Ä
¶					
o	3	3	3	3	o
° {Egg in	3	{Circle in	3	{Crescent	3 {Square in 3 {Triangle in °
° square}	3	square}	3	in crescent}	3 square}
o	3	3	3	3	o
o	3	3	3	3	o
o	3	3	3Prithivi-	3	o
°Prithivi-Ak?sa	3Prithivi-Vayu	3Prithivi-Apas	3	Prithivi	3Prithivi-Tejas°
Ç	Ä	Ä	Ä	Ä	Ä
¶					
o	3	3	3	3	o
° {Egg in	3	{Circle in	3	{Crescent in	3 {Square in 3 {Triangle in °
° triangle}	3	triangle}	3	triangle}	3 triangle}
o	3	3	3	3	o
o	3	3	3	3	o
° Tejas-Ak?sa	3	Tejas-Vayu	3	Tejas-Apas	3Tejas-Prithivi3 Tejas-Tejas °
È-----ï-----ï-----ï-----ï-----1/4					
}					

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Black egg and white ray between pillars156 (E).	10 "	Five breaks.
Golden Dawn Symbol157 (E).	? "	Very bad. Bad cold, dust, shaking, etc., prevented concentration158
Golden Dawn Symbol (E).	10 "	Four breaks.
R. R. et A. C.	23 "	Nine breaks.

Against this particular practice P. wrote: "I think breaks are longer in themselves than of old; for I find myself concentrating on them and forgetting the primary altogether. But I have no means of telling how long it is before the error is discovered."

Some very much more elaborate and difficult meditations were attempted by P. at this time; in nature they are very similar to many of St. Loyola's. We give the account in his own words:

I tried to imagine the sound of a waterfall. This was very difficult to get at; and it makes one's ears sing for a long time afterwards. If I really

got it, it was however not strong enough to shut out physical sounds. I also tried to imagine the "puff-puff" of an engine. This resulted better than the last, but it caused the skin of my head to commence vibrating. I then tried to imagine the taste of chocolate; this proved extremely difficult; and after this the ticking of a watch. This proved easier, and the result was quite good; but there was a tendency to slow up with the right ear, which however was easy to test by approaching a watch against the ear."¹⁵⁹

During this whole period of rough travel, work is fatiguing, difficult and uncertain. Regularity is impossible, as regards hours and even days, and the {109} mind, being so full of other things, seems to refuse to compose itself. Nearly always I was too tired to do two (let alone three) meditations; and the weariness of the morrow was another hostile factor. Let me hope that my return here (Mexico City) will work wonders.

Three days after this entry on a certain Wednesday evening we find a very extraordinary mental experiment recorded in P.'s diary.

D. A. made to P. the following suggestion for a meditation practice.

1. Imagine that I am standing before you in my climbing clothes.
2. When you have visualized the figure, forbid it to move its limbs, etc.
3. Then allow the figure to change, "as a whole," its illumination, position and appearance.
4. Carefully observe and remember any phenomenon in connection therewith.

All this P. attempted with the following result:

The figure of D.A.: leaning on an ice-axe was clearly seen, but at first it was a shade difficult to fix.

The figure at once went 35° to my left, and stayed there; then I observed a scarlet Tiphereth above the head and the blue path of HB:Gemel (gimel) going upwards. Around the head was bluish light, and tiphereth was surrounded by

156 The Ak?sic egg of spirit set between the Pillars of Mercy and Severity with a ray of light descending upon it from Kether.

157 There Golden Dawn Symbol here meditated upon consisted of a white triangle surmounted by a red cross. See Diagram 4.

158 This meditation took place whilst P. was on a journey.

159 these meditations are called Objective Cognitions, by concentrating on certain nerve centres super-physical sensations are obtained.

rays as of a sun. I then noticed that the figure had the power to reduplicate itself at various further distances; but the main figure was very steady.

Above and over the figure there towered a devil in the shape of some antediluvian beast. How long I mentally watched the figure I cannot say, but after a period it became obscure and difficult to see, and in order to prevent it vanishing it had to be willed to stay. After a further time the

Plesiosaurus ("P") above the figure became a vast shadowy form including the figure itself.

The experiment being at an end D. A. put the following question to P. "How do you judge of distance of secondary replicas of me?"

P. answered: "By size only."

D. A. comments on the above were as follows:

1. That the test partially failed.
2. That he expected his figure to move more often.¹⁶⁰{110}
3. the vast shadowy form was very satisfactory and promising.¹⁶¹

On the following day P. records first: Meditation upon Winged-Glob to compose himself. He then imagined D. A. sitting forward with his arms around his knees and his hands clasped. Around the figure was an aura of heaving surfaces, and then a focussing movement which brought the surfaces very close together. "The figure then started growing rapidly in all dimensions till it reached a vast form, and as it grew it left behind it tiny emaciated withered old men sitting in similar positions, but with changed features, so much so that I should think it were due to other reasons besides emaciation."

{Illustration on page 111 described.

"DIAGRAM 85. Aura of Heaving Surfaces."

This is a depiction of three curved arrows about a central pattern of dots. In the dot pattern there are five dots horizontal in the center, two arched rows of three immediately above and below, then two dots above and below the three and lastly one dot above center and one below. The whole dot pattern gives the appearance of the intersection of three lines at equal angles, composed of five dots each, the central dot common to all. The curved arrow lines are positioned like a trefoil or a three-bladed ship's propeller. One issues from just right of the base of the dots, curves clockwise outward and inward to a height about that of the top dot in the central pattern, but a distance equal to the diameter of the dot pattern from it horizontally. The top curved arrow line extends from just above and outward from the left end of the horizontal five row (extending the curve would intersect the left-most dot. The last curved arrow line completes the set, all trilaterally symmetric, with pointed butts, wide central thickness, then narrow to the curved chevron of the arrow head. If the outer curves of the arrow lines were circumscribed at tangents, the resulting circle would have a diameter five times that of a circle passing through the most extended dots of the central pattern.}

D. A. considered this meditation very satisfactory, but that nevertheless P. should attempt it again the next day.

This, however, was impossible; as on the next day, Friday, he was suffering severely from headache and neuralgia; so instead, in order to compose himself, he meditated upon a cross for an hour and a quarter.

The next living object meditation he attempted is described in the diary as

follows:

160 Normally in these experiments the figure does move more often.

161 Normally this is so.

To meditate upon the image of D. A. sitting with his hands on his knees like a God.¹⁶² Spirals were seen moving up him to a great height, and then descending till they expanded to a great size. Besides this no other change took place.

D. A.'s comments on these remarkable experiments are as follows:

The hidden secret is that the change of size and distance is not in accordance with optical laws. No one has kept living objects "dead still."¹⁶³ One of two things may occur:

("a") The figure remains in one spot, but alters in size.

("b") The figure remains same apparent size, but alters in distance.^{111}

Further that the Yogi theories on this experiment were:

(1) That a living object is the reflection of the Actual, the living object being purely unreal.

(2) That from this type of meditation can be discovered the character of the person meditated upon.

"e.g." Q. Is A. pious?

A. If he grows large, yes he is very pious.

Q. Is B. a villain?

A. If he shrivels, he is a "small" villain, not a man to be afraid of.

Also of ordinary occult things --- "e.g." change of face, expressions, etc. There are also further theories regarding the disintegration of man. Theories concerning the danger of this process to the meditator and meditatee alike.¹⁶⁴

The next practice was to meditate upon the image of D. A. standing.

The figure remained in the same place, but altered much like a form reflected in glasses of various curves. The general tendency was to increase slightly, but the most fixed idea was of a figure about 9 feet high but of normal breadth. Next, of normal height and of about double normal breadth.

D. A.'s comment on this meditation was that the result was not good.

This practice was attempted again on the following day: and resulted in many superposed images of various sizes and at various distances. One of the figures had moustaches like the horns of a buffalo. The expression of the figures became bold and fierce; especially at four feet distance, where there were two very real images, one small and one large respectively.

the commend of D. A. on this meditation was that it was most clear, and represented complete success.

On the fifteenth of April 1901 we find P. writing in his diary:

"I agree to project my astral to Soror F.¹⁶⁵ in Hong-Kong every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, which should ready her at 4.6 p.m. on Sunday by Hong-

Kong time. She is to start at 10 a.m. Sunday by Hong-Kong time to reach me by 12.2 p.m. Saturday.

These spirit journeys were to commence on the 31st of {112} May; but this date seems to have been anticipated, for two days later we read the following:

10 p.m. Enclosing myself in an egg of white light I travelled to Hong-Kong. This city is white and on a rocky hill, the lower part is narrow and dirty. I found F. in a room of white and pale green. She was dressed in a white soft stuff with velvet lapels. We conversed awhile. I remember trying

162 In the position many of the Egyptian gods assume.

163 Qy.: Is this from habit of expecting living things to move? I can, I think, succeed in keeping them still. --- "Note by P."

164 This danger is also experienced by such as carry out Black Magical Operations. The current of will often returns and injures the Magician who willed it.

165 Soror F. the same as Soror S.S.D.F.

to lift a cloisonné vase from the shelf to a table, but cannot remember whether I accomplished the act or not. I said "Ave Soror" aloud (and I think audibly) and remained some time.166

This astral projection is an operation of Chokmah; for the Chiah must vivify the Nephesh shell. After returning P. records that on his journey back he saw "his Magical Mirror of the Universe very clearly in its colours."

Towards the end of April P. drew up for himself the following daily Task:

- (1) To work through the first five of the seven mental operations.167
- (2) The assumption of God forms.168
- (3) To meditate on simple symbols with the idea of discovering their meaning.

(4) Rising on planes.

(5) Astral Visions.169

(6) Adonai ha Aretz.170 {113}

166 This description of Hong-Kong is as correct as can be expected from so short a visit. The conversation was subsequently verified by letter, and also again when they met several years later.

167 He resolved the HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation into seven parts.

168 The HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation, see also the Magical invocation of the Higher Genius: chapter "The Sorcerer." And Liber O iii THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2.

169 See chapter, "The Seer," also Liber O v THE EQUINOX, vol. 1, No. 2.

170 The invocation of the Guardian Angel under the form of a talisman.

"How to draw it."

Draw the name HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph as follows:

HB:Aleph = A winged crown radiating white brilliance.

HB:Dalet = The head and neck of a beautiful woman with a stern and fixed expression, and hair long dark and waving. (Malkuth.)

HB:Nun = The arms and hands, which are bare and strong, stretched out to the right and left at right angles to the body, in

the left hand a gold cup and in right ears of ripe corn. From her shoulders dark spreading wings.

HB:Yod = A deep yellow-green robe, upon the breast of which is a square gold lamen decorated with four scarlet Greek crosses.

Round her waist is a broad gold belt upon which in scarlet letters is written the name HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph in the

letters of the alphabet of Honorius. Her feet are flesh coloured, and she wears golden sandals. Her long yellow-green drapery is rayed with olive, and beneath her feet roll black clouds lit with lurid patches of colour.

"How to perform it."

- (1) Commence with lesser pentagram Banishing Ritual.
- (2) Formulate rose-cross round room (First, top to bottom; second left to right; third the rose as a circle dextro-rotary).
- (3) The LVX sings in 5ø = 6ø towards the four cardinal points.
- (4) Formulate before you in white flashing brilliance the eight letters thus"
- (5) Attach yourself to your Kether and imagine you see a

(7) Meditation practices on men and things171

(8) Elemental evocations.172

(9) Meditation to vivify telemata173

(10) Astral projections174

PHYSICAL WORK.

(2) Careful drawings of the Gods in their colours.

(6) Figure of Adonai ha Aretz in colour. [See Illustration.] {114}

{Illustration facing page 114 described:

"DIAGRAM 86. The Flashing Figure of Adonai-ha-Aretz."

This is a black, gray and white illustration in a large vertical rectangle.

The field is black. Inside and at the bottom are these words in Hebrew letters, the line of letters arched downward: HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph . The rest of the figure is as described in the last note on page 113:

"A winged crown radiating white brilliance." --- three hollow triangles visible with a pair of inverted wings coming up like antlers to either side. The white brilliance is represented by 35 visible shaded beams radiating in all directions from the center of the crown band, behind it and stopping only at the clouds emanating from behind the knees.

"The head and neck of a beautiful woman with a stern and fixed expression, and hair long dark and waving." --- as described, but crude features are depicted. The hair comes down in two loose falls resembling braids to the waist on either side of the torso.

"The arms and hands, which are bare and strong, stretched out to the right and left at right angles to the body, in the left hand a gold cup and in right ears of ripe corn." --- The hands are clenched about these objects, palmer to the fore. The Cup is ornamented by vertical, narrow bulges about the bowl. The corn is British corn or wheat.

"From her shoulders dark spreading wings." --- as described, feathers depicted with primaries and secondaries.

HB:Aleph
white light there.

HB:Dalet

(6) Having thus formulated the letters, take a deep breath

HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Nun HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet
HB:Aleph

and pronounce the name slowly making the letters flash

HB:Yod

(7) Invoke the Telesmatic image. Let it fill the Universe.

HB:Heh

(8) Then whilst once again vibrating the Name absorb it

HB:Aleph

into yourself; and then will your aura radiate with

HB:Resh

whiteness.

HB:Tzaddi

You should obtain your Divine White Brilliance before formulating the Image. There are two methods, the involving and the expanding whorls respectively.

171 Similar to the D. A. Mediation Practices.

172 Similar to Fra. I. A.'s ritual of Jupiter.

173 This is done by making the telemata flash by meditation.

174 This is done by projecting a physical image of the self in front of one by meditation.

"A deep yellow-green robe, upon the breast of which is a square gold lamén decorated with four scarlet Greek crosses." --- as described, the robe is very loose and is parted to show the lamén on what appears to be the bare chest. The Greek crosses look indented. There is a rim and a simple cross quartering the lamén into four sub-panels for the Greek crosses.

"Round her waist is a broad gold belt upon which in scarlet letters is written the name HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph in the letters of the alphabet of Honorius." --- That is ztrahjnda, on the drawing. This is written in the wrong direction for the alphabet of Honorius.

"Her feet are flesh coloured, and she wears golden sandals." --- as described, the sandals are open strap with two or three cross straps and a single long strap.

"Her long yellow-green drapery is rayed with olive," --- looks like silk harem pants.

"and beneath her feet roll black clouds lit with lurid patches of colour." --- these are most oddly depicted. Starting at the area behind the knees, there is a stretched out cloud with most of its bulk upwards to the center; it cuts off the radiant beams from the crown. There are two patchy clouds to the left on the illustration and three to the right below this large one. The figure is walking on something that looks like a cross between a dried lotus seed pod and a transected mud-dauber nest.}

(8) Completion of Watch-towers and instruments.175

(9) The making of simple talismans.

During each day this programme of work was to be divided as follows:

(1) In the Morning the HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation, and Assumption of a God-form.

(2) Before Tiffin. An Astral projection practice.

(3) After Tiffin. Rising on a plane, or Vision, or Adonai ha Aretz.

(4) In the Evening. A magical ceremony of same sort, or any of above except astral projection.176

On March the 3rd we find P. wandering among the fastnesses of the Nevado de Colima. Here he lived for a fortnight, returning to Mexico City on the 18th only to leave it again two days later on an expedition to the Nevado de Touca. On the 16th of April he journeyed to Amecameca, from which place he visited Soror F., by projection, and thence up Popocatepetl, encamped on whose slopes he resolved the HB:Shin of HB:Shin into seven Mental Operations:

1. Ray of Divine White Brilliance descending upon the Ak?sic Egg set between the two pillars.

2. Aspire by the Serpent, and concentrate on Flashing Sword. Imagine the stroke of the Sword upon the Da?th junction (nape of neck).

3. Make the Egg grow gray, by a threefold spiral of light.

4. Make the Egg grow nearly white. (Repeat spiral formula.)
5. Repeat 2. Above head. Triangle of Fire (red).
6. Invoke Light. Withdraw. See Golden Dawn Symbol.
7. Let all things vanish in the Illimitable Light.

On the 22nd of April P., having bidden farewell to D. A., who had been to him both friend and master, left for San Francisco. {115}

175 The Elemental Tablets of Dr. Dee; see Diagrams in "The Vision and the Voice."

176 Ideas for mental Concentration. Concentration on Scarlet Sphere in Tiphereth. Let it slowly rise into Da?th and darken, after which into Kether and be a white brilliance; thence fling it flashing, or bring it down and keep it in Tiphereth.

At this city, on the first of May, he solemnly began anew the Operations of the Great Work, and bought a steel rod for a wand, and tools to work it. On the second he bought gold, silver, and a jewel wherewith to make a Crown; and on the third set sail for Japan.

During the voyage the following practices have been recorded:

May 4th. Prithivi-Aspas.177 45 m.

Also went on an Astral Journey to Japan. In which I found myself crossing great quantities of Coral-pearl entangled with seaweed and shells. After having journeyed for some time I came to a spot where I saw the form of a King standing above that of Venus who was surrounded by many mermaids; they all had the appearance of having just been frozen. Above the nymphs bowing towards them were many pale yellow angels chained together, and amongst them stood Archangels of a pale silver which flashed forth rays of gold. Above all was the Formless Light. The Archangels showed me curious types of horned beings riding along a circle in different directions.

5th. Concentration on Position 1.178 This resulted in many strange dreams.

6th. Concentration on Position 1. 32 m. Ten breaks. Better towards the end; but best after tenth break. Concentration must have then lasted quite 6 or 7 minutes.

7th. Position 1. 15 m. Three breaks, but end very doubtful having become very sleepy.

Position 1. 6 m. Three breaks. I seemed to collapse suddenly.

Went to Devachan179 on Astral Journey. I found myself surrounded {116} by a wonderful pearly lustre, and then among great trees between the branches of which bright birds were flying. After this I saw a captain on his ship and also a lover contemplating his bride. The real inhabitants of this land to which I went were as of

flame, and the imaginary ones were depicted as we physical beings are. Then the images of my vision sped past me rapidly. I saw a mountaineer; my father preaching with me in his old home; my mother, his mother; a man doing Rajayoga on white god-form. At last a wave of pale light, or rather of a silky texture passed through and over me; then one of the strange inhabitants passed through me unconscious of me, and I returned.

- Golden Dawn symbol. 14 m. Three breaks.
 May 8th. Position 1. 22 m. Seven breaks.
 Calvary Cross. 50 m. Did I go to sleep?
 11th. Designed Abrahadabra
 for a pantacle.¹⁸⁰
 12th. I performed a Magic Ceremonial at night, followed by attempt at Astral Projection. I prefer the Esoteric Theosophist Society's seven-fold division for these practical purposes. I think Physical Astral Projection should be preceded by a (ceremonial) "loosening of
 177 In all cases when the name alone is mentioned a mediation practice is understood. Prithivi-Apas corresponds to water of earth. It is symbolized by a silver crescent drawn within a yellow square. See Diagram 84.
 178 "I.e.", Self in Ak?sa between pillars with white ray descending.
 179 Heaven
 180 An Eleven pointed Star.

the girders of the soul."¹⁸¹ How to do it is the great problem. I am inclined to believe in drugs --- if one only knew the right drug.

- 13th. Drew a pantacle.
 16th. Painted wicked black-magic pantacle.
 Held a magical ceremony in the evening.
 Lesser banishing Ritual of Pentagram and Hexagram.
 Invocation of Thoth and the Elements by Keys 1-6¹⁸² and G.'. D.'. Opening Rituals.
 Consecrated Lamen Crown and Abrahadabra Wand with great force.
 16th. Did the seven HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operations.
 Worked at a Z for 5 = 6 Ritual.¹⁸³
 17th. Position 1. 12 m. Not good.
 Evening Invocation of Mercury, Chokmah and Thoth.
 18th. Completed Z for 5 = 6 Ritual. {117}
 May 19th. 1. Assumption of the god-form of Harpocrates: It lasted nine minutes: the result was good, for I got a distinct aura around me.
 2. Physical Astral Projection. I formed a sphere which took a human shape but rather corpse-like. I then projected a gray¹⁸⁴ ray from the left side of my head; this was very tiring and there was no result physically.
 3. Concentrated on imaginary self for ten minutes, and then projected self into it with fearful force. Chiah "nearly" passed.¹⁸⁵

4. Red sphere "darkened" and glorified and return to lighten Tiphereth. The result was good.
- 20th. 1. Tejas-Aspas Meditation.
2. Meditation on living object with the usual two figure result.
 3. Astral Vision.¹⁸⁶ I found myself in a boiling sea with geysers spouting around me. Suddenly monsters shaped like lions and bulls and dragons rose from the deep, and about them sped many fiery angels, and Titanic god-forms plunged and wheeled and rose amongst the waters. Above all was built a white temple of marble through which a rose-flame flickered. there stood Aphrodite with a torch in one hand and a cup in the other,¹⁸⁷ and above her hovered Archangels. Then suddenly all was an immense void, and as I looked into it I beheld the dawn of creation. Gusts of liquid fire flamed and whirled through the darkness. Then nothing but the brilliance of fire and water. I was away fifteen minutes.
 4. Seven minutes breathing exercise fifteen seconds each way. (Breathing in, withholding, and breathing out.)
 5. White Lion on Gray. 5 m. Result bad.
- 21st. Position 1. 45 m. Fair.
- Worked out a "double" formula for Physical Astral Projection. First project with Enterer Sign; simulacrum answers with Harpocrates sign.¹⁸⁸ Then as soon as Enterer sign weakens change consciousness as for Astral Visions. After which attack body from Simulacrum
- 181 P. at various times used the "Invocation of the Bornless one" as given in "The Goetia"; also the Pentagram rituals in Liber O.
- 182 The first six Angelic Keys of Dr. Dee.
- 183 The explanation of the 5ø = 6ø Ritual. See Chapter "The Adept."
- 184 The colour of Chokmah.
- 185 See Plate VI. "The Kabbalah Unveiled," S. L. Mathers.
- 186 It is to be noted that this Vision is of a fiery nature, and that it was experienced shortly after meditating upon Tejas-Aspas.
- 187 Very similar to the older form of "Temperance" in Taro.
- 188 See Liber O, THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2; Plate, "Signs of the Grades," i; and vol. i, No. 1; Plates the "Silent Watcher" and "Blind Force."
- {118} with sign of Enterer to draw force. This cycle repeat until Simulacrum is at least capable of audible speech.
- I tried this and started by invoking the forces of Chokmah and Thoth, but omitted stating purpose of Operation in so many words. Yet with three projections (each way) I obtained a shadowy grayness somewhat human in shape. But found difficulty where least expected --- in transferring consciousness to Simulacrum.
- May 22nd. God-form Thoth. 16 m. Result fair.
- Ak?sa-Ak?sa. During the meditation the following Vision was seen.

{Illustration on page 119 approximated:

An VI No. III Sun in Aries

An VI No. IV Sun in Libra

An VII No. V Sun in Aries

An VII No. VI Sun in Libra

An VIII No. VII Sun in Aries

An VIII No. VIII Sun in Libra

An IX No. IX Sun in Aries

An IX No. X Sun in Libra

Read an excerpt from Israel Regardie's Introduction of the 1927 edition.

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Pages in the original are marked thus at the bottom: {page number} Comments and descriptions are also set off by curly brackets {} Comments and notes not in the original are identified with the initials of the source: AC note = Crowley note. WEH note = Bill Heidrick note, etc. Descriptions of illustrations are not so identified, but are simply in curly brackets.

Key entry by Bill Heidrick, with help from Rusty Sporer, and Fr. H.B. (class A material and Bartzabel ritual). Entry of Liber AL by Fr. Ebony.

Love is the law, love under will.

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THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An V

Vol. I. No. I.

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O.S.
"THE METHOD OF SCIENCE --- THE AIM OF RELIGION "

LONDON
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EDITORIAL

IT is four hundred and seventy-seven years since the trouble in the Monastery. There were assembled many holy men from every part of the civilized world, learned doctors, princes of the Church, bishops, abbots, deans, all the wisdom of the world; for the Question was important --- how many teeth were there in a horse's mouth. For many days the debate swung this way and that, as Father was quoted against Father, Gospel against Epistle, Psalm against Proverb; and the summer being hot, and the shade of the monastery gardens pleasant, a young monk wearied of the discussion, and rising presumptuously among those reverend men, impudently proposed that they should examine the mouth of a horse and settle the question.

Now, there was no precedent for so bold a method, and we are not to be surprised that those holy men arose right wrathfully and fell upon the youth and beat him sore.

Having further immured him in a solitary cell, they resumed debate; but ultimately "in the grievous dearth of theological and historical opinion" declared the problem insoluble, an everlasting mystery by the Will of God.

To-day, their successors adopt the same principles with regard to that darkest of horses, the A :: A :: They have {1} not only refused to open our mouths, but have even refused to look into them when we ourselves have gone to the length of opening them wide before them.

However, there have been others. Whether we were too confident or they too easily discouraged is a question unnecessary to discuss. We hoped to sever at one blow their bonds; at least we should have loosened them. But their struggle, which should have aided our efforts, seemed to them too arduous. They have been perplexed rather than illumined by the light which we flashed upon them; and even if it showed a road, gave no sufficient reason why it should be followed.

Of such we humbly crave the pardon; and in answer to a seemingly widespread desire to know if we mean anything, and if so, What? we request those who would know the Truth of Scientific Illuminism to look into the open mouth of its doctrine, to follow its simple teachings step by step and not to turn their backs on it and, walking in the opposite direction, declare so simple a problem to be an everlasting mystery.

We are therefore not concerned with those who have not examined our doctrine of sceptical Theurgy, or scientific illuminism, or that which lies beyond. Let them examine without prejudice.

Some, too, have raised weapons against us, thinking to hurt us. But malice is only the result of ignorance; let them examine us, and they will love us. The sword is not yet forged that can divide him whose helmet is Truth. Nor is the arrow yet fledged that will pierce the flesh of one who is clothed in the glittering armour of mirth. So here, and now, {2} and with us; he who climbs the Mountain we point out to him, and which we have climbed; he who journeys by the chart we offer to him, and which we have followed, on his return will come in unto us as one who has authority; for he alone who has climbed

the summit can speak with truth of those things that from there are to be seen, for HE KNOWS. But he who stands afar off, and jests, saying: "It is not a Mountain, it is a cloud; it is not a cloud, it is a shadow; it is not a shadow, it is an illusion; it is not an illusion, it is indeed nothing at all!" --- who but a fool will heed him? for not having journeyed one step, HE KNOWS NOT concerning those things of which he speaks.

To make ourselves now utterly plain to all such as have misunderstood us, we will formulate our statement in many ways, so that at least there may be found one acceptable to each seeker who is open to conviction.

I

We perceive in the sensible world, Sorrow. Ultimately that is; we admit the Existence of a Problem requiring solution.

We accept the proofs of Hume, Kant, Herbert Spencer, Fuller, and others of this thesis: The Ratiocinative Faculty or Reason of Man contains in its essential nature an element of self-contradiction.

Following on this, we say:

If any resolution there be of these two problems, the Vanity of Life and the Vanity of Thought, it must be in the attainment of a Consciousness which transcends both of {3} them. Let us call this supernormal consciousness, or, for want of a better name, "Spiritual Experience."

Faith has been proposed as a remedy. But we perceive many incompatible forms of Faith founded on Authority --- The Vedas, The Quran, The Bible; Buddha, Christ, Joseph Smith. To choose between the we must resort to reason, already shown to be a fallacious guide.

There is only one Rock which Scepticism cannot shake; the Rock of Experience.

We have therefore endeavoured to eliminate from the conditions of acquiring Spiritual Experience its dogmatic, theological, accidental, climatic and other inessential elements.

We require the employment of a strictly scientific method. The mind of the seeker must be unbiased: all prejudice and other sources of error must be perceived as such and extirpated.

We have therefore devised a Syncretic-Eclectic Method combining the essentials of all methods, rejecting all their trammels, to attack the Problem, through exact experiments and not by guesses.

For each pupil we recommend a different method (in detail) suited to his needs; just as a physician prescribes the medicine proper to each particular patient.

We further believe that the Consummation of Spiritual Experience is reflected into the spheres of intellect and action as Genius, so that by taking an ordinary man we can by training produce a Master.

This thesis requires proof: we hope to supply such proof by producing Genius to order. {4}

II

There is no hope in physical life, since death of the individual, the race, and ultimately the planet, ends all.

There is no hope in reason, since it contradicts itself, and is in any case no more than a

reflection upon the facts of physical life.

What hope there may be in Investigation of the physical facts of Nature on Scientific lines is already actively sought after by a powerful and well-organized body of men of perfect probity and high capacity.

There is no hope in Faith, for there are many warring Faiths, all equally positive.

The adepts of Spiritual Experience promise us wonderful things, the Perception of Truth, and the Conquest of Sorrow, and there is enough unity in their method to make an Eclectic System possible.

We are determined to investigate this matter most thoroughly on Scientific lines.

III

We are Mystics, ever eagerly seeking a solution of unpleasant facts.

We are Men of Science, ever eagerly acquiring pertinent facts.

We are Sceptics, ever eagerly examining those facts.

We are Philosophers, ever eagerly classifying and co-ordinating those well-criticised facts.

We are Epicureans, ever eagerly enjoying the unification of those facts. {5}

We are Philanthropists, ever eagerly transmitting our knowledge of those facts to others.

Further, we are Syncretists, taking truth from all systems, ancient and modern; and Eclectics, ruthlessly discarding the inessential factors in any one system, however perfect.

IV

Faith, Life, Philosophy have failed.

Science is already established.

Mysticism, being based on pure experience, is always a vital force; but owing to the lack of trained observation, has always been a mass of error. Spiritual Experience, interpreted in the terms of Intellect, is distorted; just as sunrise shows the grass green and the sea blue. Both were invisible until sunrise; yet the diversity of colour is not in the sun, but in the objects on which its light falls, and their contradiction does not prove the sun to be an illusion.

We shall correct Mysticism (or Illuminism) by Science, and explain Science by Illuminism.

V

We have one method, that of Science.

We have one aim, that of Religion.

VI

There was once an Inhabitant in a land called Utopia who complained to the Water Company that his water was impure. {6}

"No," answered the Water Man, "it can't be impure, for we filter it."

"Oh indeed!" replied the Inhabitant, "but my wife died from drinking it."

"No," said the Water Man; "I assure you that this water comes from the purest springs in Utopia; further, that water, however impure, cannot hurt anybody; further, that I have a certificate of its purity from the Water Company itself."

"The people who pay you!" sneered the Inhabitant. "For your other points, Haeckel has proved that all water is poison, and I believe you get your water from a cesspool. Why, look at it!"

"And beautiful clear water it is!" said the Water Man. "Limpid as crystal. Worth a guinea a drop!"

"About what you charge for it!" retorted the incensed Inhabitant. "It looks fairly clear, I admit, in the twilight. But that is not the point. A poison need not cloud water."

"But," urged the other, "one of our directors is a prophet, and he prophesied --- clearly, in so many words --- that the water would be pure this year. And besides, our first founder was a holy man, who performed a special miracle to make it pure for ever!"

"Your evidence is as tainted as your water," replied the now infuriated householder. So off they went to the Judge.

The Judge heard the case carefully. "My good friends!" said he, "you've neither of you got a leg to stand on; for in all you say there is not one grain of proof. --- The case is dismissed." {7}

The Water Inspector rose jubilant, when from the body of the Court came a still small voice.

"Might I respectfully suggest, your Worship, that the water in question be examined through my Microscope?"

"What in thunder is a Microscope?" cried the three in chorus.

"An instrument, your Worship, that I have constructed on the admitted principles of optics, to demonstrate by experience what these gentlemen are arguing about "a priori" and on hearsay."

Then they both rose up against him, and cursed him.

"Unscientific balderdash!" said the Water Man, for the first time speaking respectfully of Science.

"Blasphemous Nonsense!" said the Inhabitant, for the first time speaking respectfully of Religion.

"Wait and see," said the Judge; for he was a just Judge.

Then the Man with the Microscope explained the uses of this new and strange instrument. And the Judge patiently investigated all sources of error, and concluded in the end that the instrument was a true revealer of the secrets of the water. And he pronounced just judgment.

But the others were blinded by passion and self-interest. They only quarrelled more noisily, and were finally turned out of court. But the Judge caused the Man with the Microscope to be appointed Government Analyst at £12,000 a year.

Now the Water Man is the Believer, and the Inhabitant the Unbeliever. The Judge is the Agnostic --- in Huxley's sense of the word; and the Man with the Microscope is the Scientific Illuminist.

Curious as it may seem, all this was most carefully explained {8} in No. 1 of this Review, in Mr. Frank Harris's "The Magic Glasses."

Mr. 'Allett is the Materialist, Canon Bayton the Idealist, the Judge's daughter is the Agnostic, and Matthew Penry the Scientific Illuminist. If the little girl had been able to "follow up the light," she might there have seen Penry standing, his head and his feet white like wool, and his eyes a flaming fire!

This, then, in one language or another, is our philosophical position. But for those who are not content with this, let it be said that there is something more behind and beyond. Among us are those who have experienced things of a nature so exalted that no words ever penned could even adumbrate them faintly. The communication of such

knowledge, so far as it is at all possible, must be a personal thing; and we offer it with both hands.

It is simple to write to the Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ at the care of the publishers, 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.; a neophyte of the Order will be detailed to meet the inquirer. He will read to him the History of the Order and explain the task of the Probationer. For we give to each inquirer a year's study; mutual, so that he may decide whether we can indeed give that which he wishes, and so that we may know exactly what training is suitable for him.

Also because we are subtle of mind, many are offended. For we wished to test the world by the touchstone of THE EQUINOX. Those who perceived the essential gold that lay hidden in that hard rock are now busy delving out the same; many are thereby become rich.

So I who write this for the Brethren, with all humility and {9} awe, do seriously summon all men unto the Search, even those who are offended because I laugh, gazing into the Eyes of the Beloved; and those who are offended because I hate the veil of words that hides the face of the Beloved; and those who are offended because my passion for the Beloved is too virile and eager to suit their awe; perhaps they forget that passion means suffering.

But let them know that my Beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies. {10}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no2/eqi02003.html>

39 captures

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LIBER O

VEL

MANVS ET SAGITTAE

SVB FIGVRA

VI

A ∴ A ∴ Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

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{Illustration facing page 12: THE SIGNS OF THE GRADES.

These are arranged as ten panels:

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These are all halftone photos of a single human in a black Tau robe, barefoot with hood completely closed over the face. The hood displays a six-pointed figure on the forehead --- presumably the radiant eye of Horus of the A ∴ A ∴, but the rendition is too poor in detail. There is a cross pendant over the heart. The ten panels are numbered in white in the upper left, but the numerals are very dim even in the 1st edition (some blurred out entirely in the Weiser edition). The panels are identified by two columns of numbered captions, 1 to 6 to the left and 7 to 10 to the right. The description is bottom to top and left to right:

"1. Earth: the god Set fighting." Frontal figure. Rt. foot pointed to the fore and angled slightly outward with weight on ball of foot. Lf. heel touching Rt. heel and foot pointed left. Arms form a diagonal with body, right above head and in line with left at waist height. Hands palmer and open with fingers outstretched and together. Head erect.

"2. Air: The god Shu supporting the sky." Frontal. Heels together and slightly angled apart to the front, flat on floor. Head down. Arms angled up on either side of head about head 1.5 ft. from head to wrist and crooked as if supporting a ceiling just at head height with the finger tips. The palms face upward and the backs of the hands away from the head. Thumbs closed to side of palms. Fingers straight and together.

"3. Water: the goddess Auramoth." Same body and foot position as #2, but head erect. Arms are brought down over the chest so that the thumbs touch above the heart and the backs of the hands are to the front. The fingers meet below the heart, forming between thumbs and fingers the descending triangle of water.

"4. Fire: the goddess Thoum-aesh-neith." Frontal. Head and body like #3. Arms are angled so that the thumbs meet in a line over the brow. Palmer side facing. Fingers meet above head, forming between thumbs and fingers the ascending triangle of fire.

"5,6. Spirit: the rending and closing of the veil." Head erect in both. #5 has the same body posture as #1, except that the left and right feet are countercharged and flat on the floor. Arms and hands are crooked forward at shoulder level such that the hands appear to be clawing open a split veil --- hands have progressed to a point that the forearms are invisible, being directly pointed at the front. Upper arms are flat and horizontal in the plain of the image. #6. has the same body posture as #1, feet in same position as #1 but flat to the floor. The arms are elbow down against abdomen, with hands forward over heart in claws such that the knuckles are touching. Passing from #5 to #6 or vice versa is done by motion of shoulders and rotation of wrists. This is different from the other sign of opening the veil, the Sign of the Enterer, with is done with hands flat palm to palm and then spread without rotation of wrists.

"7-10. The L V X signs."

"7. + Osiris slain --- the cross." Body and feet as in #2. Head bowed. Arms directly horizontal from the shoulders in the plane of the image. Hands with fingers together,

thumbs to side of palm and palmer side forward. The tau shape of the robe dominates the image.

"8. L Isis mourning --- the Svastica." The body is in semi-profile, head down slightly and facing right of photograph. The arms, hands, legs and feet are positioned to define a swastika. Left foot flat, carrying weight and angled toward the right of the photo. Right foot toe down behind the figure to the left in the photo. Right upper arm due left in photo and forearm vertical with fingers closed and pointing upward. Left arm smoothly canted down to the right of photo, with fingers closed and pointed down.

"9. V Typhon --- the Trident." Figure frontal and standing on tip toe, toes forward and heels not touching. Head back. Arms angled in a "V" with the body to the top and outward in the plain of the photo. Fingers and thumbs as #7, but continuing the lines of the arms.

"10. X Osiris risen --- the Pentagram." Body and feet as in #7. Head directly frontal and level. Arms crossed over heart, right over left with hands extended, fingers closed and thumb on side such that the palms rest on the two opposite shoulders.}

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VI
I

This book is very easy to misunderstand; readers are asked to use the most minute critical care in the study of it, even as we have done in its preparation.

In this book it is spoken of the Sephiroth and the Paths; of Spirits and Conjurations; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things which may or may not exist.

It is immaterial whether these exist or not. By doing certain things certain results will follow; students are most earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophic validity to any of them.

The advantages to be gained from them are chiefly these:

(a) A widening of the horizon of the mind.

(b) An improvement of the control of the mind.

The student, if he attains any success in the following practices, will find himself confronted by things (ideas or {13} beings) too glorious or too dreadful to be described. It is essential that he remain the master of all that he beholds, hears or conceives; otherwise he will be the slave of illusion, and the prey of madness.

Before entering upon any of these practices, the student should be in good health, and have attained a fair mastery of Asana, Pranayama and Dharana.

There is little danger that any student, however idle or stupid, will fail to get some result; but there is great danger that he will be led astray, obsessed and overwhelmed by his results, even though it be by those which it is necessary that he should attain. Too often, moreover, he mistaketh the first resting-place for the goal, and taketh off his armour as if he were a victor ere the fight is well begun.

It is desirable that the student should never attach to any result the importance which it at first seems to possess.

First, then, let us consider the Book "777" and its use; the preparation of the Place; the use of the Magic Ceremonies; and finally the methods which follow in Chapter V. "Viator in Regnis Arboris," and in Chapter VI. "Sagitta trans Lunam."

(In another book will it be treated of the Expansion and Contraction of Consciousness; progress by slaying the Chakrams; progress by slaying the Pairs of Opposites; the methods of Sabhapaty Swami, &c., &c.)

II.

The student must FIRST obtain a thorough knowledge of "Book 777", especially of columns i., ii., iii., v., vi., vii., ix., xi., xii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xix., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxviii., {14} xxxix., xl., xli., xlii., xlv., liv., lv., lix., lx., lxi., lxii., lxx., lxxv., lxxvii., lxxviii., lxxix., lxxx., lxxxi., lxxxiii., xcvi., xcvi., xcix., c., ci., cxvii., cxviii., cxxxvii., cxxxviii., cxxxix., clxxv., clxxvi., clxxvii., clxxxii.

When these are committed to memory, he will begin to understand the nature of these correspondences. (See Illustrations "The Temple of Solomon the King" in this number. Cross references are given.)

If we take an example, the use of the table will become clear.

Let us suppose that you wish to obtain knowledge of some obscure science.

In column xlv., line 12, you will find "Knowledge of Sciences."

By now looking up line 12 in the other columns, you will find that the Planet corresponding is Mercury, its number eight, its lineal figures the octagon and octagram. The God who rules that planet Thoth, or in Hebrew symbolism Tetragrammaton Adonai and Elohim Tzabaoth, its Archangel Raphael, its Choir of Angels Beni Elohim, its Intelligence Tiriell, its Spirit Taphtatharath, its colours Orange (for Mercury is the Sphere of the Sephira Hod, 8), Yellow, Purple, Grey, and Indigo rayed with Violet; its Magical Weapon the Wand or Caduceus, its Perfumes Mastic and others, its sacred plants Vervain and others, its jewel the Opal or Agate; its sacred animal the Snake, &c., &c. You would then prepare your Place of Working accordingly. In an orange circle you would draw an eight-pointed star of yellow, at whose points you would place eight lamps. The Sigil of the Spirit (which is to be found in Cornelius {15} Agrippa and other books) you would draw in the four colours with such other devices as your experience may suggest.

And so on. We cannot here enter at length into all the necessary preparations; and the student will find them fully set forth in the proper books, of which the "Goetia" is perhaps the best example.

These rituals need not be slavishly imitated; on the contrary the student should do nothing the object of which he does not understand; also, if he have any capacity whatever, he will find his own crude rituals more effective than the highly polished ones of other people.

The general purpose of all this preparation is as follows:

Since the student is a man surrounded by material objects, if it be his wish to master one particular idea, he must make every material object about him directly suggest that idea. Thus in the ritual quoted, if his glance fall upon the lights, their number suggests Mercury; he smells the perfumes, and again Mercury is brought to his mind. In other words, the whole magical apparatus and ritual is a complex system of mnemonics. [The importance of these lies principally in the fact that particular sets of images that the student may meet in his wanderings correspond to particular lineal figures, divine names, &c. and are controlled by them. As to the possibility of producing results external to the mind of the seer (objective, in the ordinary common sense acceptation of the term) we are here silent.]

There are three important practices connected with all forms of ceremonial (and the two Methods which later we shall describe). These are: {16}

- (1) Assumption of God-forms.
- (2) Vibration of Divine Names.
- (3) Rituals of "Banishing" and "Invoking".

These, at least, should be completely mastered before the dangerous Methods of Chapters V. and VI. are attempted.

III

The Magical Images of the Gods of Egypt should be made thoroughly familiar. This can be done by studying them in any public museum, or in such books as may be accessible to the student. They should then be carefully painted by him, both from the model and from memory.

The student, seated in the "God" position, or in the characteristic attitude of the God desired, should then imagine His image as coinciding with his own body, or as enveloping it. This must be practised until mastery of the image is attained, and an identity with it and with the God experienced.

It is a matter for very great regret that no simple and certain test of success in this practice exists.

The Vibration of God-names. As a further means of identifying the human consciousness with that pure portion of it which man calls by the name of some God, let him act thus:

- (a) Stand with arms outstretched. (See illustration.)
- (b) Breathe in deeply through the nostrils, imagining the name of the God desired entering with the breath.
- (c) Let that name descend slowly from the lungs to the heart, the solar plexus, the navel, the generative organs, and so to the feet. {17}
- (d) The moment that it appears to touch the feet, quickly advance the left foot about 12 inches, throw forward the body, and let the hands (drawn back to the side of the eyes) shoot out, so that you are standing in the typical position of the God Horus, [See Illustration in Vol. I. No. 1, "Blind Force."] and at the same time imagine the Name as rushing up and through the body, while you breathe it out through the nostrils with the air which has been till then retained in the lungs. All this must be done with all the force of which you are capable.
- (e) Then withdraw the left foot, and place the right forefinger upon the lips, so that you are in the characteristic position of the God Harpocrates [See Illustration in Vol. I. No. 1,

"The Silent Watcher."]

It is a sign that the student is performing this correctly when a single "Vibration" entirely exhausts his physical strength. It should cause him to grow hot all over, or to perspire violently, and it should so weaken him that he will find it difficult to remain standing. It is a sign of success, though only by the student himself is it perceived, when he hears the name of the God vehemently roared forth, as if by the concourse of ten thousand thunders; and it should appear to him as if that Great Voice proceeded from the Universe, and not from himself.

In both the above practices all consciousness of anything but the God-form and name should be absolutely blotted out; and the longer it takes for normal perception to return, the better. {18}

IV

The Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram must be committed to memory; they are as follows:

The Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram

- (i) Touching the forehead say Ateh (Unto Thee).
- (ii) Touching the breast say Malkuth (The Kingdom).
- (iii) Touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power).
- (iv) Touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory).
- (v) Clasping the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (To the Ages, Amen).
- (vi) Turning to the East make a pentagram (that of Earth) with the proper weapon (usually the Wand). Say (i.e. vibrate) I H V H.
- (vii) Turning to the South, the same, but say A D N I.
- (viii) Turning to the West, the same, but say A H I H.
- (ix) Turning to the North, the same, but say A G L A.

Pronounce: Ye-ho-wau, Adónai, Eheieh, Agla.

- (x) Extending the arms in the form of a Cross say:
- (xi) Before me Raphael;
- (xii) Behind me Gabriel;
- (xiii) On my right hand Michael.
- (xiv) On my left hand Auriel;
- (xv) For about me flames the Pentagram,
- (xvi) And in the Column stands the six-rayed Star.
- (xvii-xxi) Repeat (i) to (v), the Qabalistic Cross. {19}

The Greater Ritual of the Pentagram

The Pentagrams are traced in the air with the sword or other weapon, the name spoken aloud, and the signs used, as illustrated.

The Signs of the Portal (see Illustrations): Extend the hands in front of you, palms

outwards, separate them as if in the act of rending asunder a veil or curtain (actives), and then bring them together as if closing it up again and let them fall to the side (passives).

(The Grade of the "Portal" is particularly attributed to the element of Spirit; it refers to the Sun; the Paths of s, n, and u, are attributed to this degree.< See "777" lines 6 and 31 bis).

{20} The signs of 4 Degree = 7 Square: Raise the arms above the head and join the hands, so that the tips of the fingers and of the thumbs meet, formulating a triangle (See illustration).

(The Grade of 4 Degree = 7 Square is particularly attributed to the element Fire; it refers to the planet Venus; the paths of q, x, and p are attributed to this degree. For other attributions see "777" lines 7 and 31).

The signs of 3 Degree = 8 Square: Raise the arms till the elbows are on a level with the shoulders, bring the hands across the chest, touching the thumbs and tips of fingers so as to form a triangle apex downwards. ("See" illustration).

(The Grade of 3 Degree = 8 Square is particularly attributed to the element of Water; it refers to the planet Mercury; the paths of r and c are attributed to this degree. For other attributions see "777", lines 8 and 23).

The signs of 2 Degree = 9 Square: Stretch both arms upwards and outwards, the elbows bent at right angles, the hands bent back, the palms upwards as if supporting a weight. (See illustration). {21}

(The Grade of 2 Degree = 9 Square is particularly attributed to the element Air; it refers to the Moon; the path of t is attributed to this degree. For other attributions see "777" lines 9 and 11).

The Sign of 1 Degree = 10 Square: Advance the right foot, stretch out the right hand upwards and forwards, the left hand downwards and backwards, the palms open.

(The Grade of 1 Degree = 10 Square is particularly attributed to the element of Earth, See "777" lines 10 and 32 bis).

The Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram.

This ritual is to be performed after the "Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram".

(i) Stand upright, feet together, left arm at side, right across body, holding the wand or other weapon upright in the median line. Then face East and say:

(ii) I.N.R.I.

Yod. Nun. Resh. Yod.

Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.

Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.

Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.

Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO. {22}

(iii) Extend the arms in the form of a cross, and say: "The Sign of Osiris Slain." (See Illustration).

(iv) Raise the right arm to point upwards, keeping the elbow square, and lower the left arm to point downwards, keeping the elbow square, while turning the head over the left shoulder looking down so that the eyes follow the left forearm, and say, "The Sign of the Mourning of Isis." (See Illustration).

(v) Raise the arms at an angle of sixty degrees to each other above the head, which is thrown back, and say, "The Sign of Apophis and Typhon." (See Illustration).

(vi) Cross the arms on the breast, and bow the head and say, "The Sign of Osiris Risen." (See Illustration).

(vii) Extend the arms again as in (iii) and cross them again as in (vi) saying: "L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross".

(viii) With the magical weapon trace the Hexagram of Fire in the East, saying, "Ararita" (a t y r a r a). Which Word consists of the initials of a sentence which means "One is His Beginning: One is His Individuality: His Permutation is One."

This hexagram consists of two equilateral triangles, both apices pointed upwards. Begin at the top of the upper {23} triangle and trace it in a dextro-rotary direction. The top of the lower triangle should coincide with the central point of the upper triangle.

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(ix) Trace the Hexagram of Earth in the South, saying "ARARITA." This Hexagram has the apex of the lower triangle pointing downwards, and it should be capable of inscription in a circle.

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(x) Trace the Hexagram of Air in the West, saying "ARARITA." This Hexagram is like that of Earth; but the bases of the triangles coincide, forming a diamond.

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(xi) Trace the hexagram of Water in the North, saying "ARARITA." This hexagram has the lower triangle placed above the upper, so that their apices coincide.

(xii) Repeat (i-vii)

The Banishing Ritual is identical, save that the direction of the Hexagrams must be reversed. {24}

The Greater Ritual of the Hexagram

To invoke or banish planets or zodiacal signs.

The Hexagram of Earth alone is used. Draw the hexagram, beginning from the point which is attributed to the planet you are dealing with. (See "777" col. lxxxiii).

Thus to invoke Jupiter begin from the right-hand point of the lower triangle, dextro-rotary and complete; then trace the upper triangle from its left hand point and complete.

Trace the astrological sigil of the planet in the centre of your hexagram.

For the Zodiac use the hexagram of the planet which rules the {25} sign you require ("777", col. cxxxviii); but draw the astrological sigil of the sign, instead of that of the planet.

{25}

For Caput and Cauda Draconis use the lunar hexagram, with the sigil of Caput Draconis or Cauda Draconis.

To banish, reverse the hexagram.

In all cases use a conjuration first with Ararita, and next with the name of the God corresponding to the planet or sign you are dealing with.

The Hexagrams pertaining to the planets are as in plate on preceding page.

2. These rituals should be practised until the figures drawn appear in flame, in flame so near to physical flame that it would perhaps be visible to the eyes of a bystander, were one present. It is alleged that some persons have attained the power of actually kindling fire by these means. Whether this be so or not, the power is not one to be aimed at.

3. Success in "banishing" is known by a "feeling of cleanliness" in the atmosphere; success in "invoking" by a "feeling of holiness." It is unfortunate that these terms are so vague.

But at least make sure of this: that any imaginary figure or being shall instantly obey the will of the student, when he uses the appropriate figure. In obstinate cases, the form of the appropriate God may be assumed.

4. The banishing rituals should be used at the commencement of any ceremony whatever. Next, the student should use a general invocation, such as the "Preliminary Invocation" in the "Goetia" as well as a special invocation to suit the nature of his working.

5. Success in these verbal invocations is so subtle a {26} matter, and its grades so delicately shaded, that it must be left to the good sense of the student to decide whether or not he should be satisfied with his result.

V

Let the student be at rest in one of his prescribed positions, having bathed and robed with the proper decorum. Let the place of working be free from all disturbance, and let the preliminary purifications, banishings and invocations be duly accomplished, and, lastly, let the incense be kindled.

Let him imagine his own figure (preferably robed in the proper magical garments and armed with the proper magical weapons) as enveloping his physical body, or standing near to and in front of him.

Let him then transfer the seat of his consciousness to that imagined figure; so that it may seem to him that he is seeing with its eyes, and hearing with its ears.

This will usually be the great difficulty of the operation.

Let him then cause that imagined figure to rise in the air to a great height above the earth.

Let him then stop and look about him. (It is sometimes difficult to open the eyes.)

Probably he will see figures approaching him, or become conscious of a landscape.

Let him speak to such figures, and insist upon being answered, using the proper pentagrams and signs, as previously taught.

Let him travel about at will, either with or without guidance from such figure or figures.

{27}

Let him further employ such special invocations as will cause to appear the particular places he may wish to visit.

Let him beware of the thousand subtle attacks and deceptions that he will experience, carefully testing the truth of all with whom he speaks.

Thus a hostile being may appear clothed with glory; the appropriate pentagram will in such a case cause him to shrivel or decay.

Practice will make the student infinitely wary in these matters.

It is usually quite easy to return to the body, but should any difficulty arise, practice (again) will make the imagination fertile. For example, one may create in thought a chariot of fire with white horses, and command the charioteer to drive earthwards.

It might be dangerous to go too far, or to stay too long; for fatigue must be avoided.

The danger spoken of is that of fainting, or of obsession, or of loss of memory or other mental faculty.

Finally, let the student cause his imagined body in which he supposes himself to have been travelling to coincide with the physical, tightening his muscles, drawing in his breath, and putting his forefinger to his lips. Then let him "awake" by a well-defined act of will, and soberly and accurately record his experiences.

It may be added that this apparently complicated experiment is perfectly easy to perform. It is best to learn by "travelling" with a person already experienced in the matter. Two or three experiments will suffice to render the student confident and even expert. See also "The Seer", pp. 295-333.

VI

The previous experiment has little value, and leads to few results of importance. But it is susceptible of a development which merges into a form of Dharana --- concentration --- and as such may lead to the very highest ends. The principal use of the practice in the last chapter is to familiarise the student with every kind of obstacle and every kind of delusion, so that he may be perfect master of every idea that may arise in his brain, to dismiss it, to transmute it, to cause it instantly to obey his will.

Let him then begin exactly as before, but with the most intense solemnity and determination.

Let him be very careful to cause his imaginary body to rise in a line exactly perpendicular to the earth's tangent at the point where his physical body is situated (or to put it more simply, straight upwards).

Instead of stopping, let him continue to rise until fatigue almost overcomes him. If he should find that he has stopped without willing to do so, and that figures appear, let him at all costs rise above them.

Yea, though his very life tremble on his lips, let him force his way upward and onward!

Let him continue in this so long as the breath of life is in him. Whatever threatens, whatever allures, though it were Typhon and all his hosts loosed from the pit and leagued against him, though it were from the very Throne of God Himself that a Voice issues bidding him stay and be content, let him struggle on, ever on.

At last there must come a moment when his whole {29} being is swallowed up in fatigue, overwhelmed by its own inertia.*

* This in case of failure. The results of success are so many and wonderful that no effort is here made to describe them. They are classified, tentatively, in the "Herb

Dangerous," Part II., infra.

Let him sink (when no longer can he strive, though his tongue be bitten through with the effort and the blood gush from his nostrils) into the blackness of unconsciousness; and then, on coming to himself, let him write down soberly and accurately a record of all that hath occurred, yea a record of all that hath occurred.

EXPLICIT

[A book of Elementary Invocations is in preparation, and will be issued in Number 3.]

{30

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39 captures

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AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

"WALK up!" he shouted from the tent door. "Walk up! Walk up! and see the marvellous mermaid! Only four sous!" It was at the Gingerbread Fair of Neuilly, and the showman was a squat little fellow, ridiculously like the gingerbread figures which his neighbour was selling, and from which the Fair derives its name.

I admit I did not expect to see a mermaid, but I was tired of peep-shows and waxworks and fasting men, and there was something so incongruous in the idea of a mermaid, even an imaginary one, being exhibited in this rickety booth, by the light of a naphtha lamp, that, for a moment, I stopped to listen. The man stood in the doorway, shouting, to attract the passerby, and there was a picture too, to aid him: the picture of a wondrous creature with flaxen hair and a hectic flush, and decked with a silvern tail. I listened to his patter. She must be a wonderful person, this mermaid: she could swim, she could eat, and, at times, she could even talk. She was as large as life, and, by all accounts, she was more than twice as natural. So, at length, I paid my twopence, and I saw --- a seal! There it lay, at the bottom of a miniature bear-pit, and with its wistful face and its great pathetic eyes it really did look quite as human as the majority of its audience. The thing was a {337} swindle, I suppose, a fake --- and yet, after all, this Gingerbread showman in this Gingerbread City was not the first to work the merry cantrip. For wherever seals are common, be it in our own northern islands or in further foreign lands, there will these mermaid legends be wrought around them. Only in Orkney or the Hebrides they are most easily garnered, for the language is our own language. One of the most beautiful of them, when told in full, is the tale of the Mermaid Wife.

On a moonlight night, as an Orkney fisherman strolled by the sea-shore, he saw, to his amazement, some beautiful maidens dancing a saraband on the smooth beach. In a heap by their side lay a bundle of skins, which, on his approach, the maidens seized and then plunged with them into the surf, where they took the form of seals. But the fisherman had managed to snatch up one skin, which lay apart from the rest, and so one maiden was left behind. Despite her entreaties and her tears, he kept the skin, and she was at last obliged to follow him to his hut. They married and had many children, who were like all other children, except for a thin web between their fingers, and for years husband and wife lived at peace. But every ninth night she would steal down to the beach and talk with one large seal in an unknown tongue, and then return with saddened countenance. And so the years passed, until one day, whilst playing in the barn, one of the children found an old dried skin. He took this to his mother gleefully, and she, snatching it from him, kissed him and his brothers and sisters, and then rushed down to the sea. And the fisherman, when he returned home that evening, was just in time to see his wife take the form of a seal and dive into the water. He never saw her again, but sometimes she would call o' nights, {338} as she sported on the shore with her first husband, who was, of course, the large seal.

That is the story as they tell it to-day in Orkney, and that is the story as told by Haroun al Raschid. Only, in the "Arabian Nights" it is called the "The Melancholy Youth," and the seal is replaced by a dove, but all the essentials -- the maidens, the bathing, the skins, the wedding, the flight --- remain as they do to-day.

The seal is well known to be an animal in which the maternal instinct is abnormally developed, and many of the tales have this fact as their basis. Here is a particularly charming one --- the story of Gioga's son:

One day, as a boat's crew were completing a successful raid on the seals, a great storm came on, and one of the party, who had become separated from the rest, was unavoidably left behind on the Skerry. The waves were dashing against the low rocks, and the unfortunate man had resigned himself to his fate, when he saw several of the surviving seals approaching. The moment they landed they threw off their skins, and appeared before him as Sea-trows or Seal-folk. And even those seals who had lately been skinned by the boatmen also revived in time, and took their human form, but they mourned the loss of their sea-vestures, which would for ever prevent them from returning to their homes beneath the ocean. Most of all did they lament for the son of Gioga, their queen. He, too, had lost his skin, and would be banished for ever from his mother's kingdom. But, seeing the forsaken boatman, who sat watching the rising waters in despair, Gioga suddenly conceived a plan to retain her son. She would carry the man on her back to the mainland, if he, {339} in his turn, would restore the missing skin. She even consented to his cutting some gashes in her flanks and shoulders that he might more easily retain his hold; so the mariner, leaving his perilous position, started on his scarcely less perilous voyage through the storm. But at length Gioga landed him safely, and he, for his part, kept the bargain and restored the skin of her son, so that there was great rejoicing on the Skerry that night.

There is one other story of particular interest, in that it contains features not generally found amongst the bulk of the Seal-folk legends. It is the story of the Wounded Seal.

There was once an islander who made his living by the killing of seals. One night, as he sat by the fire, resting after his day's work, he heard a knocking at the door, and, on opening it, found a man on horseback. The stranger explained that he had come on behalf of one who wished to buy a large number of skins, and then told him to mount up behind. Hoping to effect a good sale, the seal-hunter obeyed, and was carried away at a wild gallop, which ended on the brink of a precipice. There his strange companion grasped him, and plunged with him into the sea. Down they went, and down, till at length they reached the abode of the Seal-folk. Here, after a not unfriendly reception, the hunter was shown a huge jack-knife. It was his own --- one which, that very morning, he had left in the back of a seal, and this seal, so he learned, was the father of the horseman. He was then taken to an inner cavern, where the wounded creature lay, and was requested to touch the wound. This he did, and the seal was forthwith cured. Great rejoicings followed, and the hunter was given a safe conduct home, after swearing never {340} to slay a seal again. The return was effected in the same way as the previous journey, and the horseman, on his departure, left sufficient gold to compensate the islander for the loss of his means of livelihood.

This story is the only one out of the scores told to me in which the seal may be said to take the offensive, and I cannot trace it to any foreign source.

Mr. Walter Traill Dennison in his "Orcadian Sketches" tells us that the seal held a far higher place among the Northmen than any of the lower animals. He had a mysterious connection with the human race, and had the power of assuming the human form and faculties, and every true descendant of the Vikings looks upon the seal as a kind of second cousin in disgrace. Old beliefs die hard, and, in illustration of this, the following paragraph from a Scottish daily newspaper may be appropriately given:

A MERMAID ON AN ORKNEY ISLE. --- A strange story of the mermaid comes from Birsay, Orkney. The other day a farmer's wife was down at the seashore there, and observed a strange marine animal on the rocks. When she returned with her better half, they both saw the animal clambering amongst the rocks, about four feet of it being above water. The woman, who had a splendid view of it, describes it as a "good-looking person," while the man says it was "a woman covered over with brown hair." At last the couple tried to get hold of it, when it took a header into the sea and disappeared. The man is confident he has seen the fabled mermaid, but people in the district are of opinion that the animal must belong to the seal tribe. An animal of similar description was seen by several people at Deerness two years ago."

Mr. Dennison, in the above-mentioned book, only touches on seals once, but the story he gives is new to me and I have translated it and curtailed it from the Orcadian dialect. I wonder if the old Norseman who told it had ever heard of Androcles? {341}

THE SELKIE THAT DEUD NO' FORGET

A long time ago, one Mansie Meur was gathering limpets at the ebb tide, off Hackness, when he heard a strange sound coming from the rocks some distance off. Sometimes it would be like the sob of a woman, and sometimes louder, like the cry of a dying cow, but it was always a most pitiful sound. For a while Mansie could see nothing except a big seal close in to the rocks, who was craning his neck above the surface, and peering at a creek some distance off. And Mansie noticed that the seal was not frightened and never ducked his head once, but gazed continually at that creek. So Mansie crossed an intervening rock, and there, in a crevice, he saw a mother-seal lying in labour. And it was she who was moaning, whilst the father-seal lay out in the water watching her. Mansie stayed and watched her too, and after a while, she gave birth to two fine seal-calves, who were no sooner on the rocks than they clutched at their mother. Mansie thought to himself that the calf-hides would make a nice waistcoat, so he ran forward, and the seal-mother rowed herself over the face of the rock with her fins into the sea, but the two young ones had not the wit to flee. So Mansie seized them both, and the distress of the mother was terrible to see. She swam about and about, and beat herself with her fins like one distracted; and then she would clamber up, with her fore-fins on the edge of the rock, and glower into Mansie's face. He turned to go off with the two young ones under his arm --- they were sucking at his coat the while -- when the mother gave such a cry of despair, so human, so desolate, that it went straight to Mansie's heart, and turning again, he saw the {342} mother lying on her side with her head on the rock, and the tears were streaming from her eyes. So he stopped down and placed the little selkies near her, and the mother clasped them to her bosom with her meggs and then she looked up into Mansie's face, and all the happiness in the world was in that look: for on that day the selkie did everything but speak.

Mansie was a young man then, and sometime afterwards he married and settled on the west of Eday. One evening when he was fishing for sillocks on an ebb-rock, which could only be reached dry-shod at low water, the fish took unusually well, so that he stood and filled his basket. Indeed they took so well that he forgot all about the tide, and soon found himself cut off from the land. Mansie shouted and shouted, but he was far from any house, and nobody heard him. The water rose until it reached his knees, and then his hips, and then his shoulders. He shouted until he was hoarse, and then gave up all hope of life. But just as the sea was encircling his neck and coming now and then in little ripples to his mouth, just as the sea had almost lifted him from his rock, he felt something grip him by the collar of his coat, and in a few moments he found himself in shallow water. Looking round, he saw a big seal swimming to the rock, where she dived, picked up his basket of fish, and then swam back to the land. He took the basket from her mouth and then said with all his heart, "Geud bless the selkie that deus no' forget," for it was the same seal which he had seen on Hackness forty years before. She was a very old seal now but Mansie would have known her motherly face amongst a thousand.

In the folklore of the Hebrides, also, the seal occupies a {343} prominent place. Not only has a certain mystery been woven into his life, but even in death his carcass has been accredited with various magical properties. The "Highland Monthly" for November 1892 contained an article dealing with this subject, by Mr. William Mackenzie, Secretary to

the Crofter's Commission.

That the skin, after being dried, should sometimes have been made into waistcoats, is only natural, but it appears that it was also put to a more esoteric use, for persons suffering from sciatica wore girdles of it, with a view to driving that malady away.

The smoker and chewer, Mr. Mackenzie tells us, cut the skin into small squares, and converted them into spleuchain, or tobacco pouches, whilst the husbandman made thongs, which he used for the harness of his primitive plough.

Seal oil was also thought to possess medicinal virtues of no mean order, and, until quite recently, a course of oal-roin was a favourite, if not a never-failing, specific for all chest diseases. Furthermore, it is asserted by Martin ("circa" 1695) that seal liver, pulverised and taken with aqua vitae, or red wine, is a good prescription for diarrhoetic disorders.

Seal oil was used for lighting purposes in the monasteries, as the skins were for clothing, and from the pages of Adamnan we learn that the monks of Iona, in the time of St. Columba, had their own seal preserve.

The animal was also very popular as an article of food. The natives of the Western Islands, says Martin, used to salt the flesh of seals with burnt seaware. This flesh was eaten by the common people in the spring- time "with a pointed long stick instead of a fork, to prevent the strong smell which {344} their hands would otherwise have for several hours afterwards." Persons of quality made hams of the seal flesh, and broth, made from the young seals, served the same purpose medicinally, but in a minor degree, as seal oil. In Roman Catholic districts the common people ate seals in Lent, on the ground that they were fish and not flesh! Annual raids were made on the seals after dark, usually in the autumn, and large numbers were captured. All, however, did not belong to the captors, for other persons of prominence were entitled to a share.

The parish minister, according to Martin, "hath his choice of all the young seals, and that which he takes is called by the natives Cullen-Rory, that is, the Virgin Mary's seal. The Steward of the Island hath one paid to him, his Officer hath another; and this by virtue of their offices."

In the Hebrides, as in Orkney, the seal is regarded not as an animal of the ordinary brute creation, but as one endowed with great wisdom, and closely allied to man. One of the old beliefs is that seals are human beings under magic spells.

The seal was credited with being able to assume human form. While in human guise, he contracted marriages with human beings, and if we are to credit tradition, the MacCodrums of North Uist are the offspring of such a union. In former times the MacCodrums were known in the Western Islands as "Sliechd nan Ron," or the offspring of the seals. As a seal could assume the form of a man and make his abode on land, so a MacCodrum could assume the form of a seal and betake himself to the sea! While in this guise we are told that several MacCodrums had met their death. {345}

There is one local story which stands out from the rest, in that it contains a song by the animal:

A band of North Uist men slaughtered a number of seals on the Heisker rocks, and brought them to the main island. They were spread out in a row on the strand. One of the party was left in charge of them over night. To vary the monotony of his vigil he wandered a little distance away from the row of dead seals. When sitting under the shelter of a rock he beheld coming from the sea a woman of surpassing beauty, with her rich yellow tresses falling over her shoulders. She was dressed in an emerald robe, and, proceeding to the spot where the dead seals lay, she identified each as she went along soliloquising as follows:

Speg Spaidrig,
Spog mo chulein chaoin chaidrich,
Spog Fhiennngala,
Speg me ghille fada fienna --- gheala,
'S minig a bheis a'greim de rudain,
A Mhic Unhdainn, 'ic Amhdainn,
Speg a ghille mhoir ruaidh
'S olc a rinn an fhaire 'n raeir.

Translated:

The paw (or hand) of Spaidrig,
The paw of my tenderly cherished darling,
The paw of Fingalia,
The paw of my long-legged, fair-haired lad,
Who frequently sucked his finger ---
Son of OEdan, son of Audan,
The paw of the big red-haired lad
Who badly kept the watch last night.

The watchman surmised that the beautiful woman who now stood before him was a "spirit from the vasty deep," and {346} resolving to kill her, hurried off for his weapons. She saw him, fled towards the sea, and in the twinkling of an eye assumed the guise of a seal and plunged beneath the waves.

Although tales about sea-trows and mermaids are still plentiful in the islands of Orkney, the land fairies are acknowledge to have departed for ever. This is the story of their departure as it has been pieced together by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson.

Once upon a time, many years ago, the trows became dissatisfied with their residence upon Pomona. They determined, therefore, to leave the Pomona hills and knowes, and take up their dwelling beside the Dwarfie Stone on the island of Hoy.

The change was to be effected one evening at midnight, when the moon would be full

and everything in favour of their flitting. The fateful night arrived, and the fairy train set out upon their journey. They bade farewell to the grassy hillocks upon which they had danced so often, and to the rocky caverns, the scene of their nightly revels, and all hied to the trysting-place, which was the Black Craig of Stromness, chanting an elfin song as then went.

There they made the preparations necessary for crossing the intervening sea. They took a number of "simmons," or straw bands used in thatching houses, and, tying them together, made a long rope of sufficient length to stretch across the sound. One end was fastened to the top of the Black Craig, and a sentinel was told off to watch that it did not slip. The other end was seized by a long-legged trow called "Hempie," the "Ferry-leuper," who made an enormous leap {347} and alighted upon the opposite shore. There he secured his end of the straw bridge and made ready to receive his fellow trows as they crossed.

At length a start was made and all the trows were soon upon the rope, but just as they reached the middle, he who was in charge at the Stromness end let go his hold, and the whole company of fairies were thrown into the sea, dragging Hempie along with them in their descent. And the sea, being rough at the time, overwhelmed them all, so that every one was drowned. When he who had caused the calamity saw what had occurred, he too plunged into the angry water, so as not to survive his friends, and thus perished with them.

For a few moments a solitary figure appeared upon one of the rocks. It was the Dwarf of Hey. He gazed at the scene of the catastrophe, chanted a fairy dirge, and then vanished for ever.

Such was the end of the land-trows, and, although it put a stop to the making of further fairy-stories, it opened up a new hunting-ground for the weaver of romances in the caves beneath the sea. And even where there is no definite tale or detailed legend to tell beside the inglenook, there is sure to be some quaint conceit of metempsychosis which they can whisper when a seal comes near them. Was not Pharaoh's army turned into a school of seals? And that great white seal, which the fishermen have seen, and whose track is like the wash of an ocean steamer, is that not Pharaoh himself? So the stories spread, and the passer-by may take his fill of them, but I, for one, like best of all the tale of Gioga's son. And if just one passer-by on hearing it is held from firing just one shot, the tale has not been told in vain. {348}

But if ever I see that great white seal, whose track is like the wash of an ocean steamer, I am not quite sure but that I might rise a gun myself. I think it would be rather good fun to have a shot at Pharaoh, for I never like the man much.

NORMAN ROE.

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About this capture

AVE ADONAI

AVE ADONAI

PALE as the night that pales
In the dawn's pearl-pure pavilion,
I wait for thee, with my dove's breast
Shuddering, a god its bitter guest ---
Have I not gilded my nails
And painted my lips with vermilion?

Am I not wholly stript
Of the deeds and thoughts that obscure thee?
I wait for thee, my soul distraught
With aching for some nameless naught
In its most arcane crypt ---
Am I not fit to endure thee?

Girded about the paps
With a golden girdle of glory,
Dost thou wait me, thy slave who am,
As a wolf lurks for a strayed white lamb?
The chain of the stars snaps,
And the deep of night is hoary!

Thou whose mouth is a flame
With its seven-edged sword proceeding, {351}
Come! I am writhing with despair
Like a snake taken in a snare,
Moaning thy mystical name
Till my tongue is torn and bleeding!

Have I not gilded my nails
And painted my lips with vermillion?
Yea! thou art I; the deed awakes:
Thy lightning strikes, thy thunder breaks
Wild as the bride that wails
In the bridegroom's plumed pavilion!

ALEISTER CROWLEY

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About this capture

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM

THE TENNYSON CENTENARY

THE judicious may possibly wonder why one should dig so deep into the tumulus of oblivion to rescue (though but for execration) the bones of so very dead a dog as Alfred Tennyson.

But the truth is not so near the surface. He can hardly be called dead who never lived; and a trodden worm writhes longer than a felled ox. So therefore Tennyson succumbed to contempt, not to hatred; men twitched their robes away from the contamination of the unclean thing --- there was no fight, no bloodshed.

Now therefore the smirking approval of the neuters of England continues unashamed, until the younger generation (some of them) may be inclined to class Tennyson with the poets, rather than with the Longfellows and Cloughs.

They can hardly imagine any creature, however vile, so crapulous as to prostitute the noble legend of England herself to dust-licking before that amiable Teutonic prig, the late Prince Consort. Yet this busy buttock- groom gives the best part of his flunky's life to the achievement. Even his own friendships --- his friendships *

* WEH NOTE --- this word is set upside-down in the original text.

--- are made but the pretext for a new servility. {393}

And what an object for servility! The fashionable dilettante doubt, the fashionable dilettante faith, are neatly balanced in the scales of mid- Victorian pragmatism, whose coarse-fibred "affettuosi" bargain with God as with a huckster.

The British conception of the Noblest Man being that of a cheating tradesman, their God is fashioned in that image, and the ambition of them all is to cheat Him. So they avoid the sceptic's sneers by an affection of doubt, the fanatic's thunders by an affectation of faith: between which two stools they fall to the ground.

In the end they are more sceptic than the sceptic. Hear how they try to be pious!

"Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views,"

implies that the whole question of religion is so trivial that it is really not worth while disturbing any one about it.

So too the play at scepticism results in an insane excess of maudlin piety.

As we look back on that whole dreadful period, we sicken at its loathsome cant, its "laissez-faire," its sweating, its commercialism, its respectability, its humanitarianism, its inhumanity.

Of this age we have two perfect relics.

If art be defined as the true reflection of the inmost soul of the age, then the works of Alfred Tennyson and the Albert Memorial are among our chiefest treasures.

How harmonious, too, they are! There is nothing in Tennyson which the memorial does not figure in one or other of its gaudy features; no flatulence of the Memorial whose {394} perfect parallel one cannot find in the shoddy sentimentalism of Tennyson.

Even where the vision is true and beautiful it is quite out of place. The young gentleman waits in the park for his young lady; and sees, quite clearly and nicely:

"And like a ghost she glimmers on to me."

Apart from the villainous cacophony and bad taste of the wording, the vision is true enough; I was once young myself, in a park --- and the rest of it; and that is exactly the vision. But what a point of view! The young gentleman must certainly have been a curate.

At such moments the heart should race, the veins swell, the breath quicken, the eyes strain, the foot --- not a word of the struggle not to show impatience, the tenseness of the whole being of a man!

No! this is indeed a glimmering ghost, a bloodless, vacant phantom.

Note, too, the degradation of the symbols.

To compare a girl to a "ghost"; to disenchant the glow and glamour of her to a "glimmer."

To compare a volcano in eruption to the puffing of a steam-engine; the sun in heaven at high noon to a farthing dip.

The vision is accurate enough; but the point of view is throughout that of a flunkey, of a tradesman, of a gelded toady, of a stewed prune!

So too the very perfection of form which marks Tennyson is a shocking fault, a guide to the governess' mind of the creature. He is so determined to keep all the rules that he {395} utterly breaks the first (and last) rule: "Rules are the devil." He writes like a schoolboy for whom a false quantity means a basting. He counts his syllables on his fingers; he never writes by ear, as one whose ears are open to the heavenly melody of the Muses.

So we have all the artifice --- and perhaps the worst artifice ever invented --- but no art, no humanity.

As a mountaineer (I have seen very many of the greatest mountains of the earth) I must admit that

". . . phantom fair
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And dewy dells in a golden air"

is a very decent word-picture of the great mountain. But a Man would have felt his muscles tighten; and the lust to match his force against the stern splendour of those glittering ridges would have sent him hot-foot after rope and axe.

A great artist would rarely see so tremendous a vision as that of a mountain without emotion of terror and wonder and rejoicing. Tennyson sees it as a mere sight --- he ticks it off in his Baedeker. He sees the dolly side of everything. Everything he touches becomes petty, false, weak, a mirage. He degrades the courteous Gawain to a vulgar lecher --- but his lechery is as mild as an old maid's Patience; he ruins women as a child plucks a daisy. Lancelot commits adultery with kind gloves on; and Enoch Arden

moralises like a Sunday-School Teacher at a village treat.

In the mouth of this soft-spoken counter-jumper the wildest words take on the smoothest sense. By sheer dint of cadence. {396}

"Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime"

sounds less terrible than a dog-fight.

"Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd ---

is but a termagant.

"Ring out, wild bells" suggests no tocsin (as it might, for they symbolise the stupendous world-tragedy of the Atonement) but at most the pastoral summons to a simple worship, at least the dinner-gong --- a dinner whose Turkey cooed, not gobbled; a Plum Pudding innocent of brandy.

Yet these lines are the most forcible one can remember; and if these things are done in the green tree --- ?

Lady Clara Vere de Vere feels (or is supposed to feel) a ladylike repugnance to the sight of a suicide's scarred throat! She never is conceived of as rising either in joy or horror to the height of tragedy.

Her atonement? To preside at the Dorcas Society!

This ridiculous monster!

Let us cover up these bones neatly and tidily and bury them yet deeper in their tumulus of oblivion.

Bones? Jelly!

A. QUILLER, JR.

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About this capture
THE MAN-COVER
THE MAN-COVER *

* We believe the author of this story to be as mad as his characters. --- ED.

I

THE flesh of the neck was much swollen, the little legs somewhat stiff; the eyes wore a sad and tired expression. ... I am referring to a pigeon. The swollen neck was hidden by a soft grey down, the legs still held their burden, the eyes looked ahead --- yet the symptoms of fatigue were apparent to a connoisseur of pigeons.

And I am that. Once upon a time I was the happy proprietor of hundreds of carrier-pigeons. Misfortune and a short acquaintance with some faddists caused me to drown my ennui. I drank most of my pigeons --- dozens at the time --- or rather their equivalent in temperance drinks. I ruined my health. An illness followed, long and painful; the doctor's bill took the rest. ... But let us forget!

Now the pigeon came through my window, stood on the ledge and waited. It was a carrier, and it had a message. I took the pellucid note from the tube, and read its short contents, which aroused my curiosity.

"Kidnapped --- Prisoner --- have written report. Ignore where pigeon goes, but trust the recipient will read this and send back the pigeon with a note giving news of England. Are Radicals still in power? Shall send the letter by return of carrier. Please fill up tubes with films. Extraordinary adventures!!!"

It was strange and it attracted me. I fed the bird, put a short answer of a few words --- "Courage. Send message; there are no Radicals" --- and a supply of fresh films in the tubes, and, kissing its head, let it go with a sigh. Then my luck returned, and I forgot all about it until last week, when the pigeon came again. It was heavily loaded. I shall not reproduce all the notes, nor the whole of my correspondent's letter. I undertake all the responsibilities, and reserve, in consequence, my editorial right. {355}

However, and as a last preliminary, the reader will be glad to mark the following part of the letter:

"I beg of you, sir," concludes the Man-Cover, "not to send me any proofs before publication. It would be but an unnecessary trouble to you; to me such a mark of regard

from an unknown benefactor would prove a burden and give occasion to my enemies for recrudescence of persecution. My mail is sure to be ransacked, if indeed I am to be blessed with any communication from the living. But when all the instalments are published and my name is flying from lip to lip, then, and then only, you, whoever you are, noble champion of the Men-Covers, please send me thirty-one copies to be given away.

"I claim no royalty --- no money --- no consideration! The creature who accumulates the most extremely interesting and highly noble characteristics of a cover and of a man can but shrink with horror from the very idea of a vulgar coinage. Only please send in a cheque for œ1000 to the secretary of the S.P.T.B.P. *

* After a long and painful inquiry the present writer found out the society referred to by his correspondent. It is the Society for the Prevention of Tailbiting of Puppies, and stands in great need of generous contributions.

as an anonymous gift, to be nevertheless published in the records of the daily and periodical Press all over the world."

It is a big order for a man who despises money. My correspondent seems to know the powers which rule the world: Capital and Publicity. Alas! the puppies will keep on losing part of their tails in spite of the S.P.T.B.P., because of that third power, Fashion. As for the œ1000, I may --- or I may not. ... But we are digressing. To use an expression from the French, somewhat slangy, but expressive, "Je passe le crachoir ... l'orateur." I believe the author to be mad. I nevertheless think it necessary to state that I am "not" an authority on insanity.

Ever since long before my birth I led a peaceful existence. As I grew, Science attracted me, and Art, and Poetry; my favourite recreation was the conversion of puppy-owners to the generous belief in the regeneration of the canine race by the preservation of their caudal appendage. Also the genius which breathed within me caused me to leave my house on the fifth of November. Passing a crowded street, I was surrounded by urchins who greeted me by the {356} name of Guy Fawkes. I hurried home through a torrent of rain.

A man was pacing my street, muttering strange words which I could not understand. The rain, which fell heavily, had apparently not the slightest effect in cooling his heated brain. As I passed him I spoke:

"What a wretched night!"

The sound of my voice startled him. He seized my arm and hurried me towards the lamp-post. Then he stared at me for a long time, and, speaking slowly, hammering every syllable in my ear, while the rain continued its monotonous lamentation, he began:

"I should be very much surprised if this were not the cover I am waiting for. No fallacies will induce me to free you now that at last I have found you. I was dead; my life was nothing more than a spring without motion. Every twenty-one days, according to the calendar, I came, pacing the lonely streets of this remote spot. For two hours each time did I wait and wait, longing, eager, nervous, hopeful, hopeless, desperate, distressed, with gigantic thoughts crowding my mind. I almost despaired of seeing this moment; at last it has come. I forgot the duties of art, the call of reason, the fear of uncertain meetings, the very natural care for the most precious existence on this planet. But I am well rewarded. You have come. My globe of transparent crystal had shown me the truth. You have come, escaping my enemies, and you are for the time to come at my disposition."

I thought at first that the man was under the influence of drink and that it was useless to argue with him. Besides, I am not very daring with strangers, especially when they speak {357} in such questionable riddles. Accordingly I said nothing, but tried gently to regain my liberty. Alas! his grasp was stronger than my desire of liberty, and the only result was that he pinched me closer.

"I was dead," he resumed, "and my beautiful and lofty thoughts were wandering through space, shapeless and without expression. The cover which enclosed the shrine in which they were kept had been stolen from me, and my foes were expecting my surrender. Happily an angel sent by God ordered me to come out every twenty-one days, and promised me that I should find here the cover which I needed. I have it now, and mean to keep it."

"But what are you talking about?" said I. "I am a man; here is my house; and I don't know anything about your cover. You are mistaking me for some unknown person or object, sir; pray let me go."

"Let you go! Abandon once more the cover which shall keep my thoughts in! "You are mad!" Besides, why do you speak? And how is it that you come in such a shape?"

"I tell you I am a man. Leave me alone, or I shall have to call for assistance and give you in charge. I am a savant and a nobleman, known all over the world, I daresay."

"I am no fool, and I shall keep you. Come, I must be off to Brighton to-night; I have left my thoughts in the coverless box there." "I shall not go to Brighton, sir! Are you mad? Do I look like a piece of wood?"

"The appearance has nothing to do with the case. As to madness, I fear I "should" have gone mad "if" I had not found you at last. Come; my men are waiting, ready for any {358} emergency, and I shall be compelled to use their strength if you refuse to follow me. We are off to Brighton, and I shall there put you in your proper place. Oh, my thoughts, my lofty thoughts," he went on, "you shall to-night be sequestered from the world of your enemies!"

"I should like to know, dear unknown being to whom my winged friend will bring this letter, what you would have done in my place! How was I to escape? There was certainly not the slightest doubt that the man was a lunatic. Now, as it happens, lunatics have always been exceedingly interesting to me. Here was a case for my curiosity. This fellow, thought I, must have deceived the vigilance of his guardians, and I shall find no difficulty in having him arrested at the railway station, or at least on our arrival at Brighton. So I followed him. At the turning a big motor-car was waiting, and two men stood by on the pavement. They bowed silently before my companion, and made me enter the car.

One of them took charge of the driving, and the other followed us two in the back seats. The man said but one word, "Scat," and we started at a terrific speed and were soon off on the road.

I began to feel uneasy; but prudence stopped my speech in time, and the man next to me began to titter. Then he spoke; and though he may have uttered different words, this is what I understood:

"You are trying to deceive us. I always notice such an attempt, even when it has only reached its mental stage. Indeed, I cannot help noticing it. No doubt you have heard of me; I am "the-man-whose-nose-sings-at-will." That power has been granted me ever since I felt a strong impulse to kill my {359} wife with an axe. I mastered my impulse, and by a triumph of my logical faculties I cut my own right arm. Having no arm, I could no more kill my wife with an axe. God rewarded me by giving me the power of reading thought, which constitutes an extra sense for me; and to my nose He gave a voice of its own. I was a dentist. Indeed, I have found a new way of extracting teeth without gas. You merely press the neck of your patient, who faints in consequence, and you can then safely operate. How did "you" come to this? What caused you to take the attire of a man in place of the usual brown coat of a cover?"

His companion --- friend or master --- bade him keep silent for a while, and we journeyed in silence.

When we came in sight of Brighton the motor-car stopped suddenly in front of a large gate. The moment after we entered a park, and the door being opened, I was taken into the house.

The man whom, so unhappily for me, I had met in the street was now alone with me. Without leaving me a moment's peace, he began to take my measure with the utmost care and caution. Then, pointing to me a strong and broad cage, he ordered me to step in.

It would be very tiresome and quite useless for me to express here my various thoughts and the miserable consternation into which I was thrown. I would not live those hours again for anything in the world, and had the devil been within my reach I should decidedly have given my soul to him in order that he should see me safely home. But no

one came to my rescue, and, though most unwilling, I had to submit to my terrible fate.
{360}

When the cage, made of the strongest steel, was closed upon me, I found myself a prisoner in the most degrading state. I began to look around and to shake the bars of my grating, but in vain. The man-without-a-cover had gone.

My next step was to inspect the prison. And in so doing I discovered in the left corner a box, resembling a coffin in shape, though it was certainly not a coffin such as I delight in seeing daily in the windows of the undertakes. It was divided into compartments!

"Is this the box of lofty thoughts, I wonder?" said I to myself.

In that case the man must have had a certain degree of reason about him after all, for the box was far from being empty.

"In the first compartment" was a red flower, blushing deeply with all the purest carmine of Nature. The flower was certainly not freshly cut, but had preserved all its beauties and delectable perfume.

"In the second compartment" was a doll. Oh, not an extraordinary doll! A plain, common hand-made wooden doll, which you could open by the middle, to discover inside it a second doll presenting exactly the same appearance. Just like those figureless old women of white wood made by the Russian peasants during the long evenings of their winter season. From the first to the last there were twenty-one dolls, one inside the other. The last was scarcely bigger than a poppyseed, but presented exactly all the particularities of the largest one.

"In the third compartment" were two books. You may judge of my surprise when I opened them and found that no {361} black stain polluted the immaculate white of their leaves. Only the binding bore some words. They were the titles of those unwritten books. Thus they ran:

"The book which contains all that I know for certain."	"Advice to Mankind for a better use of their faculties."
--	---

No name of author was to be seen.

"In the fourth compartment" was a little framed picture, and though I examined it very closely I was not able at first to realize what the subject of the picture was. From a shallow little boat a gigantic snake was seen to emerge, fiercely staring, and on the opposite corner was a round black spot. As, when a child throws a stone in a river, the waves extend farther and farther, shunning the bruises which the child has inflicted upon them, in a like manner waver of a grey lighter and lighter as they extended

towards the snake were painted in methodically eccentric gyrations. The last wave was almost white, and stopped at the head of the monster.

"In the fifth compartment" was a skull.

"In the sixth compartment" was a white rose, with a delicious scent.

"In the seventh compartment," as well as in the eighth and last, I saw nothing, but a sweet music struck on my ear when I bent over them. The tunes were very different at first, one tender and soft, the other furious and thundering. At the end, however, both melted in a whisper, to die suddenly in a piercing cry of laughter. {362}

And the man-who-lost-his-cover came into the room again.

"Well," said he, "I thought that by now you would have found your way to submit to necessity and reintegrate your real personality. What did you see in my box?

I told him, and instantly he grew pale and staggered. But after a moment he looked furiously at me, and resumed his former manner.

"By God!" he said, "I cannot believe you. How you have found out my secret and learned by heart the things which one ought to see in my box, but which one does not, I ignore. But you cannot possibly have seen them." I swore that I was no impostor. But he refused to listen to me, and called his two men. They came, and began verifying the measure he had taken of me.

"Too long," said he, when it was completed. "You have grown out of shape. We shall have to cut out and plane you in order that you should exactly fit my mighty box. However, as you pretend to have seen in it things which a cover cannot possibly see, I must give myself a day to think it over."

I felt instantly relieved, and began to hope again.

"Perhaps I shall not be cut out and planed after all," thought I; and smiled humorously upon the man.

Fool! I felt almost certain that a crueller punishment could not be conceived by the morbid imagination of a madman. And now I am here, in this secluded spot, with no prospect but the most horrible of lives. ... But, dear unknown reader of this history, you to whom a trustworthy messenger will deliver it, do not let my personal sorrow trouble you because {363} of this incoherent anticipation of the rest of my story. I should raise no sympathy in your heart by whimpering over myself. It is true that I am inclined to run riot in self-lamentations; but great men always are. And I shall try henceforth not to give way to that unwholesome tendency. I have much already to be forgiven.

In my cage, then, to resume, I was just passing from a state of dreadful mental agony to

a more settled and hopeful disposition. For the second time the man-who-had-lost-his-cover left me alone; and I felt more relieved. He will never dare, thought I; and, after all, he does not look such a cold-blooded murderer. His eyes indicate some sort of inner life and his tone and voice are gentle at times. It is a joke, a mystification. ... It must be.

Thus I tried to deceive myself, and I must admit that I utterly failed. Looking, then, around my prison, I began to feel a very peculiar sort of numbness coming over me. It was almost like intoxication, and I am not in the least ashamed to say that I know what intoxication is. I was drowsy; my head seemed to weigh as heavy as if it contained lead in place of the keenest brains. The coffin appeared to me a most comfortable bedstead, and the skull a soft pillow. A horrible attraction bent me towards the box, and in a moment I lay, stiff, snoring, over the eight compartments.

There is here a blank in my memory. Under the influence of a powerful narcotic, I was cut out and planed to fit the coffin exactly. About that time my tormentors must have been interrupted, for they forgot to nail me on the coffin, and the cage was hurriedly put on a motor and carried somewhere on {364} the South Coast to the private yacht which, no doubt, was awaiting us. This is my way of explaining it, but of course it is a mere suggestion. It might have been an airship that took me away, independent of terrestrial laws, regardless of Customs Duties --- who knows, perhaps hovering over London and Scotland Yard and my dear old house in which I was so happy --- but ... "Nec scire fas est omnia."

The only thing I am certain of is that I was either planed to fit the coffin, or the coffin to fit me; and then I woke up. I was on board a sea- or air-ship. Believe me, she was in great danger.

However, this would prove a useless narrative. The floating machinery suffered, was nearly wrecked; the crew suffered, nearly perished; I suffered, and nearly died. After the storm was over I found myself on the shore of this island with the box; a small cage out of which two carrier- pigeons, almost dead with hunger, were struggling to escape; three sailors of the crew; the man-whose-nose-sings-at-will, and a dog; while my tormentor and the other souls were drowned, I suppose, or thrown upon some other hand. It seems now almost as if I should wish my tormentor to be here. I might cure him; and at all events he would be compelled by necessity to adopt a more lenient attitude towards me. Besides, now that he has made me to fit his box, the worst is over. ...

Here takes place an incoherent discussion on the bitter taste of sea- water and the possibilities of its sweetening, after which the MS. comes to an end. I have sent back the pigeon, and expect to receive a new supply of facts --- more precise than the vague and uncanny allegations contained in the first. If I may be allowed to make a personal suggestion, I am inclined to believe the writer to be as mad as any tormentor of his, real or imaginary. However, the MS. is human, and so ... "imprimatur!" {365}

CONSIDERING the bulk of the MSS. trusted to the carrier-pigeon by my correspondent, I decided to send an extra porter with the first bird, in case of the next message being of an equal or superior volume, and as I know something about pigeons, as before mentioned, I managed that in a very clever way.

I say clever because it is a very simple scheme in its cleverness, and nobody would say it if not I, but nevertheless it had to be found --- like the egg of the late C.C. I bought a fine hen pigeon, and kept it with the Man-Cover's messenger, so that they could rub acquaintance. When I noticed the first symptoms of love I bless the new pair and let them go. The new wife --- as I thought she would --- followed her husband.

They returned to me with the following strange document, and I think I must warn the reader against a certain feeling of sympathy towards the writer. The wickedness and cruelty with which he carries out his logical tendencies are too repulsive to permit any sentiment of pity. His sufferings appear to be simply the consequences of a wild and unhindered imagination, and the real victims --- the only ones to be pitied --- are his unhappy companions.

That is, of course, in the case of the documents being an expression of reality. I am sure every one feels the necessity of clearing up this matter. Alas! there are no Radicals in this country --- that is, persons acting in a radical manner --- as I have written to the Man-cover himself and consequently I have little hope that H.M. Government will give any orders on the matter. I am afraid that if an expedition is sent over it will be commanded by some distinguished foreign officer. However, should the expedition cover itself with ridicule by not finding the Man-Cover or his island, it is perhaps safer for the British reputation that it should be a foreign expedition. But to business.

Considering our present advanced state of civilisation, and how the Torch of Science has been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for 5000 years and upwards, as {366} Carlyle puts it; and considering --- as I think necessary to conclude, contrary to the immortal Scotsman --- considering how very little more we know about the most important questions which concern the human race than did our tailed ancestors, it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that, however unpleasant they may be from a personal point of view, the most wondrous and striking experiences which I am undergoing will doubtless be of no little help to the "bon f-fide" thinkers of our present day. Dean Swift and Samuel Butler stand, no one will deny it, as the greatest benefactors of humanity. If my sufferings could prove of any utility, in their turn, I should feel myself proud and most happy to describe at length the life I am now leading with three sailors, a dog, a musician, a box whose value I am learning every day to appreciate more and more, and our carrier-pigeons, in a distant island.

I must begin methodically and give a systematic account of my life here. I trust that the Authority presiding over our destinies will look upon me as the most logical of all men. As the surroundings play an important part in our life, my first duty is to describe them. The island is a large one. When I have gone round it myself I shall perhaps be able to give a rough estimate of its area. For the present I can but say: "it is a large island." We

have trees by thousands: water trees, from which, after the stems have been cut and slashed, the water pours down; kola-nut trees, papaw tress, with their flowers, male and female; dragon trees, fig trees, cocoa-nut palms, bread-fruit trees, and the rest. Beautiful birds are dwelling in the branches. All that is needed for life is abundant and easy to gather. The climate permits us {367} to spend night and day in the open, and when I retire to sleep on the box whose cover I have turned out to be, my companions sleep in the trees.

No venomous or objectionable beast has yet dared to breathe the air of this balmy country. But it is not a deserted spot. The natives are black, but tame and pleasant, and one of my first steps will be to try and bring them into contact with the beauties of our civilisation. For this object the mighty box is of the utmost importance; and here I touch on the first difficulty which I encountered.

The destiny of man being precarious and unsettled, my soul was often wandering at large in its anxiety to provide for the future of the lofty thoughts of my late tormentor. I had banished all hatred and bitterness from my heart and forgiven my enemy. He had done me a great wrong, dragging me pitilessly away from the peaceful occupations of my life, cutting and planing my worthy form in order that I should fit his coffin. He had driven me to his ship, and was the cause of my present exile. Two young kittens had placed all their hope in me, and I was failing to fill my paternal duty towards them. I was working at my great work, in fifty-two volumes, on the various elements composing the shell of the oyster, and I had almost completed my Introduction, when I was thus deprived of my liberty by the man-who-had-lost-his-cover. Yet I bore him no grudge. He was right; I feel it more intensely every day. A box so mighty needed a cover. In consequence, knowing that the hour of my death might strike at any moment, I had to find a man-cover to replace me in that event; one who would never forget to reintegrate the box every night.

Proceeding in order, I looked around me; and at once {368} discarded the two pigeons and the dog. I had only to choose between the three sailors and the man-whose-nose-sings-at-will. As the latter was of great help to us, and kept the negroes amused for hours with the harmonious though plaintive accords springing at will from his nasal organ, there remained only the sailors. The natives, were, of course, totally unfit for such a fate. They could find no inner delectation in the perpetual sufferings occasioned by so dreadful an ordeal --- or doom!

Of the three sailors, one was much too short to prove of any use. If I could easily shorten, lop, prune, and curtail a too big substitute, I could not possibly add anything to that small pattern of our race. I decided, in consequence, to slay him, during his sleep, so that a useless impediment be done away with. As the four men, since the wreck of our ship, were sunk in a state of torpor and only stared at me with vacant looks, it proved easy to settle this slight matter. I removed the body; and left to time and the natural dryness of the air the care of dividing its various elements.

The man-whose-nose-sings-at-will was the first to notice the absence of the sailor, but

he said nothing to me. In fact, I believe him to be mad also. He is continually looking anxiously towards the east, and seems lost to this world, since his friend or master has disappeared in the wreck. From the middle of his face gushed a sad tune, and from his eyes many a bitter tear; but, as I said before, he addressed me not. I was not a little surprised, as he is the only one with me to know the secrets of the box. But I respected his silence.

The two others were more suitable for my purpose. One was a strongly built fellow, with a certain air of intelligence {369} about him; but he was yet too besotted with fear or moral distress to be made the recipient of my plans. So I had only one expedient left to me, and turned all my faculties towards the last of my companions.

He is not young by any means. His temples are already crowned with the grey silver of at least fifty years and his nose with the carmine of many gallons. But his remarkable acuteness renders him extremely valuable. When I opened my mind to him he simply lifted his eyes at me with a shrewd look and smiled gently with the smile of the Wise.

I told him the story of the meeting with my kidnapper; and explained to him the operation I had to go through before I could fit the coffin of lofty thoughts. With the exception of the secret of the eight compartments, I opened my very soul to that worthy successor. He must possess a keen sense of humour; for he began gently, and dry-humour-like, telling me a quite different story. His smile, of course, showed that he was only trying to entertain me. According to his version, I am a well-known surgeon who had lost his reason and was taken to the private yacht of a celebrated alienist. As I seemed to be always talking of a coffin without a cover, one had been made of my size. Unhappily, says the sailor, a wreck happened; and the doctor who was to cure me has been drowned.

This narrative caused me to laugh heartily. I could scarcely keep my ribs together. I had no trouble in pointing out to him the contradictions in his story, and he soon agreed with me. When he saw, moreover, that I alone of us all was armed, and that the natives treated me with great respect, he put himself entirely at my disposal. I took advantage of this {370} happy mood to offer him my services in order that he should be cut out and planed on the spot. But he looked gently in my eyes, and said that he himself would see to that. I told him of my experiments, and how I still had at times a certain illusion that my body was absolutely complete. But (he said) the case is common with all men amputated; and he promised me that in case of my death he should at once prepare himself to take my place at night on the top of the coffin. My mind being thus at rest, I began studying more deeply the contents of that mighty box. {371}

III

THE two carrier-pigeons have come to me. I am glad to say they look very happy. Though there is still much to be published before we arrive at the part of the Man-Cover's adventures with which this last message is concerned, he informs me of such surprising news that I think it my duty to let the readers share it at once. The news is startling. Having received my letter, he threatens to blow the island into the air, should

any vessel approach within three miles. He informs me of his absolute decision never to leave the place, and never to allow any one to come within the distance mentioned. Provided he receives my pledge never to reveal the situation of his new landed property, he promises to keep me informed of all his doings. For the sake of the tale, I have made myself an accomplice of his crimes and follies. I am ashamed of myself, but curiosity is stronger than shame. The carrier-pigeons have fled back to him with my word of honour. I was too anxious to know more about the Man-Cover, and my duty as a reporter has made me forget the moral ideas painfully inculcated unto me by a life of hard experience and severely-paid-for mistakes. Scratch the man, you will find the beast. I must admit this has proved true for me also. It is the last time that I let my own personality come between the readers and the wickedly mad hero of history, and I apologise for this intrusion. I now give place to him, and will publish his notes as I receive them.

The contents of the coffin have not suffered from the wreck. Here they are all, the books and the skull, the roses white and red, the picture and the doll. From the seventh and eighth compartments sprang the same tunes. Truly, the sound reminded me of some hoarse singer, but the quantity of seawater absorbed during the floating journey from ship to land certainly accounts for it. I shall gather a few lemons and rub the wood carefully with their juices. {372}

Being a man of method and logic, I could not but begin with book-keeping. When they were dry the two books came very handy to me. I opened them at the first page, and started putting down with a blue pencil the most important among all the thoughts that came into my brain. In

"The book
which
contains all that I know
for
certain"

I began with these sentences:

"Your enemy, when his hatred and persecution lead you to a clearer perception of Life's secrets, becomes your benefactor."

"The men living in my company being unable to realise that my body is nothing but an illusion of their deficient sight, it is useless for me to try and oblige them to recognise it as a mere wood cover."

"Their error will appear even more plausible and explicable when one considers that a few days ago I was myself unaware of my real personality; and that I am still at times under the influence of insufficiently keen senses."

"The destiny of a Man-Cover being a case of exceptional scarcity, he cannot reasonably

be bound by everyday morals and conventions. All that hampers him, all that comes in his way to prevent him from fulfilling his sacred duty, must be surmounted and overcome. What is crime in a man is often virtue in a cover."

Having thus established a sound and most solid base of {373} morality, which could be transmitted as a new gospel for the special use of the Men- Covers of future times, I opened the second book to put down in it some equally useful aphorisms. But as I took my pencil the white, immaculate page appeared covered with brown characters. I had scarcely time enough to read and they had vanished. But I remember what I saw.

"You must leave the study of the oyster-shells in order to perceive the invisible, to refine your senses and escape the delusions caused by them."

The duty of man is not to believe other men. They speak either truth or untruth; but if they speak truth, even then is it a falsehood."

"All men are not necessarily obliged to kill their opponents or those who doubt them, or who are not of any use to them; but some men are --- all Men-Covers are."

I was interrupted in the profound meditation that followed this discovery by the approach of a strong party of natives. My heir-apparent, if I may be allowed to use that expression in regard to a Man-Cover, was absent; and our two other companions had also made themselves scarce.

These black men seemed to be frenzied with pugnacity, a very unusual disposition. After rapidly taking advice of the skull (the two books failing on the matter), I lay down in my usual place, protecting the lofty thoughts from impure contact, resolved to be pierced through and through rather than to let these black devils brush the holy books. To be pierced through could not do me much harm; and the holes would soon be stopped up by the skilful hand of my worthy understudy.

Evidently my attitude of passive resistance surprised the {374} natives. They gathered around me and began singing a strange "m,lop,e." One of their chiefs passed his hands over my face, and I became at once unconscious. ...

When I awoke I was still covering the coffin, but the surroundings had changed. Over me was a huge canopy of magnificent trees in full bloom of youth. Nature had certainly not been helped in the forming of that beautiful corner of the world; nevertheless a Japanese gardener, master of his art, could not have done better. Two gaps at the foot of the coffin were apparently waiting for posts to be planted. Wild flowers of all colours, some of a shade quite unknown to me, perfumed the air. It was no more the sunny afternoon, but a morning splendid and enchanting. The dew covered the prairie, and it seemed as if the grass were weeping lukewarm tears. At intervals a gentle breeze came, softly caressing the head of each blade of grass, refreshing them with its breath. Then Father Sol moved also with sympathy, showed himself a while before he was due, drying the tears of the green blades.

It dried also my coffin, and from the musical compartments came the "roulades" of an invigorated voice. As I heard also the panting breath of the negroes, I looked for them, and saw that, quite unaware of the tune, they were sitting at a little distance, all talking at the same time, carolling and shouting. But they were not, I gather, plotting any serious mischief. They saluted me in a friendly manner when they saw me leave the box and walk towards them. I must have been a long time lying over it, a whole afternoon and night, maybe, during my unnatural sleep.

I bowed gracefully before them; but they seemed amazed {375} at my forwardness. As I was going to address them an awful feeling passed over me. My old fancy took possession of my brains again, and I imagined myself made of flesh and bones. I began to suffer as if my body had in reality become stiff and benumbed. Happily it was enough for me to turn and see the coffin, and my delusion fled. Moreover, I noticed that I had forgotten one of the most important things. The very colour of the coffin ought to have told the truth to me long ago. Of course I was now of a dark brown complexion, almost black, and this was the reason of their surprise.

A movement which I detected among them made me turn quickly towards my box. Too late, alas! The scoundrels had taken advantage of my few steps towards them, and were pillaging the coffin, keeper of lofty thoughts.

The piercing cry I uttered perplexed them. One had already the skull in his hands, but on hearing me he put it back in the compartment instantly; and they all began chanting a slow prayer, which I could not understand. I went back straight to the box, and, kneeling over it, sought consolation in the sweet tune of the two last compartments. When I turned round again the miserable, unintelligent creatures had gone, all but two, who advanced towards me. They were women of a lovely type.

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IV

I was a prisoner. An inextricable entanglement of tropical creepers encircled the little oasis. A small path had been managed, but it was severely guarded at the other end. What doom had been prepared for me? For what purpose had these two handsome creatures been left with me? I only reproduce here an infinitesimal part of the numberless thoughts which came to my mind in that moment.

However --- for this should prove a too long narrative --- I soon ceased ruminating upon the future, for the women began singing a sort of cheerless lay. "How, fah, fah, how, loh, hew, hew," it went on, and I could foresee no end to the romance. In the meantime the maidens advanced towards me, and while their thoughts gave way to the noise referred to already, their hands soon began gently scratching my head, as if to prey upon my hair. I have always been rather sensitive to feminine beauty, and when they leant gracefully over me and began patting my cheeks I thought how simply delightful it would be to desert my duties, abandon my coffin, and live as a man who is not a cover. I was

soon to feel ashamed of this intention.

After they had indulged in that little recreation they changed the tune of their lay and gave the same words with another air, which called at once to my mind the choir of the {377} "Suppliants." As a matter of fact they were asking me for some favour. At the sight of real tears rolling down the faces of these two most lovable creatures, so handsome and graceful, so perfect in all their proportions, my pity was set in motion; and soon love was to follow, thought I. Though of a slightly dark complexion, they were none the less remarkably pretty, and very near the finest type of white womanhood. Alas! their beauty was a trap, their sweet voices were meant to delude me; the sirens had been sent by those who could not but mean persecution against me.

I found this out as soon as I understood them. They wanted my flowers. With a supple and harmonious gesture, they suggested that I should let them have the mystical roses. As soon as I perceived their intentions I felt the most intense impulse to murder them. We talked for a long time without being able to gather much of each other's thoughts. At last I turned to the books in the coffin, and in the book containing

"Advice to
Mankind
for
a better use of their faculties"

I saw, traced by an invisible hand, the following advice:

"Be careful of womanly traps."

"Let the roses be planted; they are meant for that purpose."

"A cover cannot fall in love except with boards and planks. Beware of the fallacies of sense."

As any one may understand, my mind was a pandemonium, but still I could not refuse to submit to so clear an order, and I handed the roses to the maidens. I had not to repent the {378} concession. They clasped their hands and smiled upon me; then planted them instantly in the two big holes of which I have spoken already. The result was immediate. The plants began growing and growing, blossoming in many parts of their stalk, and their odour delighted my nostrils.

But this meant no peace for me. The two females, truly, shrank from me, but my senses were speaking in a rough way. They sat at the other end of the oasis; and looked on with wide-open eyes of delight as the two sweet and scented plants continued to grow. I could not detach my sight from the girls, and for the first time my ear did not perceive the music of the two compartments. It seemed to me as if there were two personalities in me, one simple and natural, as it becomes a wood cover, the other complex and full of passions, as if I were really the man whom I knew to be no more. I took the skull in

my hands, and suddenly a light broke its way into my soul. How could I be deluded this time? I had arms and hands; I 'SAW' them. I saw the women, I saw the coffin. It was not the feeling of a plain piece of brown wood. I went almost mad over the discovery. What was the meaning of all this? I then opened the book again, but scarcely had I time to glance at the white page before a large band of negroes came again to me; and this time I could not keep them at a distance. They chained me and drove me away. I fell unconscious.

At my awakening I found that I was alone by the shore with the old sailor, my willing successor. When he saw that I opened my eyes he spoke gently to me:

"Are you better now?"

"What has happened?" said I, instead of answering his question. {379} "Oh you have been very ill for many days with brain-fever. You must not speak too much.

"What? Where is the coffin?"

"The negroes have it; they have carried it away into the interior. But I suppose you are cured now?" he added in an anxious tone.

I shall not repeat the conversation that ensued. Enough to mention that I discovered the old sailor to be absolutely mad. And being unable to persuade him that I was still firmly convinced of being the cover of the lost coffin, I found it better to agree with him. And soon he fell into the trap. Hiding the longing after my box and its contents, the doll and the skull and the mighty books, I spoke to him as if completely unconcerned about the loss, and unrolled a scheme for civilising the natives. He told me of a little hut under the canopy, where my two wives were waiting for my arrival, as soon as I could get up and walk there.

He did not expect me to do so before a long while, but he was wrong. With a cautious look around me, I began creeping slowly towards him; and before he could call any one I had jumped at his throat. I had my idea; and being a logical man, I wanted to carry it out faithfully, without losing an instant. We struggled a long time; and, as I was getting exhausted, I succeeded at last in taking his knife, and sank it in his stomach.

It was not very pleasant for me to see his blood running black and hot on the sand; but I had to perform this execution, owing to his obstinacy. It was safer to destroy my understudy, as I had called him till then in my happy thoughts, and try afterwards to get another one to fill his place. His {380} hint about my wives suggested to me that I might soon have a child whom I could bring up in the idea that he was to take my place. I could also shape an infant better than an old seaman. So I left him to the whales and other fishes, and proceeded towards the oasis. The two wives he had spoken of were the same women who caused my last illness. But their sweet smile prevented me from using any abusive language, which, in fact, they could not understand.

Well aware that I was fated to conceal my thoughts for a very long while, I allowed them to advance and attend upon me. In that way began my new life as master of a harem. At first the negroes treated me with a certain reserve, even with hostility; but they soon changed, seeing me so tame and amiable. As the story goes,

The King of France and forty thousand men
They drew their swords and put them back again.

But I now perceive that my narrative will appear almost incoherent if I do not at this point of the history pass over a few incidents and the daily toil of civilising, in order to state immediately the chief facts.

The negroes after a while submitted to me; my two wives are most attentive, and wait upon me with a laudable zeal. The strongly built sailor, who has recovered from his fear, is my most devoted lieutenant, and as his ideas are scarce he never asks for any explanations, and follows faithfully all my orders.

The man-whose-nose-sings-at-will I have put in irons. His mutism was beginning to upset me. The natives enjoy immensely their visit to the cage, where, as a canary should, he continually sings through his nasal appendage. {381}

The circumference of the island is somewhat over fifteen miles, and the first discovery I made was that of a broken-down sailing-boat, which the niggers had never dared approach since the wreck that brought it there. In the cabins I found gunpowder in large quantities, rum, matches, and tobacco; I had all this carried to my oasis, together with a cannon; and when the negroes had heard the voice of this powerful engine my authority was established on the most solid basis.

This event helped me to recover the coffin, and I am glad to say that nothing had been done to it to spoil it. It had two hundred natives hanged, and as many burned alive, for form's sake, and in order to show their fellow black men that my justice was impartial; but apart from this unimportant little fact nothing followed the recovery of the mighty box.

I had undertaken the difficult task of civilising the negroes; and as it would be quite impossible for me to lose for an instant the sight and thought of my personal mission, I was not a little perplexed at the duality it presented at first. But I soon found out the truth. Cut in the most precious wood of the island, a cover was made of my shape, and prepared to take my place every time my various duties should call me away. Acting upon the advice of my wives, I had the coffin hidden from sight; and only once a month, when the moon breaks up with her thinnest crescent, are the natives admitted to the contemplation of its contents.

Before I take again to the main road of my history, which I shall neither leave again or follow further than necessary, I must give a word of praise to my wives. Of course the poor creatures think I am a mere man, but apart from this {382} little error they treat me

gently and worship me so much that they seem very much concerned every time I venture myself out of their sight. The sailor, my lieutenant, calls them "Nurse," but then he is such a simple fellow!

Remembering the Laws of Manu, and how it is there said that there are seven kinds of wife, "i.e.", a wife like a thief, like an enemy, like a master, like a friend, like a sister, like a mother, like a slave, and that the last four are good and the last of all the best, I cannot quite agree with the ancient. My wives are of the best, and I am afraid they are like a master to me, though their authority is always tempered with sisterly manners. And what fine cooks they both are! They will help me to civilise our negroes.

This task seems to me the most important. All the civilised world may disappear; and we must have cultured beings to put in its place. Have you never thought of the dreadful doom perhaps reserved to our race; of the very slight disturbance that might reduce to nothing all our proud civilisation, leaving only the puniest and less fitted amongst human beings? All to be begun anew! As perhaps it has begun again more than once in one or another planet --- even in our own little one --- along the past centuries. Nothing, nothing will be left, perhaps; not a book, even the Bible; not a statue, even "Demeter" or "La V,nus"; not a piece of art of any kind, save, mayhap, the skull of a monkey floating upon a new and fathomless Ocean. Worse even! --- things may be preserved that would lead to serious blunders for our successors. Think of their extremity if the students of our times should find as the only documents a complete edition of the works of Miss Corelli or some of the numerous Utopias that are poured on us at the {383} present time. Why, they would not then be surprised at our total disappearance.

I am afraid I am digressing again. But I must warn you against your intrusion upon me. I just have your message, and if you should at any time attempt to interfere with my mission, or try to have some one sent to my rescue, I would without the slightest hesitation blow our island in the air. And now let us back to my adventures.

I am sorry to say that no subsequent MSS. came to me from the Man-Cover.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

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This wonderful collection of Hymns to the Blessed Virgin Mary is the work (so it is said) of a Leading London Actress. Father Kent writes in "The Tablet": "Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns and Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation.

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The root of David shoots a stem.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

She lies alone amid the kine.
(Bring gold and frankincense and Myrrh!)
The straw is fragrant as with wine.
(O Holy Spirit shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes: "The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are 'no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns and Oats. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best

style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says: "To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of Faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

"There is one of London's favourites almost unrivalled to express by her art the delights of the body with a pagan simplicity and directness. Now she sends us a book, 'Amphora,' a volume of religious verse: it contains song after song in praise of Mary," etc. etc. etc.

The "Scotsman" says: "Outside the Latin Church conflicting views are held about the worship of the Virgin, but there can be no doubt that this motive of religion has given birth to many beautiful pieces of literature, and the poets have never tired of singing variations on the theme of 'Hail, Mary.' This little book is best described here as a collection of such variations. They are written with an engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and with a graceful, refined literary art that cannot but interest and attract many readers beyond the circles of such as must feel it religiously impossible not to admire them."

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "In this slight volume we have the utterances of a devout anonymous Roman Catholic singer, in a number of songs or hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary. The author, who has evidently a decided gift for sacred verse and has mastered varied metres suitable to her high themes, divides her poems into four series of thirteen each --- thus providing a song for each week of the year. The songs are all of praise or prayer addressed to the Virgin, and, through many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to the author's co-religionists."

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The Occult Review says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his

Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says --- several alphabets we should prefer to say --- is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the "imprimatur" of some body with the mysterious title of the A ∴ A ∴, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which "cannot" be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

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Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The Occult Review says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of {sic} the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says -- several alphabets we should prefer to say -- is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the imprimatur of some body with the mysterious title of the A ∴ A ∴, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which "cannot" be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

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Cadbury Jones!
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And open the Family Bible,
I fancy cocoa
Would tint your boko
Less than Criminal Libel.

What did Waistcott Wynn?
Anyway, he lost his shirt.

See-Saw, Bernard Shaw
Sold his beef to live upon straw.

Wasn't he a thousand miles
From sense when he went to Eustace Miles?

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c/o THE EQUINOX,

124 Victoria Street,

S.W.

Telephone 3210 VICTORIA,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to
select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the
unfit.

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EQUINOX is edited as literary and commercial expediency may suggest to the person
responsible.

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About this capture

{WEH NOTE: Two different versions of this editorial exist in separate marketings of the
1st edition. Both will be given. This first one seems to be the earlier version.}

EDITORIAL

HAPPY is the movement that has no history! At the beginning of our second year we have little to record but quiet steady growth, a gradual spreading of our Tree of Knowledge, a gradual awakening of interest in all parts of the earth, a gradual access of fellow-workers, some young and enthusiastic, others already weary of the search for Truth in a world where so many offer the Stone of dogma, so few the Bread of experience.

There! we had nothing to say, and we have said it very nicely.

Floreas!

* * * * *

We must apologise for the necessity of holding over our edition of Sir Edward Kelly's account of the Forty-Eight Angelical Keys, and other important articles. Considerations of space were imperative.

* * * * *

Mr. H. Sheidan-Bickers will lecture on behalf of THE EQUINOX during the year. We shall be glad if our readers will arrange with him through us to speak in their towns. Mr. Bickers makes no charge for lecturing, and THE EQUINOX may assist if desired in meeting the necessary expenses. {1}

NOTES OF THE SEMESTER

MR. SHERIDAN-BICKERS held a large and very successful meeting at Cambridge in November.

We beg to extend our warmest sympathies to Brother Aloysius Crowley. The gang of soi-disant Rosicrucian swindlers whose profits have suffered through our exposures, having failed to frighten Mr. Aleister Crowley, decided to assassinate him. Their hired ruffians seem to have been knaves as clumsy as themselves, and Brother Aloysius suffered in his stead, escaping death by a miracle.

If we do not extend our sympathy to Mr. Aleister Crowley also, it is from a conviction that he has probably deserved anything that he may get.

In order to cope with the constantly increasing budget of letters of inquiry and sympathy from every part of the world, we have moved into new premises at 124 Victoria Street, Westminster, to which address all communications should be directed. Callers will always be welcome, but it is advisable to make appointments by letter or telephone. {2}

{WEH NOTE: Of the two different versions of this editorial found in different copies of the 1st edition, this seems to be the later version. It is found tipped in to some copies where the original pages 1-2 have been cut away.}

EDITORIAL

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* * * * *

Two days after the bound advance copies of this Number were delivered by the printer, an order was made restraining publication, continued by Mr. JUSTICE BUCKNILL, and dissolved by the Court of Appeal. {1}

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About this capture

LIBER XIII

VEL

GRADUUM MONTIS ABIEGNI

A SYLLABUS OF THE STEPS UPON THE PATH

A ∴ A ∴ Publication in Class D.

Issued by Order:

D.D.S. 7ø = 4ø Praemonstrator

O.S.V. 6ø = 5ø Imperator

N.S.F. 5ø = 6ø Cancellarius

51. Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was yet unquarried in the distant land?

52. There was also a humming-bird that spake unto the horned cerastes, and prayed him for poison. And the great snake of Khem the Holy One, the royal Uraeus serpent, answered him and said:

53. I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb that was equal to me. The venom of my fang is the inheritance of my father, and of my father's father; and how shall I give it unto thee? Live thou and thy children as I and my fathers have lived, even unto an hundred millions of generations, and it may be that the mercy of the Mighty Ones may bestow upon thy children a drop of the poison of eld.

54. Then the humming-bird was afflicted in his spirit, and he flew unto the flowers, and it was as if naught had been spoken between them. Yet in a little while a serpent struck him that he died.

55. But an Ibis that meditated upon the bank of Nile the beautiful god listened and heard. And he laid aside his Ibis ways, and became as a serpent saying Peradventure in an hundred millions of millions of generations of my children, they shall attain to a drop of the poison of the fang of the Exalted One.

56. And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an Uraeus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed even for ever and for ever.

LIBER LXV. CAP. V

{4}

LIBER XIII
VEL

GRADUUM MONTIS ABIEGNI

A SYLLABUS OF THE STEPS UPON THE PATH

Quote LXV. Cap. V. vv. 52-56

The Probationer. His duties are laid down in Paper A, Class D. Being "without," they are vague and general. He receives Liber LXI. and LXV.

[Certain Probationers are admitted after six months or more to Ritual XXVIII.]

At the end of the Probation he passes Ritual DCLXXI., which constitutes him a Neophyte.

The Neophyte. His duties are laid down in Paper B, Class D. He receives Liber VII.

Examination in Liber O, Caps I.-IV., Theoretical and Practical.

Examination in the Four Powers of the Sphinx. Practical.

Four tests are set.

Further, he builds up the magic Pentacle.

Finally he passes Ritual CXX., which constitutes him a Zelator. {5}

The Zelator. His duties are laid down in Paper C, Class D. He receives Liber CCXX., XXVII., and DCCCXIII.

Examinations in Posture and Control of Breath (see EQUINOX No. I). Practical.

Further, he is given two meditation-practices corresponding to the two rituals DCLXXI. and CXX.

(Examination is only in the knowledge of, and some little practical acquaintance with, these meditations. The complete results, if attained, would confer a much higher grade.)

Further, he forges the magic Sword.

No ritual admits to the grade of Practicus, which is conferred by authority when the task

of the Zelator is accomplished.

The Practicus. His duties are laid down in Paper D, Class D.

Instruction and Examination in the Qabalah and Liber DCCLXXVII

Instruction in Philosophical Meditation (Ghana-Yoga).*

* All these instructions will be issued openly in THE EQUINOX in due course, where this has not already been done.

Examination in some one mode of divination: "e.g.", Geomancy, Astrology, the Tarot.

Theoretical. He is given a meditation-practice on Expansion of Consciousness.

He is given a meditation-practice in the destruction of thoughts.

Instruction and Examination in Control of Speech. Practical.

Further, he casts the magic Cup.

No ritual admits to the grade of Philosophus, which is {6} conferred by authority when the Task of the Practicus is accomplished.

The Philosophus. His duties are laid down in Paper E, Class D.

He practises Devotion to the Order.

Instruction and Examination in Methods of Meditation by Devotion (Bhakti- Yoga).

Instruction and Examination in Construction and Consecration of Talismans, and in Evocation.

Theoretical and Practical.

Examination in Rising on the Planes (Liber O, Caps. V., VI.). Practical.

He is given a meditation-practice on the Senses, and the Sheaths of the Self, and the Practice called Mahasatipatthana.

(See The Sword of Song, "Science and Buddhism."

Instruction and Examination in Control of Action.

Further, he cuts the Magic Wand.

Finally, the Title of Dominus Liminis is conferred upon him.

He is given meditation-practices on the Control of Thought, and is instructed in Raja-Yoga.

He receives Liber Mysteriorum and obtains a perfect understanding of the Formulae of Initiation.

He meditates upon the diverse knowledge and power that he has acquired, and harmonises it perfectly.

Further, he lights the Magic Lamp.

At last, Ritual VIII. admits him to the grade of Adeptus Minor.

The Adeptus Minor. His duty is laid down in Paper F, Class D. {7}

It is to follow out the instruction given in the Vision of the Eighth Æthyr for the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

[NOTE. This is in truth the sole task; the others are useful only as adjuvants to and preparations for the One Work.

Moreover, once this task has been accomplished, there is no more need of human help or instruction; for by this alone may the highest attainment be reached.

All these grades are indeed but convenient landmarks, not necessarily significant. A person who had attained them all might be immeasurably the inferior of one who had attained none of them; it is Spiritual Experience alone that counts in the Result; the rest

is but Method.

Yet it is important to possess knowledge and power, provided that it be devoted wholly to that One Work.] {8}

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About this capture

AHA

AHA! THE SEVENFOLD MYSTERY OF THE INEFFABLE LOVE;
THE COMING OF THE LORD IN THE AIR AS KING AND JUDGE
OF THIS CORRUPTED WORLD;
WHEREIN

UNDER THE FORM OF A DISCOURSE BETWEEN MARSYAS AN ADEPT
AND OLYMPAS HIS PUPIL THE WHOLE SECRET OF THE WAY OF
INITIATION IS LAID OPEN FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END;
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.
WRITTEN IN TREMBLING AND HUMILITY FOR THE BRETHREN
OF THE A : A : BY THEIR VERY DUTIFUL SERVANT, AN
ASPIRANT TO THEIR SUBLIME ORDER,
ALEISTER CROWLEY

The Student

THE ARGUMENTATION

A LITTLE before Dawn, the pupil comes to greet his Master, and begs instruction.

Inspired by his Angel, he demands the Doctrine of being rapt away into the Knowledge and Conversation of Him.

The Master discloses the doctrine of Passive Attention or Waiting.

This seeming hard to the Pupil, it is explained further, and the Method of Resignation, Constancy, and Patience inculcated. The Paradox of Equilibrium. The necessity of giving oneself wholly up to the new element. Egoism rebuked.

The Master, to illustrate this Destruction of the Ego, describes the Visions of Dhyana.

He further describes the defence of the Soul against assailing Thoughts, and shows that the duality of Consciousness is a blasphemy against the Unity of God; so that even the thought called God is a denial of God-as-He-is-in- Himself.

The pupil sees nothing but a blank midnight in this Emptying of the Soul. He is shown that this is the necessary condition of Illumination. Distinction is further made between these three Dhyanas, and those early visions in which things appear as objective. With these three Dhyanas, moreover, are Four other of the Four Elements: and many more.

Above these is the Veil of Paroketh. Its guardians.

The Rosy Cross lies beyond this veil, and therewith the vision called Vishvarupadarshana. Moreover, there is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The infinite number and variety of these Visions.

The impossibility of revealing all these truths to the outer and uninitiated world.

The Vision of the Universal Peacock ____ Atmadarshana. The confusion of the Mind, and the Perception of its self-contradiction.

The Second Veil ____ the Veil of the Abyss.

The fatuity of Speech. {11}

A discussion as to the means by which the vision arises in the pure Soul is useless; suffice it that in the impure Soul no Vision will arise. The practical course is therefore to cleanse the Soul.

The four powers of the Sphinx; even adepts hardly attain to one of them!

The final Destruction of the Ego.

The Master confesses that he has lured the disciple by the promise of Joy, as the only thing comprehensible by him, although pain and joy are transcended even in early visions.

Ananda (bliss) ____ and its opposite ____ mark the first steps of the path. Ultimately all things are transcended; and even so, this attainment of Peace is but as a scaffolding to the Palace of the King.

The sheaths of the soul. The abandonment of all is necessary; the adept recalls his own

tortures, as all that he loved was torn away.

The Ordeal of the Veil of the Abyss; the Unbinding of the Fabric of Mind, and its ruin.

The distinction between philosophical credence and interior certitude.

Sammasati ____ the trance wherein the adept perceives his causal connection with the Universe; past, present, and future.

Mastering the Reason, he becomes as a little child, and invokes his Holy Guardian Angel, the Augoeides.

Atmadarshana arising is destroyed by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva; the annihilation of the Universe,. The adept is destroyed, and there arises the Master of the Temple.

The pupil, struck with awe, proclaims his devotion to the Master; whereat the latter bids him rather unite himself with the Augoeides.

Yet, following the great annihilation, the adept reappears as an Angel to instruct men in this doctrine.

The Majesty of the Master described.

The pupil, wonder-struck, swears to attain, and asks for further instruction.

The Master describes the Eight Limbs of Yoga.

The pupil lamenting the difficulty of attainment, the Master shows forth the sweetness of the hermit's life.

One doubt remains: will not the world be able instantly to recognise the Saint? The Master replies that only imperfect Saints reveal themselves as such. Of these are {12} the cranks and charlatans, and those that fear and deny Life. But let us fix our thoughts on Love, and not on the failings of others!

The Master invokes the Augoeides; the pupil through sympathy is almost rapt away.

The Augoeides hath given the Master a message; namely, to manifest the New Way of the Equinox of Horus, as revealed in Liber Legis.

He does so, and reconciles it with the Old Way by inviting the Test of Experiment. They would go therefore to the Desert or the Mountains ____ nay! here and now shall it be accomplished.

Peace to all beings! {13}

AHA!
OLYMPAS.

Master, ere the ruby Dawn
Gild the dew of leaf and lawn,
Bidding the petals to uncloset
Of heaven's imperishable Rose,
Brave heralds, banners flung afar
Of the lone and secret star,
I come to greet thee. Here I bow
To earth this consecrated brow!
As a lover woos the Moon
Aching in a silver swoon,
I reach my lips towards thy shoon,
Mendicant of the mystic boon!

MARSYAS.

What wilt thou?

OLYMPAS.

Let mine Angel say!
"Utterly to be rapt away!"

MARSYAS.

How, whence, and whither?

OLYMPAS.

By my kiss From that abode to this ____ to this!" My wings?

MARSYAS.

Thou hast no wings. But see An eagle sweeping from the Byss Where God stands. Let
him ravish thee, And bear thee to a boundless bliss! {15}

OLYMPAS.

How should I call him? How beseech?

MARSYAS.

Silence is lovelier than Speech. Only on a windless tree Falls the dew, Felicity! One
ripple on the water mars The magic mirror of the Stars.

OLYMPAS.

My soul bends to the athletic stress Of God's immortal loveliness. Tell me, what wit
avails the clod To know the nearness of its God?

MARSYAS.

First, let the soul be poised, and fledge Truth's feather on mind's razor-edge. Next, let
no memory, feeling, hope Stain all its starless horoscope. Last, let it be content, twice
void; Not to be suffered or enjoyed; Motionless, blind and deaf and dumb --- So may it
to its kingdom come!

OLYMPAS.

Dear master, can this be? The wine Embittered with dark discipline? For the soul loves
her mate, the sense.

MARSYAS.

This bed is sterile. Thou must fence Thy soul from all her foes, the creatures That by
their soft and siren natures Lure thee to shipwreck!

OLYMPAS.

Thou hast said: "God is in all."

MARSYAS.

In sooth.

OLYMPAS.

Why dread The Godhood? {16}

MARSYAS.

Only as the thought Is God, adore it. But the soul creates Misshapen fiends, incestuous
mates. Slay these: they are false shadows of The never-waning moon of love.

OLYMPAS.

What thought is worthy?

MARSYAS.

Truly none Save one, in that it is but one. Keep the mind constant; thou shalt see
Ineffable felicity. Increase the will, and thou shalt find It hath the strength to be resigned.
Resign the will; and from the string Will's arrow shall have taken wing, And from the
desolate abode Found the immaculate heart of God!

OLYMPAS.

The word is hard!

MARSYAS.

All things excite Their equal and their opposite. Be great, and thou shalt be ____ how
small! Be naught, and thou shalt be the All! Eat not; all meat shall fill thy mouth: Drink,
and thy soul shall die of drouth! Fill thyself; and that thou seekest Is diluted to its
weakest. Empty thyself; the ghosts of night Flee before the living Light. Who clutches
straws is drowned; but he That hath the secret of the sea, Lives with the whole lust of
his limbs, {17} Takes hold of water's self, and swims. See, the ungainly albatross
Stumbles awkwardly across Earth ____ one wing-beat, and he flies Most graceful gallant
in the skies! So do thou leave thy thoughts, intent On thy new noble element! Throw the
earth shackles off, and cling To what imperishable thing Arises from the Married death
Of thine own self in that whereon Thou art fixed.

OLYMPAS.

Then all life's loyal breath Is a waste wind. All joy forgone, I must strive ever?

MARSYAS.

Cease to strive! Destroy this partial I, this moan Of an hurt beast! Sores keep alive By
scratching. Health is peace. Unknown And unexpressed because at ease Are the Most
High Congruities.

OLYMPAS.

Then death is thine "attainment"? I Can do no better than to die!

MARSYAS.

Indeed, that "I" that is not God Is but a lion in the road! Knowest thou not (even now!)
how first The fetters of Restriction burst? In the rapture of the heart Self hath neither lot
nor part. {18}

MARSYAS.

Tell me, dear master, how the bud First breaks to brilliance of bloom: What ecstasy of
brain and blood Shatters the seal upon the tomb Of him whose gain was the world's

loss Our father Christian Rosycross!

MARSYAS.

First, one is like a gnarled old oak On a waste heath. Shrill shrieks the wind. Night smothers earth. Storm swirls to choke The throat of silence! Hard behind Gathers a blacker cloud than all. But look! but look! it thrones a ball Of blistering fire. It breaks. The lash Of lightning snakes him forth. One crash Splits the old tree. One rending roar! --- And night is darker than before.

OLYMPAS.

Nay, master, master! Terror hath So fierce an hold upon the path? Life must lie crushed, a charred black swath, In that red harvest's aftermath!

MARSYAS.

Life lives. Storm passes. Clouds dislimn. The night is clear. And now to him Who hath endured is given the boon Of an immeasurable moon. The air about the adept congeals To crystal; in his heart he feels One needle pang; then breaks that splendour Infinitely pure and tender ... ____ And the ice drags him down! {19}

OLYMPAS.

But may Our trembling frame, our clumsy clay, Endure such anguish?

MARSYAS.

In the worm Lurks an unconquerable germ Identical. A sparrow's fall Were the Destruction of the All! More; know that this surpasses skill To express its ecstasy. The thrill Burns in the memory like the glory Of some far beacons promontory Where no light shines but on the comb Of breakers, flickerings of the foam!

OLYMPAS.

The path ends here?

MARSYAS.

Ingenuous one! The path ____ the true path ____ scarce begun. When does the night end?

OLYMPAS.

When the sun, Crouching below the horizon, Flings up his head, tosses his mane, Ready to leap.

MARSYAS.

Even so. Again The adept secures his subtle fence Against the hostile shafts of sense,
Pins for a second his mind; as you May have seen some huge wrestler do. With all his
gathered weight heaped, hurled, Resistless as the whirling world, He holds his foeman
to the floor For one great moment and no more. {20} So ____ then the sun-blaze! All the
night Bursts to a vivid orb of light. There is no shadow; nothing is, But the intensity of
bliss. Being is blasted. That exists.

OLYMPAS.

Ah!

MARSYAS.

But the mind, that mothers mists, Abides not there. The adept must fall Exhausted.

OLYMPAS.

There's an end of all?

MARSYAS.

But not an end of this! Above All life as is the pulse of love, So this transcends all love.

OLYMPAS.

Ah me! Who may attain?

MARSYAS.

Rare souls.

OLYMPAS.

I see Imaged a shadow of this light.

MARSYAS.

Such is its sacramental might That to recall it radiates Its symbol. The priest elevates
The Host, and instant blessing stirs The hushed awaiting worshippers.

OLYMPAS.

Then how secure the soul's defence? How baffle the besieger, Sense?

MARSYAS.

See the beleagured city, hurt By hideous engines, sore begirt And gripped by lines of death, well scored With shell, nigh open to the sword! Now comes the leader; courage, run {21} Contagious through the garrison! Repair the trenches! Man the wall! Restore the ruined arsenal! Serve the great guns! The assailants blench; They are driven from the foremost trench. The deadliest batteries belch their hell No more. So day by day fought well, We silence gun by gun. At last The fiercest of the fray is past; The circling hills are ours. The attack Is over, save for the rare crack, Long dropping shots from hidden forts; --- ____ So is it with our thoughts!

OLYMPAS.

The hostile thoughts, the evil things! They hover on majestic wings, Like vultures waiting for a man To drop from the slave-caravan!

MARSYAS.

All thoughts are evil. Thought is two: The seer and the seen. Eschew That supreme blasphemy, my son, Remembering that God is One.

OLYMPAS.

God is a thought!

MARSYAS.

The "thought" of God Is but a shattered emerald: A plague, an idol, a delusion, Blasphemy, schism, and confusion!

OLYMPAS.

Banish my one high thought? The night Indeed were starless.

MARSYAS.

Very right! But that impalpable inane {22} Is the condition of success; Even as earth lies black to gain Spring's green and autumn's fruitfulness.

OLYMPAS.

I dread this midnight of the soul.

MARSYAS.

Welcome the herald!

OLYMPAS.

How control The horror of the mind? The insane Dead melancholy?

MARSYAS.

Trick is vain. Sheer manhood must support the strife, And the trained Will, the Root of Life, Bear the adept triumphant.

OLYMPAS.

Else?

MARSYAS.

The reason, like a chime of bells Ripped by the lightning, cracks.

OLYMPAS.

And these Are the first sights the magus sees?

MARSYAS.

The first true sights. Bright images Throng the clear mind at first, a crowd Of Gods, lights, armies, landscapes; loud Reverberations of the Light. But these are dreams, things in the mind, Reveries, idols. Thou shalt find No rest therein. The former three (Lightning, moon, sun) are royally Liminal to the Hall of Truth. Also there be with them, in sooth, Their brethren. There's the vision called The Lion of the Light, a brand Of ruby flame and emerald {23} Waved by the Hermeneutic Hand. There is the Chalice, whence the flood Of God's beatitude of blood Flames. O to sing those starry tunes! O colder than a million moons! O vestal waters! Wine of love Wan as the lyric soul thereof! There is the Wind, a whirling sword, The savage rapture of the air Tossed beyond space and time. My Lord, My Lord, even now I see Thee there In infinite motion! And beyond There is the Disk, the wheel of things; Like a black boundless diamond Whirring with millions of wings!

OLYMPAS.

Master!

MARSYAS.

Know also that above These portents hangs no veil of love; But, guarded by unsleeping eyes Of twice seven score severities, The Veil that only rips apart When the spear

strikes to Jesus' heart! A mighty Guard of Fire are they With sabres turning every way!
Their eyes are millstones greater than The earth; their mouths run seas of blood. Woe
be to that accursèd man Of whom they are the iniquities! Swept in their wrath's
avenging flood To black immitigable seas! {24} Woe to the seeker who shall fail To rend
that vexful virgin Veil! Fashion thyself by austere craft Into a single azure shaft Loosed
from the string of Will; behold The Rainbow! Thou art shot, pure flame, Past the
reverberated Name Into the Hall of Death. Therein The Rosy Cross is subtly seen.

OLYMPAS.

Is that a vision, then?

MARSYAS.

It is.

OLYMPAS.

Tell me thereof!

MARSYAS.

O not of this! Of all the flowers in God's field We name not this. Our lips are sealed In
that the Universal Key Lieth within its mystery. But know thou this. These visions give A
hint both faint and fugitive Yet haunting, that behind them lurks Some Worker, greater
than his works. Yea, it is given to him who girds His loins up, is not fooled by words,
Who takes life lightly in his hand To throw away at Will's command, To know that View
beyond the Veil. O petty purities and pale, These visions I have spoken of! {25} The
infinite Lord of Light and Love Breaks on the soul like dawn. See! See! Great God of
Might and Majesty! Beyond sense, beyond sight, a brilliance Burning from His glowing
glance! Formless, all the worlds of flame Atoms of that fiery frame! The adept caught up
and broken; Slain, before His Name be spoken! In that fire the soul burns up. One drop
from that celestial cup Is an abyss, an infinite sea That sucks up immortality! O but the
Self is manifest Through all that blaze! Memory stumbles Like a blind man for all the
rest. Speech, like a crag of limestone, crumbles, While this one soul of thought is sure
Through all confusion to endure, Infinite Truth in one small span: This that is God is
Man.

OLYMPAS.

Master! I tremble and rejoice.

MARSYAS.

Before His own authentic voice Doubt flees. The chattering coughs of talk Scatter like
sparrows from a hawk.

OLYMPAS.

Thenceforth the adept is certain of The mystic mountain? Light and Love Are Life therein, and they are his?

MARSYAS.

Even so. And One supreme there is Whom I have known, being He. Withdrawn {26} Within the curtains of the dawn Dwells that concealed. Behold! he is A blush, a breeze, a song, a kiss, A rosy flame like Love, his eyes Blue, the quintessence of all skies, His hair a foam of gossamer Pale gold as jasmine, lovelier Than all the wheat of Paradise. O the dim water-wells his eyes! There is such depth of Love in them That the adept is rapt away, Dies on that mouth, a gleaming gem Of dew caught in the boughs of Day!

OLYMPAS.

The hearing of it is so sweet I swoon to silence at thy feet.

MARSYAS.

Rise! Let me tell thee, knowing HIm, The Path grows never wholly dim. Lose Him, and thou indeed wert lost! But He will not lose thee!

OLYMPAS.

Exhaust The Word!

MARSYAS.

Had I a million songs, And every song a million words, And every word a million meanings, I could not count the choral throngs Of Beauty's beatific birds, Or gather up the paltry gleanings Of this great harvest of delight! Hast thou not heard the word aright? That world is truly infinite. {27} Even as a cube is to a square Is that to this.

OLYMPAS.

Royal and rare! Infinite light of burning wheels!

MARSYAS.

Ay! The imagination reels. Thou must attain before thou know, And when thou knowest ____ Mighty woe That silence grips the willing lips!

OLYMPAS.

Ever was speech the thought's eclipse.

MARSYAS.

Ay, not to veil the truth to him Who sought it, groping in the dim Halls of illusion, said the sages In all the realms, in all the ages, "Keep silence." By a word should come Your sight, and we who see are dumb! We have sought a thousand times to teach Our knowledge; we are mocked by speech. So lewdly mocked, that all this word Seems dead, a cloudy crystal blurred, Though it cling closer to life's heart Than the best rhapsodies of art!

OLYMPAS.

Yet speak!

MARSYAS.

Ah, could I tell thee of These infinite things of Light and Love! There is the Peacock; in his fan Innumerable plumes of Pan! Oh! every plume hath countless eyes; ____ Crown of created mysteries! --- Each holds a Peacock like the First.

OLYMPAS.

How can this be? {28}

MARSYAS.

The mind's accurst. It cannot be. It is. Behold, Battalion on battalion rolled! There is war in Heaven! The soul sings still, Struck by the plectron of the Will; But the mind's dumb; its only cry The shriek of its last agony!

OLYMPAS.

Surely it struggles.

MARSYAS.

Bitterly! And, mark! it must be strong to die! The weak and partial reason dips One edge, another springs, as when A melting iceberg reels and tips Under the sun. Be mighty then, A lord of Thought, beyond wit and wonder Balanced ____ then push the whole mind under, Sunk beyond chance of floating, blent Rightly with its own element, Not lifting jagged peaks and bare To the unsympathetic air!

This is the second veil; and hence As first we slew the things of sense Upon the altar of their God, So must the Second Period Slay the ideas, to attain To that which is, beyond the brain.

OLYMPAS.

To that which is? ____ not thought? not sense?

MARSYAS.

Knowledge is but experience Made conscious of itself. The bee, {29} Past master of geometry, Hath not one word of all of it; For wisdom is not mother-wit! So the adept is called insane For his frank failure to explain. Language creates false thoughts; the true Breed language slowly. Following Experience of a thing we knew Arose the need to name the thing. So, ancients likened a man's mind To the untamed evasive wind. Some fool thinks names are things; and boasts Aloud of spirits and of ghosts. Religion follows on a pun! And we, who know that Holy One Of whom I told thee, seek in vain Figure or word to make it plain.

OLYMPAS.

Despair of man!

MARSYAS.

Man is the seed Of the unimaginable flower. By singleness of thought and deed It may bloom now ____ this actual hour!

OLYMPAS.

The soul made safe, is vision sure To rise therein?

MARSYAS.

Though calm and pure It seem, maybe some thought hath crept Into his mind to baulk the adept. The expectation of success Suffices to destroy the stress Of the one thought. But then, what odds? {30} "Man's vision goes, dissolves in God's;" Or, "by God's grace the Light is given To the elected heir of heaven." These are but idle theses, dry Dugs of the cow Theology. Business is business. The one fact That we know is: the gods exact A stainless mirror. Cleanse thy soul! Perfect the will's austere control! For the rest, wait! The sky once clear, Dawn needs no prompting to appear!

OLYMPAS.

Enough! it shall be done.

MARSYAS.

Beware! Easily trips the big word "dare." Each man's an OEdipus, that thinks He hath

the four powers of the Sphinx, Will, Courage, Knowledge, Silence. Son, Even the adepts scarce win to one! Thy Thoughts ____ they fall like rotten fruits. But to destroy the power that makes These thoughts ____ thy Self? A man it takes To tear his soul up by the roots! This is the mandrake fable, boy!

OLYMPAS.

You told me that the Path was joy.

MARSYAS.

A lie to lure thee!

OLYMPAS.

Master!

MARSYAS.

Pain And joy are twin toys of the brain. Even early visions pass beyond!

OLYMPAS.

Not all the crabbed runes I have conned {31} Told me so plain a truth. I see, Inscrutable Simplicity! Crushed like a blind-worm by the heel Of all I am, perceive, and feel, My truth was but the partial pang That chanced to strike me as I sang.

MARSYAS.

In the beginning, violence Marks the extinction of the sense. Anguish and rapture rack the soul. These are disruptions of control. Self-poised, a brooding hawk, there hangs In the still air the adept. The bull On the firm earth goes not so smooth! So the first fine ecstatic pangs Pass; balance comes.

OLYMPAS.

How wonderful Are these tall avenues of truth!

MARSYAS.

So the first flash of light and terror Is seen as shadow, known as error. Next, light comes as light; as it grows The sense of peace still steadier glows; And the fierce lust, that linked the soul To its God, attains a chaste control. Intimate, an atomic bliss, Is the last phrasing of that kiss. Not ecstasy, but peace, pure peace! Invisible the dew sublimates From the great mother, subtly climbs And loves the leaves! Yea, in the end, {32} Vision all vision must transcend. These glories are mere scaffolding To the Closed Palace of

the King.

OLYMPAS.

Yet, saidst thou, ere the new flower shoots The soul is torn up by the roots.

MARSYAS.

Now come we to the intimate things Known to how few! Man's being clings First to the outer. Free from these The inner sheathings, and he sees Those sheathings as external. Strip One after one each lovely lip From the full rose-but! Ever new Leaps the next petal to the view. What binds them by Desire? Disease Most dire of direful Destiny's!

OLYMPAS.

I have abandoned all to tread The brilliant pathway overhead!

MARSYAS.

Easy to say. To abandon all, All must be first loved and possessed. Nor thou nor I have burst the thrall. All ___ as I offered half in jest, Sceptic ___ was torn away from me. Not without pain! THEY slew my child, Dragged my wife down to infamy Loathlier than death, drove to the wild My tortured body, stripped me of Wealth, health, youth, beauty, ardour, love. Thou has abandoned all? Then try A speck of dust within the eye!

OLYMPAS.

But that is different! {33}

MARSYAS.

Life is one. Magic is life. The physical (Men name it) is a house of call For the adept, heir of the sun! Bombard the house! it groans and gapes. The adept runs forth, and so escapes That ruin!

OLYMPAS.

Smoothly parallel The ruin of the mind as well?

MARSYAS.

Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the Veil, The Second Veil! ... O spare me this Magical memory! I pale To show the Veil of the Abyss. Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS.

Master, I bend me at thy feet --- Why do they sweat with blood and dew?

MARSYAS.

Blind horror catches at my breath. The path of the abyss runs through Things darker, dismaller than death! Courage and will! What boots their force? The mind rears like a frightened horse. There is no memory possible Of that unfathomable hell. Even the shadows that arise Are things to dreadful to recount! There's no such doom in Destiny's Harvest of horror. The white fount Of speech is stifled at its source. Know, the sane spirit keeps its course By this, that everything it thinks Hath causal or contingent links. {34} Destroy them, and destroy the mind! O bestial, bottomless, and blind Black pit of all insanity! The adept must make his way to thee! This is the end of all our pain, The dissolution of the brain! For lo! in this no mortar sticks; Down come the house ____ a hail of bricks! The sense of all I hear is drowned; Tap, tap, isolated sound, Patters, clatters, batters, chatters, Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters! Senseless hallucinations roll Across the curtain of the soul. Each ripple on the river seems The madness of a maniac's dreams! So in the self no memory-chain Or causal wisp to bind the straws! The Self disrupted! Blank, insane, Both of existence and of laws, The Ego and the Universe Fall to one black chaotic curse.

OLYMPAS.

So ends philosophy's inquiry: "Summa scientia nihil scire."

MARSYAS.

Ay, but that reasoned thesis lacks The impact of reality. This vision is a battle axe Splitting the skull. O pardon me! But my soul faints, my stomach sinks. Let me pass on!

OLYMPAS.

My being drinks {35} The nectar-poison of the Sphinx. This is a bitter medicine!

MARSYAS.

Black snare that I was taken in! How one may pass I hardly know. Maybe time never blots the track. Black, black, intolerably black! Go, spectre of the ages, go! Suffice it that I passed beyond. I found the secret of the bond Of thought to thought through countless years Through many lives, in many spheres, Brought to a point the dark design Of this existence that is mine. I knew my secret. "All I was" I brought into the burning-glass, And all its focussed light and heat Charred "all I am." The rune's complete When "all I shall be" flashes by Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning. Vacant and accursed thing! By my Will I swept away The web of metaphysic, smiled At the blind labyrinth, where the grey Old snake of madness

wove his wild Curse! As I trod the trackless way Through sunless gorges of Cathay, I became a little child. By nameless rivers, swirling through {36} Chasms, a fantastic blue, Month by month, on barren hills, In burning heat, in bitter chills, Tropic forest, Tartar snow, Smaragdine archipelago, See me ____ led by some wise hand That I did not understand. Morn and noon and eve and night I, the forlorn eremite, Called on Him with mild devotion, As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

In my wanderings I came To an ancient park aflame With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in love I was caught up, beyond, above The tides of being. The great sight Of the intolerable light Of the whole universe that wove The labyrinth of life and love Blazed in me. Then some giant will, Mine or another's thrust a thrill Through the great vision. All the light Went out in an immortal night, The world annihilated by The opening of the Master's Eye. How can I tell it?

OLYMPAS.

Master, master! A sense of some divine disaster Abases me. {37}

MARSYAS.

Indeed, the shrine Is desolate of the divine! But all the illusion gone, behold The one that is!

OLYMPAS.

Royally rolled, I hear strange music in the air!

MARSYAS.

It is the angelic choir, aware Of the great Ordeal dared and done By one more Brother of the Sun!

OLYMPAS.

Master, the shriek of a great bird Blends with the torrent of the thunder.

MARSYAS.

It is the echo of the word That tore the universe asunder.

OLYMPAS.

Master, thy stature spans the sky.

MARSYAS.

Verily; but it is not I. The adept dissolves ____ pale phantom form Blown from the black mouth of the storm. It is another that arises!

OLYMPAS.

Yet in thee, through thee!

MARSYAS.

I am not.

OLYMPAS.

For me thou art.

MARSYAS.

So that suffices To seal thy will? To cast thy lot Into the lap of God? Then, well!

OLYMPAS.

Ay, there is no more potent spell. Through life, through death, by land and sea Most surely will I follow thee.

MARSYAS.

Follow thyself, not me. Thou hast An Holy Guardian Angel, bound to lead thee from thy bitter waste {38} To the inscrutable profound That is His covenanted ground.

OLYMPAS.

Thou who hast known these master-keys Of all creation's mysteries, Tell me, what followed the great gust Of God that blew his world to dust?

MARSYAS.

I, even I the man, became As a great sword of flashing flame. My life, informed with holiness, Conscious of its own loveliness, Like a well that overflows At the limit of the snows, Sent its crystal stream to gladden The hearts of me, their lives to madden With the intoxicating bliss (Wine mixed with myrrh and ambergris!) Of this bitter-sweet perfume, This gorse's blaze of prickly bloom That is the Wisdom of the Way. Then springs the statue from the clay, And all God's doubted fatherhood Is seen to be supremely good.

Live within the sane sweet sun! Leave the shadow-world alone!

OLYMPAS.

There is a crown for every one; For every one there is a throne!

MARSYAS.

That crown is Silence. Sealed and sure! That throne is Knowledge perfect pure. Below that throne adoring stand {39} Virtues in a blissful band; Mercy, majesty and power, Beauty and harmony and strength, Triumph and splendour, starry shower Of flames that flake their lily length, A necklet of pure light, far-flung Down to the Base, from which is hung A pearl, the Universe, whose sight Is one globed jewel of delight. Fallen no more! A bowered bride Blushing to be satisfied!

OLYMPAS.

All this, of once the Eye unclose?

MARSYAS.

The golden cross, the ruby rose Are gone, when flaming from afar The Hawk's eye blinds the Silver Star.

O brothers of the Star, caressed By its cool flames from brow to breast, Is there some rapture yet to excite This prone and pallid neophyte?

OLYMPAS.

O but there is no need of this! I burn toward the abyss of Bliss. I call the Four Powers of the Name; Earth, wind and cloud, sea, smoke and flame To witness: by this triune Star I swear to break the twi-forked bar. But how to attain? Flexes and leans The strongest will that lacks the means.

MARSYAS.

There are seven keys to the great gate, Being eight in one and one in eight. {40} First, let the body of thee be still, Bound by the cerements of will, Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort The fidget-babes that tense the thought. Next, let the breath-rhythm be low, Easy, regular, and slow; So that thy being be in tune With the great sea's Pacific swoon. Third, let thy life be pure and calm Swayed softly as a windless palm. Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound To the one love of the Profound. Fifth, let the thought, divinely free From sense, observe its entity. Watch every thought that springs; enhance Hour after hour thy vigilance! Intense and keen, turned inward, miss No atom of analysis! Sixth, on one thought securely pinned Still every whisper of the wind! So like a flame straight and unstirred Burn up thy being in one word! Next, still that ecstasy, prolong Thy meditation steep and strong, Slaying even God, should He distract Thy attention from the chosen act! Last, all these things in one o'erpowered, Time that the midnight blossom flowered!

The oneness is. Yet even in this, My son, thou shalt not do amiss {41} If thou restrain the expression, shoot Thy glance to rapture's darkling root, Discarding name, form, sight, and stress Even of this high consciousness; Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here: Thou art the Master. I revere Thy radiance that rolls afar, O Brother of the Silver Star!

OLYMPAS.

Ah, but no ease may lap my limbs. Giants and sorcerers oppose; Ogres and dragons are my foes! Leviathan against me swims, And lions roar, and Boreas blows! No Zephyrs woo, no happy hymns Paeon the Pilgrim of the Rose!

MARSYAS.

I teach the royal road of light. Be thou, devoutly eremite, Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly A place for thine Academy. Let there be an holy wood Of embowered solitude By the still, the rainless river, Underneath the tangled roots Of majestic trees that quiver In the quiet airs; where shoots Of the kindly grass are green Moss and ferns asleep between, Lilies in the water lapped, Sunbeams in the branches trapped ____ Windless and eternal even! Silenced all the birds of heaven {42} By the low insistent call Of the constant waterfall. There, to such a setting be Its carved gem of deity, A central flawless fire, enthralled Like Truth within an emerald! Thou shalt have a birchen bark On the river in the dark; And at the midnight thou shalt go to the mid-stream's smoothest flow, And strike upon a golden bell The spirit's call; then say the spell: "Angel, mine angel, draw thee nigh!" Making the Sign of Magistracy With wand of lapis lazuli. Then, it may be, through the blind dumb Night thou shalt see thine angel come, Hear the faint whisper of his wings, Behold the starry breast begemmed With the twelve stones of the twelve kings! His forehead shall be diademed With the faint light of stars, wherein The Eye gleams dominant and keen. Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love Shall catch the subtle voice thereof. He shall inform his happy lover: My foolish prating shall be over!

OLYMPAS.

O now I burn with holy haste. This doctrine hath so sweet a taste That all the other wine is sour.

MARSYAS.

Son, there's a bee for every flower. {43} Lie open, a chameleon cup, And let Him suck thine honey up!

OLYMPAS.

There is one doubt. When souls attain Such an unimagined gain Shall not others mark them, wise Beyond mere mortal destinies?

MARSYAS.

Such are not the perfect saints. While the imagination faints Before their truth, they veil it close As amid the utmost snows The tallest peaks most straitly hide With clouds their holy heads. Divide The planes! Be ever as you can A simple honest gentleman! Body and manners be at ease, Not bloat with blazoned sanctities! Who fights as fights the soldier-saint? And see the artist-adept paint! Weak are those souls that fear the stress Of earth upon their holiness! They fast, they eat fantastic food, They prate of beans and brotherhood, Wear sandals, and long hair, and spats, And think that makes them Arahats! How shall man still his spirit-storm? Rational Dress and Food Reform!

OLYMPAS.

I know such saints.

MARSYAS.

An easy vice: So wondrous well they advertise! O their mean souls are satisfied {44} With wind of spiritual pride. They're all negation. "Do not eat; What poison to the soul is meat! Drink not; smoke not; deny the will! Wine and tobacco make us ill." Magic is life; the Will to Live Is one supreme Affirmative. These things that flinch from Life are worth No more to Heaven than to Earth. Affirm the everlasting Yes!

OLYMPAS.

Those saints at least score one success: Perfection of their priggishness!

MARSYAS.

Enough. The soul is subtler fed With meditation's wine and bread. Forget their failings and our own; Fix all our thoughts on Love alone!

Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones above Is the sanctity of love. In His warm and secret shrine Is a cup of perfect wine, Whereof one drop is medicine Against all ills that hurt the soul. A flaming daughter of the Jinn Brought to me once a wing'd scroll, Wherein I read the spell that brings The knowledge of that King of Kings. Angel, I invoke thee now! Bend on me the starry brow! Spread the eagle wings above {45} The pavilion of our love! Rise from your starry sapphire seats! See, where through the quickening skies The oriflamme of beauty beats Heralding loyal legionaries, Whose flame of golden javelins Fences those peerless paladins. There are the burning lamps of them, Splendid star-clusters to begem The trailing torrents of those blue Bright wings that bear mine angel through! O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold, Miraculously manifold, For all the sky's aflame to be A mirror magical of Thee! The stars seem comets, rushing down To gem thy robes, bedew thy crown. Like the moon-plumes of a strange bird By a great wind sublimely stirred, Thou drawest the light of all the skies Into thy wake. The heaven dies In bubbling froth of light, that foams About thine ardour. All the domes Of all the heavens close above thee As thou art known of me who love thee. Excellent kiss, thou

fastenest on This soul of mine, that it is gone, Gone from all life, and rapt away Into the infinite starry spray Of thine own AEon ... Alas for me! {46} I faint. Thy mystic majesty Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS.

All hail! all hail! White splendour through the viewless veil! I am drawn with thee to rapture.

OLYMPAS.

Stay! I bear a message. Heaven hath sent The knowledge of a new sweet way Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS.

Master, while yet the glory clings Declare this mystery magical!

MARSYAS.

I am yet borne on those blue wings Into the Essence of the All. Now, now I stand on earth again, Though, blazing through each nerve and vein, The light yet holds its choral course, Filling my frame with fiery force Like God's. Now hear the Apocalypse New-fledged on these reluctant lips!

OLYMPAS.

I tremble like an aspen, quiver Like light upon a rainy river!

MARSYAS.

Do what thou wilt! is the sole word Of law that my attainment heard. Arise, and lay thine hand on God! Arise, and set a period Unto Restriction! That is sin: To hold thine holy spirit in! O thou that chafest at thy bars, Invoke Nuit beneath her stars With a pure heart (Her incense burned {47} Of gums and woods, in gold inurned), And let the serpent flame therein A little, and thy soul shall win To lie within her bosom. Lo! Thou wouldst give all ____ and she cries: No! Take all, and take me! Gather spice And virgins and great pearls of price! Worship me in a single robe, Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe, I love thee! Pale and purple, veiled, Voluptuous, swan silver-sailed, I love thee. I am drunkenness Of the inmost sense; my soul's caress Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon Mine iridescent altar-stone, And in her love-chaunt swooningly Say evermore: To me! To me! I am the azure-lidded daughter Of sunset; the all-girdling water; The naked brilliance of the sky In the voluptuous night am I! With song, with jewel, with perfume, Wake all my rose's blush and bloom! Drink to me! Love me! I love thee, My love, my lord ____ to me! to me!

OLYMPAS.

There is no harshness in the breath Of this ____ is life surpassed, and death?

MARSYAS.

There is the Snake that gives delight {48} And Knowledge, stirs the heart aright With drunkenness. Strange drugs are thine, Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine! These do no hurt. Thine hermits dwell Not in the cold secretive cell, But under purple canopies With mighty-breasted mistresses Magnificent as lionesses ____ Tender and terrible caresses! Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes; And massed huge hair about them lies. They lead their hosts to victory: In every joy they are kings; then see That secret serpent coiled to spring And win the world! O priest and king, Let there be feasting, foining, fighting, A revel of lusting, singing, smiting! Work; be the bed of work! Hold! Hold! the stars' kiss is as molten gold. Harden! Hold thyself up! now die --- Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!

OLYMPAS.

And I?

MARSYAS.

My stature shall surpass the stars: He hath said it! Men shall worship me In hidden woods, on barren scaurs, Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS.

Hail! I adore thee! Let us feast.

MARSYAS.

I am the consecrated Beast. I build the Abominable House. The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse ____ {49}

OLYMPAS.

What is this word?

MARSYAS.

Thou canst not know Till thou hast passed the Fourth Ordeal.

OLYMPAS.

I worship thee. The moon-rays flow Masterfully rich and real From thy red mouth, and burst, young suns Chanting before the Holy Ones Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!

MARSYAS.

The last spell! The availing word! The two completed by the third! The Lord of War, of Vengeance That slayeth with a single glance! This light is in me of my Lord. His Name is this far-whirling sword. I push His order. Keen and swift My Hawk's eye flames; these arms uplift The Banner of Silence and of Strength ____ Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord, at length! Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I: My nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky. Hail! ye twin warriors that guard The pillars of the world! Your time is nigh at hand. The snake that marred Heaven with his inexhaustible slime is slain; I bear the Wand of Power, The Wand that waxes and that wanes; I crush the Universe this hour In my left hand; and naught remains! Ho! for the splendour in my name Hidden and glorious, a flame {50} Secretly shooting from the sun. Aum! Ha! ____ my destiny is done. The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS.

I am stunned. What wonder was revealed?

MARSYAS.

The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS.

Profits it?

MARSYAS.

Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS.

The other did no less.

MARSYAS.

Then prove Both by the master-key of Love. The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou shirk To use the sacred oil of work? Not from the valley shalt thou test The eggs that line the eagle's nest! Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice, The sheer wall of the precipice! Master the cornice, gain the breach, And learn what next the ridge can teach! Yet ____ not the ridge itself may speak The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS.

All ridges join at last.

MARSYAS.

Admitted, O thou astute and subtle-witted! Yet one ____ loose, jagged, clad in mist!
Another ____ firm, smooth, loved and kissed By the soft sun! Our order hath This secret
of the solar path, Even as our Lord the Beast hath won The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS.

These secrets are too high for me. {51}

MARSYAS.

Nay, little brother! Come and see! Neither by faith nor fear nor awe Approach the
doctrine of the Law! Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the bout, And those three others be
cast out.

OLYMPAS.

Lead me, Master, by the hand Gently to this gracious land! Let me drink the doctrine in,
An all-healing medicine! Let me rise, correct and firm, Steady striding to the term,
Master of my fate, to rise To imperial destinies; With the sun's ensanguine dart
Spear-bright in my blazing heart, And my being's basil-plant Bright and hard as
adamant!

MARSYAS.

Yonder, faintly luminous, The yellow desert waits for us. Lithe and eager, hand in hand,
We travel to the lonely land. There, beneath the stars, the smoke Of our incense shall
invoke The Queen of Space; and subtly She Shall bend from Her infinity Like a lambent
flame of blue, Touching us, and piercing through All the sense-webs that we are As the
aethyr penetrates a star! Her hands caressing the black earth, {52} Her sweet lithe body
arched for love, Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers, She calls my name ____ she gives the
sign That she is mine, supremely mine, And clinging to the infinite girth My soul gets
perfect joy thereof Beyond the abysses and the hours; So that ____ I kiss her lovely
brows; She bathes my body in perfume Of sweat O thou my secret spouse,
Continuous One of Heaven! illumine My soul with this arcane delight, Volumptuous
Daughter of the Night! Eat me up wholly with the glance Of thy luxurious brilliance!

OLYMPAS.

The desert calls.

MARSYAS.

Then let us go! Or seek the sacramental snow, Where like a high-priest I may stand

With acolytes on every hand, The lesser peaks ____ my will withdrawn To invoke the
dayspring from the dawn, Changing that rosy smoke of light To a pure crystalline white;
Though the mist of mind, as draws A dancer round her limbs the gauze, Clothe Light,
and show the virgin Sun A lemon-pale medallion! Thence leap we leashless to the goal,
Stainless star-rapture of the soul. {53} So the altar-fires fade As the Godhead is
displayed. Nay, we stir not. Everywhere Is our temple right appointed. All the earth is
faery fair For us. Am I not anointed? The Sigil burns upon the brow At the adjuration
____ here and now.

OLYMPAS.

The air is laden with perfumes.

MARSYAS.

Behold! It beams ____ it burns ____ it blooms.

* * * * *

OLYMPAS.

Master, how subtly hast thou drawn The daylight from the Golden Dawn, Bidden the
Cavernous Mount unfold Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold; Until I saw, flashed from afar,
The Hawk's eye in the Silver Star!

MARSYAS.

Peace to all beings. Peace to thee, Co-heir of mine eternity! Peace to the greatest and
the least, To nebula and nenuphar! Light in abundance be increased On them that
dream that shadows are!

OLYMPAS.

Blessing and worship to The Beast, The prophet of the lovely Star! {54}

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CHAPTER I
THE LONGING FOR INFINITY

THOSE who know how to observe themselves, and who preserve the memory of their impressions, those who, like Hoffmann, have known how to construct their spiritual barometer, have sometimes had to note in the observatory of their mind fine seasons, happy days, delicious minutes. There are days when man awakes with a young and vigorous genius. Though his eyelids be scarcely released from the slumber which sealed them, the exterior world shows itself to him with a powerful relief, a clearness of contour, and a richness of colour which are admirable. The moral world opens out its vast perspective, full of new clarities.

A man gratified by this happiness, unfortunately rare and transient, feels himself at once more an artist and more a just man; to say all in a word, a nobler being. But the most singular thing in this exceptional condition of the spirit and of the senses ____ which I may without exaggeration call heavenly, if I compare it with the heavy shadows of common and daily existence ____ is that it has not been created by any visible or easily definable cause. It is the result of a good hygiene and of a wise regimen? Such is the first explanation which {57} suggests itself; but we are obliged to recognise that often this marvel, this prodigy, so to say, produces itself as if it were the effect of a superior and invisible power, of a power exterior to man, after a period of the abuse of his physical faculties. Shall we say that it is the reward of assiduous prayer and spiritual ardour? It is certain that a constant elevation of the desire, a tension of the spiritual forces in a heavenly direction, would be the most proper regimen for creating this moral health, so brilliant and so glorious. But what absurd law causes it to manifest itself (as it sometimes does) after shameful orgies of the imagination; after a sophistical abuse of reason, which is, to its straight forward and rational use, that which the tricks of dislocation which some acrobats have taught themselves to perform are to sane gymnastics? For this reason I prefer to consider this abnormal condition of the spirit as a true "grace;" as a magic mirror wherein man is invited to see himself at his best; that is to say, as that which he should be, and might be; a kind of angelic excitement; a rehabilitation of the most flattering type. A certain Spiritualist School, largely represented in England and America, even considers supernatural phenomena, such as the apparition of phantoms, ghosts, &c., as manifestations of the Divine Will, ever anxious to awaken in the spirit of man the memory of invisible truths.

Besides this charming and singular state, where all the forces are balanced; where the imagination, though enormously powerful, does not drag after it into perilous adventures the moral sense; when an exquisite sensibility is no longer tortured by sick nerves, those councillors-in- ordinary of crime or despair: this marvellous {58} State, I say, has no prodromal symptoms. It is as unexpected as a ghost. It is a species of obsession, but

of intermittent obsession; from which we should be able to draw, if we were but wise, the certainty of a nobler existence, and the hope of attaining to it by the daily exercise of our will. This sharpness of thought, this enthusiasm of the senses and of the spirit, must in every age have appeared to man as the chiefest of blessings; and for this reason, considering nothing but the immediate pleasure he has, without worrying himself as to whether he were violating the laws of his constitution, he has sought, in physical science, in pharmacy, in the grossest liquors, in the subtlest perfumes, in every climate and in every age, the means of fleeing, were it but for some hours only, his habitaculum of mire, and, as the author of "Lazare" says, "to carry Paradise at the first assault." Alas! the vices of man, full of horror as one must suppose them, contain the proof, even though it were nothing but their infinite expansion, of his hunger for the Infinite; only, it is a taste which often loses its way. One might take a proverbial metaphor, "All roads lead to Rome," and apply it to the moral world: all roads lead to reward or punishment; two forms of eternity. The mind of man is gluttoned with passion: he has, if I may use another familiar phrase, passion to burn. But this unhappy soul, whose natural depravity is equal to its sudden aptitude, paradoxical enough, for charity and the most arduous virtues, is full of paradoxes which allow him to turn to other purposes the overflow of this overmastering passion. He never imagines that he is selling himself wholesale: he forgets, in his infatuation, that he is matched against a player more cunning and more strong than {59} he; and that the Spirit of Evil, though one give him but a hair, will not delay to carry off the whole head. This visible lord of visible nature ____ I speak of man ____ has, then, wished to create Paradise by chemistry, by fermented drinks; like a maniac who should replace solid furniture and real gardens by decorations painted on canvas and mounted on frames. It is in this degradation of the sense of the Infinite that lies, according to me, the reason of all guilty excesses; from the solitary and concentrated drunkenness of the man of letters, who, obliged to seek in opium and anodyne for a physical suffering, and having thus discovered a well of morbid pleasure, has made of it, little by little, his sole diet, and as it were the sum of his spiritual life; down to the most disgusting sot of the suburbs, who, his head full of flame and of glory, rolls ridiculously in the muck of the roads.

Among the drugs most efficient in creating what I call the artificial ideal, leaving on one side liquors, which rapidly excite gross frenzy and lay flat all spiritual force, and the perfumes, whose excessive use, while rendering more subtle man's imagination, wear out gradually his physical forces; the two most energetic substances, the most convenient and the most handy, are hashish and opium. The analysis of the mysterious effect and the diseased pleasures which these drugs beget, of the inevitable chastisement which results from their prolonged use, and finally the immorality necessarily employed in this pursuit of a false ideal, constitutes the subject of this study.

The subject of opium has been treated already, and in a manner at once so startling, so scientific, and so poetic that I shall not dare to add a word to it. I will therefore content {60} myself in another study, with giving an analysis of this incomparable book, which has never been fully translated into French. The author, an illustrious man of a powerful and exquisite imagination, to-day retired and silent, has dared with tragic

candour to write down the delights and the tortures which he once found in opium, and the most dramatic portion of his book is that where he speaks of the superhuman efforts of will which he found it necessary to bring into action in order to escape from the damnation which he had imprudently incurred. To-day I shall only speak of hashish, and I shall speak of it after numerous investigations and minute information; extracts from notes or confidences of intelligent men who had long been addicted to it; only, I shall combine these varied documents into a sort of monograph, choosing a particular soul, and one easy to explain and to define, as a type suitable to experiences of this nature. {61}

CHAPTER II WHAT IS HASHISH?

THE stories of Marco Polo, which have been so unjustly laughed at, as in the case of some other old travellers, have been verified by men of science, and deserve our belief. I shall not repeat his story of how, after having intoxicated them with hashish (whence the word "Assassin") the old Man of the Mountains shut up in a garden filled with delights those of his youngest disciples to whom he wished to give an idea of Paradise as an earnest of the reward, so to speak, of a passive and unreflecting obedience. The reader may consult, concerning the secret Society of Hashishins, the work of Von Hammer-Purgstall, and the note of M. Sylvestre de Sacy contained in vol. 16 of "*Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*"; and, with regard to the etymology of the word "assassin," his letter to the editor of the "*Moniteur*" in No. 359 of the year 1809. Herodotus tells us that the Syrians used to gather grains of hemp and throw red-hot stones upon them; so that it was like a vapour-bath, more perfumed than that of any Grecian stove; and the pleasure of it was so acute that it drew cries of joy from them.

Hashish, in effect, comes to us from the East. The exciting properties of hemp were well known in ancient Egypt, and the use of it is very widely spread under different names in {62} India, Algeria, and Arabia Felix; but we have around us, under our eyes, curious examples of the intoxication caused by vegetable emanations. Without speaking of the children who, having played and rolled themselves in heaps of cut lucern, often experience singular attacks of vertigo, it is well known that during the hemp harvest both male and female workers undergo similar effects. One would say that from the harvest rises a miasma which troubles their brains despitefully. The head of the reaper is full of whirlwinds, sometimes laden with reveries; at certain moments the limbs grow weak and refuse their office. We have heard tell of crises of somnambulism as being frequent among the Russian peasants, whose cause, they say, must be attributed to the use of hemp-seed oil in the preparation of food. Who does not know the extravagant behaviour of hens which have eaten grains of hemp-seed, and the wild enthusiasm of the horses which the peasants, at weddings and on the feasts of their patron saints, prepare for a steeplechase by a ration of hemp-seed, sometimes sprinkled with wine? Nevertheless, French hemp is unsuitable for preparing hashish, or at least, as repeated experiments have shown, unfitted to give a drug which is equal in power to hashish. Hashish, or Indian hemp ("*Cannabis indica*"), is a plant of the family of "*Urticaceae*," resembling in every respect the hemp of our latitudes, except that it does not attain the same height. It possesses very extraordinary intoxicating properties, which for some years past have

attracted in France the attention of men of science and of the world. It is more or less highly esteemed according to its different sources: that of Bengal is the most prized by Europeans; that, however, of Egypt, of Constantinople, of Persia, and {63} of Algeria enjoys the same properties, but in an inferior degree.

Hashish (or grass; that is to say, the grass par excellence, as if the Arabs had wished to define in a single word the grass source of all material pleasures) has different names, according to its composition and the method of preparation which it has undergone in the country where it has been gathered: In India, "bhang;" in Africa, teriaki; in Algeria and in Arabia Felix, madjound, &c. It makes considerable difference at what season of the year it is gathered. It possesses its greatest energy when it is in flower. The flowering tops are in consequence the only parts employed in the different preparations of which we are about to speak. The extrait gras of hashish, as the Arabs prepare it, is obtained by boiling the tops of the fresh plant in butter, with a little water. It is strained, after complete evaporation of all humidity, and one thus obtains a preparation which has the appearance of a pomade, in colour greenish yellow, and which possesses a disagreeable odour of hashish and of rancid butter. Under this form it is employed in small pills of two to four grammes in weight, but on account of its objectionable smell, which increases with age, the Arabs conceal the extrait gras in sweetmeats.

The most commonly employed of these sweetmeats, dawamesk, is a mixture of extrait gras, sugar, and various other aromatic substances, such as vanilla, cinnamon, pistachio, almond, musk. Sometimes one even adds a little cantharides, with an object which has nothing in common with the ordinary results of hashish. Under this new form hashish has no disagreeable qualities, and one can take it in a {64} dose of fifteen, twenty, and thirty grammes, either enveloped in a leaf of pain à chanter or in a cup of coffee.

The experiments made by Messrs. Smith, Gastinel, and Decourtive were directed towards the discovery of the active principles of hashish. Despite their efforts, its chemical combination is still little known, but one usually attributes its properties to a resinous matter which is found there in the proportion of about 10 per cent. To obtain this resin the dried plant is reduced to a coarse powder, which is then washed several times with alcohol; this is afterwards partially distilled and evaporated until it reaches the consistency of an extract; this extract is treated with water, which dissolves the gummy foreign matter, and the resin then remains in a pure condition.

This product is soft, of a dark green colour, and possesses to a high degree the characteristic smell of hashish. Five, ten, fifteen centigrammes are sufficient to produce surprising results. But the haschischine, which may be administered under the form of chocolate pastilles or small pills mixed with ginger, has, like the dawamesk and the extrait gras, effects more or less vigorous, and of an extremely varied nature, according to the individual temperament and nervous susceptibility of the hashish-eater; and, more than that, the result varies in the same individual. Sometimes he will experience an immoderate and irresistible gaiety, sometimes a sense of well-being and of abundance of life, sometimes a slumber doubtful and thronged with dreams. There are,

however, some phenomena which occur regularly enough; above all, in the case of persons of a regular temperament and education; there is a kind of unity in its variety which {65} will allow me to edit, without too much trouble, this monograph on hashish-drunkenness of which I spoke before.

At Constantinople, in Algeria, and even in France, some people smoke hashish mixed with tobacco, but then the phenomena in question only occur under a form much moderated, and, so to say, lazy. I have heard it said that recently, by means of distillation, an essential oil has been drawn from hashish which appears to possess a power much more active than all the preparations hitherto known, but it has not been sufficiently studied for me to speak with certainty of its results. Is it not superfluous to add that tea, coffee, and alcoholic drinks are powerful adjuvants which accelerate more or less the outbreak of this mysterious intoxication?

{66}

CHAPTER III

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE SERAPHIM

WHAT does one experience? What does one see? Marvellous things, is it not so? Wonderful sights? Is it very beautiful? and very terrible? and very dangerous? Such are the usual questions which, with a curiosity mingled with fear, those ignorant of hashish address to its adepts. It is, as it were, the childish impatience to know, resembling that of those people who have never quitted their firesides when they meet a man who returns from distant and unknown countries. They imagine hashish-drunkenness to themselves as a prodigious country, a vast theatre of sleight-of-hand and of juggling, where all is miraculous, all unforeseen. ____ That is a prejudice, a complete mistake. And since for the ordinary run of readers and of questioners the word "hashish" connotes the idea of a strange and topsy-turvy world, the expectation of prodigious dreams (it would be better to say hallucinations, which are, by the way, less frequent than people suppose), I will at once remark upon the important difference which separates the effects of hashish from the phenomena of dream. In dream, that adventurous voyage which we undertake every night, there is something positively miraculous. It is a miracle whose punctual occurrence has blunted its mystery. The dreams of man are of two classes. Some, full of his ordinary {67} life, of his preoccupations, of his desires, of his vices, combine themselves in a manner more or less bizarre with the objects which he has met in his day's work, which have carelessly fixed themselves upon the vast canvas of his memory. That is the natural dream; it is the man himself. But the other kind of dream, the dream absurd and unforeseen, without meaning or connection with the character, the life, and the passions of the sleeper: this dream, which I shall call hieroglyphic, evidently represents the supernatural side of life, and it is exactly because it is absurd that the ancients believed it to be divine. As it is inexplicable by natural causes, they attributed to it a cause external to man, and even to-day, leaving out of account oneiromancers and the fooleries of a philosophical school which sees in dreams of this type sometimes a reproach,

sometimes a warning; in short, a symbolic and moral picture begotten in the spirit itself of the sleeper. It is a dictionary which one must study; a language of which sages may obtain the key.

In the intoxication of hashish there is nothing like this. We shall not go outside the class of natural dream. The drunkenness, throughout its duration, it is true, will be nothing but an immense dream, thanks to the intensity of its colours and the rapidity of its conceptions. But it will always keep the idiosyncrasy of the individual. The man has desired to dream; the dream will govern the man. But this dream will be truly the son of its father. The idle man has taxed his ingenuity to introduce artificially the supernatural into his life and into his thought; but, after all, and despite the accidental energy of his experiences, he is nothing but the same man magnified, the same number raised to a very high power. He {68} is brought into subjection, but, unhappily for him, it is not by himself; that is to say, by the part of himself which is already dominant. "He would be angel; he becomes a beast." Momentarily very powerful, if, indeed, one can give the name of power to what is merely excessive sensibility without the control which might moderate or make use of it.

Let it be well understood then, by worldly and ignorant folk, curious of acquaintance with exceptional joys, that they will find in hashish nothing miraculous, absolutely nothing but the natural in a superabundant degree. The brain and the organism upon which hashish operates will only give their ordinary and individual phenomena, magnified, it is true, both in quantity and quality, but always faithful to their origin. Man cannot escape the fatality of his mortal and physical temperament. Hashish will be, indeed, for the impressions and familiar thoughts of the man, a mirror which magnifies, yet no more than a mirror.

Here is the drug before your eyes: a little green sweet-meat, about as big as a nut, with a strange smell; so strange that it arouses a certain revulsion, and inclinations to nausea ___ as, indeed, any fine and even agreeable scent, exalted to its maximum strength and (so to say) density, would do.

Allow me to remark in passing that this proposition can be inverted, and that the most disgusting and revolting perfume would become perhaps a pleasure to inhale if it were reduced to its minimum quantity and intensity.

There! there is happiness; heaven in a teaspoon; happiness, with all its intoxication, all its folly, all its childishness. You can swallow it without fear; it is not fatal; it will in nowise injure your physical organs. Perhaps (later on) too {69} frequent an employment of the sorcery will diminish the strength of your will; perhaps you will be less a man than you are today; but retribution is so far off, and the nature of the eventual disaster so difficult to define! What is it that you risk? A little nervous fatigue to- morrow ___ no more. Do you not every day risk greater punishments for less reward? Very good then; you have even, to make it act more quickly and vigorously, imbibed your dose of extrait gras in a cup of black coffee. You have taken care to have the stomach empty, postponing dinner till nine or ten o'clock, to give full liberty of action to the poison. At the very most you will

take a little soup in an hour's time. You are now sufficiently provisioned for a long and strange journey; the steamer has whistled, the sails are trimmed; and you have this curious advantage over ordinary travellers, that you have no idea where you are going. You have made your choice; here's to luck!

I presume that you have taken the precaution to choose carefully your moment for setting out on this adventure. for every perfect debauch demands perfect leisure. You know, moreover, that hashish exaggerates, not only the individual, but also circumstances and environment. You have no duties to fulfil which require punctuality or exactitude; no domestic worries; no lover's sorrows. One must be careful on such points. Such a disappointment, an anxiety, an interior monition of a duty which demands your will and your attention, at some determinate moment, would ring like a funeral bell across your intoxication and poison your pleasure. Anxiety would become anguish, and disappointment torture. But if, having observed all these preliminary conditions, the weather is fine; if you are situated in favourable surroundings, such as a picturesque {70} landscape or a room beautifully decorated; and if in particular you have at command a little music, then all is for the best.

Generally speaking, there are three phases in hashish intoxication, easy enough to distinguish, and it is not uncommon for beginners to obtain only the first symptoms of the first phase. You have heard vague chatter about the marvellous effects of hashish; your imagination has preconceived a special idea, an ideal intoxication, so to say. You long to know if the reality will indeed reach the height of your hope; that alone is sufficient to throw you from the very beginning into an anxious state, favourable enough to the conquering and enveloping tendency of the poison. Most novices, on their first initiation, complain of the slowness of the effects: they wait for them with a puerile impatience, and, the drug not acting quickly enough for their liking, they bluster long rigmaroles of incredulity, which are amusing enough for the old hands who know how hashish acts. The first attacks, like the symptoms of a storm which has held off for a long while, appear and multiply themselves in the bosom of this very incredulity. At first it is a certain hilarity, absurdly irresistible, which possesses you. These accesses of gaiety, without due cause, of which you are almost ashamed, frequently occur and divide the intervals of stupor, during which you seek in vain to pull yourself together. The simplest words, the most trivial ideas, take on a new and strange physiognomy. You are surprised at yourself for having up to now found them so simple. Incongruous likenesses and correspondences, impossible to foresee, interminable puns, comic sketches, spout eternally from your brain. The demon has encompassed you; it is useless to kick against the pricks of this hilarity, as painful as tickling {71} is! From time to time you laugh to yourself at your stupidity and your madness, and your comrades, if you are with others, laugh also, both at your state and their own; but as they laugh without malice, so you are without resentment.

This gaiety, turn by turn idle or acute, this uneasiness in joy, this insecurity, this indecision, last, as a rule, but a very short time. Soon the meanings of ideas become so vague, the conducting thread which binds your conceptions together becomes so tenuous, that none but your accomplices can understand you. And, again, on this

subject and from this point of view, no means of verifying it! Perhaps they only think that they understand you, and the illusion is reciprocal. This frivolity, these bursts of laughter, like explosions, seem like a true mania, or at least like the delusion of a maniac, to every man who is not in the same state as yourself. What is more, prudence and good sense, the regularity of the thoughts of him who witnesses, but has been careful not to intoxicate himself, rejoice you and amuse you as if they were a particular form of dementia. The parts are interchanged; his self-possession drives you to the last limits of irony. How monstrous comic is this situation, for a man who is enjoying a gaiety incomprehensible for him who is not placed in the same environment as he! The madman takes pity on the sage, and from that moment the idea of his superiority begins to dawn on the horizon of his intellect. Soon it will grow great and broad, and burst like a meteor.

I was once witness of a scene of this kind which was carried very far, and whose grotesqueness was only intelligible to those who were acquainted, at least by means of observation of others, with the effects of the substance and {72} the enormous difference of diapason which it creates between two intelligences apparently equal. A famous musician, who was ignorant of the properties of hashish, who perhaps had never heard speak of it, finds himself in the midst of a company, several persons of which had taken a portion. They try to make him understand the marvellous effects of it; at these prodigious yarns he smiles courteously, by complaisance, like a man who is willing to play the fool for a minute or two. His contempt is quickly divined by these spirits, sharpened by the poison, and their laughter wounds him; these bursts of joy, this playing with words, these altered countenances ___ all this unwholesome atmosphere irritates him, and forces him to exclaim sooner, perhaps, than he would have wished that this is a poor rôle, and that, moreover, it must be very tiring for those who have undertaken it.

The comicality of it lightened them all like a flash; their joy boiled over. "This rôle may be good for you," said he, "but for me, no." "It is good for us; that is all we care about," replies egoistically one of the revellers.

Not knowing whether he is dealing with genuine madmen or only with people who are pretending to be mad, our friend thinks that the part of discretion is to go away; but somebody shuts the door and hides the key. Another, kneeling before him, asks his pardon, in the name of the company, and declares insolently, but with tears, that despite his mental inferiority, which perhaps excites a little pity, they are all filled with a profound friendship for him. He makes up his mind to remain, and even condescends, after pressure, to play a little music.

But the sounds of the violin, spreading themselves through {73} the room like a new contagion, stab -- the word is not too strong ___ first one of the revellers, then another. There burst forth deep and raucous sighs, sudden sobs, streams of silent tears. The frightened musician stops, and, approaching him whose ecstasy is noisiest, asks him if he suffers much, and what must be done to relieve him. One of the persons present, a man of common sense, suggests lemonade and acids; but the "sick man," his eyes

shining with ecstasy, looks on them both with ineffable contempt. To wish to cure a man "sick of too much life, "sick" of joy!

As this anecdote shows, goodwill towards men has a sufficiently large place in the feelings excited by hashish: a soft, idle, dumb benevolence which springs from the relaxation of the nerves.

In support of this observation somebody once told me an adventure which had happened to him in this state of intoxication, and as he preserved a very exact memory of his feelings I understood perfectly into what grotesque and inextricable embarrassment this difference of diapason and of pity of which I was just speaking had thrown him. I do not remember if the man in question was at his first or his second experiment; had he taken a dose which was a little too strong, or was it that the hashish had produced, without any apparent cause, effects much more vigorous than the ordinary ____ a not infrequent occurrence?

He told me that across the scutcheon of his joy, this supreme delight of feeling oneself full of life and believing oneself full of genius, there had suddenly smitten the bar sinister of terror. At first dazzled by the beauty of his sensations, he had suddenly fallen into fear of them. He had asked himself the question: "What would become of my intelligence {74} and of my bodily organs if this state" (which he took for a supernatural state) "went on always increasing; if my nerves became continually more and more delicate?" By the power of enlargement which the spiritual eye of the patient possesses, this fear must be an unspeakable torment. "I was," he said, "like a runaway horse galloping towards an abyss, wishing to stop and being unable to do so. Indeed, it was a frightful ride, and my thought, slave of circumstance, of milieu, of accident, and of all that may be implied by the word chance, had taken a turn of pure, absolute rhapsody. 'It is too late, it is too late!' I repeated to myself ceaselessly in despair. When this mood, which seemed to me to last for an infinite time, and which I daresay only occupied a few minutes, changed, when I thought that at last I might dive into the ocean of happiness so dear to Easterns which succeeds this furious phase, I was overwhelmed by a new misfortune; a new anxiety, trivial enough, puerile enough, tumbled upon me. I suddenly remembered that I was invited to dinner, to an evening party of respectable people. I foresaw myself in the midst of a well-behaved and discreet crowd, every one master of himself, where I should be obliged to conceal carefully the state of my mind while under the glare of many lamps. I was fairly certain of success, but at the same time my heart almost gave up at the thought of the efforts of will which it would be necessary to bring into line in order to win. By some accident, I know not what, the words of the Gospel, "Woe unto him by whom offences come!" leapt to the surface of my memory, and in the effort to forget them, in concentrating myself upon forgetting them, I repeated them to myself ceaselessly. My catastrophe, for it was indeed a catastrophe, {75} then took a gigantic shape: despite my weakness, I resolved on vigorous action, and went to consult a chemist, for I did not know the antidotes, and I wished to go with a free and careless spirit to the circle where my duty called me; but on the threshold of the shop a sudden thought seized me, haunted me, forced me to reflect. As I passed I had just seen myself in the looking-glass of a shop-front, and my face had startled me. This

paleness, these lips compressed, these starting eyes! ____ I shall frighten this good fellow, I said to myself, and for what a trifle! Add to that the ridicule which I wished to avoid, the fear of finding people in the shop. But my sudden goodwill towards this unknown apothecary mastered all my other feelings. I imagined to myself this man as being as sensitive as I myself was at this dreadful moment, and as I imagined also that his ear and his soul must, like my own, tremble at the slightest noise, I resolved to go in on tiptoe. 'It would be impossible,' I said to myself, 'to show too much discretion in dealing with a man on whose kindness I am about to intrude.' Then I resolved to deaden the sound of my voice, like the noise of my steps. You know it, this hashish voice: grave, deep, guttural; not unlike that of habitual opium-eaters. The result was the exact contrary of my intention; anxious to reassure the chemist, I frightened him. He was in no way acquainted with this illness; had never even heard of it; yet he looked at me with a curiosity strongly mingled with mistrust. Did he take me for a madman, a criminal, or a beggar? Nor the one nor the other, doubtless, but all these absurd ideas ploughed through my brain. I was obliged to explain to him at length (what weariness!) what the hemp sweetmeat was and what purpose {76} it served, ceaselessly repeating to him that there was no danger, that there was, so far as he was concerned, no reason to be alarmed, and that all that I asked was a method of mitigating or neutralising it, frequently insisting upon the sincere disappointment I felt in troubling him. When I had quite finished (I beg you well to understand all the humiliation which these words contained for me) he asked me simply to go away. Such was the reward of my exaggerated thoughtfulness and goodwill. I went to my evening party; I scandalised nobody. No one guessed the superhuman struggles which I had to make to be like other people; but I shall never forget the tortures of an ultra-poetic intoxication constrained by decorum and antagonised by duty."

Although naturally prone to sympathise with every suffering which is born of the imagination, I could not prevent myself from laughing at this story. The man who told it to me is not cured. He continued to crave at the hands of the cursed confection the excitement which wisdom finds in itself; but as he is a prudent and settled man, a man of the world, he has diminished the doses, which has permitted him to increase their frequency. He will taste later the rotten fruit of his "prudence"!

I return to the regular development of the intoxication. After this first phase of childish gaiety there is, as it were, a momentary relaxation; but new events soon announce themselves by a sensation of coolth at the extremities ____ which may even become, in the case of certain persons, a bitter cold ____ and a great weakness in all the limbs. You have then "butter fingers"; and in your head, in all your being, you feel an embarrassing stupor and stupefaction. Your eyes {77} start from your head; it is as if they were drawn in every direction by implacable ecstasy. Your face is deluged with paleness; the lips draw themselves in, sucked into the mouth with that movement of breathlessness which characterises the ambition of a man who is the prey of his own great schemes, oppressed by enormous thoughts, or taking a long breath preparatory to a spring. The throat closes itself, so to say; the palate is dried up by a thirst which it would be infinitely sweet to satisfy, if the delights of laziness were not still more agreeable, and in opposition to the least disturbance of the body. Deep but hoarse sighs escape from your

breast, as if the old bottle, your body, could not bear the passionate activity of the new wine, your new soul. From one time to another a spasm transfixes you and makes you quiver, like those muscular discharges which at the end of a day's work or on a stormy night precede definitive slumber.

Before going further I should like, à propos of this sensation of coolth of which I spoke above, to tell another story which will serve to show to what point the effects, even the purely physical effects, may vary according to the individual. This time it is a man of letters who speaks, and in some parts of his story one will (I think) be able to find the indications of the literary temperament. "I had taken," he told me, "a moderated dose of *extrait gras*, and all was going as well as possible. The crisis of gaiety had not lasted long, and I found myself in a state of languor and wonderment which was almost happiness. I looked forward, then, to a quiet and unworried evening: unfortunately chance urged me to go with a friend to the theatre. I took the heroic course, resolved to overcome my immense desire to be idle and motionless. All {78} the carriages in my district were engaged; I was obliged to walk a long distance amid the discordant noises of the traffic, the stupid conversation of the passers-by, a whole ocean of triviality. My finger-tips were already slightly cool; soon this turned into a most acute cold, as if I had plunged both hands into a bucket of ice-water. But this was not suffering; this needle-sharp sensation stabbed me rather like a pleasure. Yet it seemed to me that this cold enveloped me more and more as the interminable journey went on. I asked two or three times of the person with whom I was if it was actually very cold. He replied to me that, on the contrary, the temperature was more than warm. Installed at last in the room, shut up in the box which had been given me, with three or four hours of repose in front of me, I thought myself arrived at the Promised Land. The feelings on which I had trampled during the journey with all the little energy at my disposal now burst in, and I give myself up freely to my silent frenzy. The cold ever increased, and yet I saw people lightly clad, and even wiping their foreheads with an air of weariness. This delightful idea took hold of me, that I was a privileged man, to whom alone had been accorded the right to feel cold in summer in the auditorium of a theatre. This cold went on increasing until it became alarming; yet I was before all dominated by my curiosity to know to what degree it could possibly sink. At last it came to such a point, it was so complete, so general, that all my ideas froze, so to speak; I was a piece of thinking ice. I imagined myself as a statue carved in a block of ice, and this mad hallucination made me so proud, excited in me such a feeling of moral well-being, that I despair of defining it to you. What added to my abominable {79} enjoyment was the certainty that all the other people present were ignorant of my nature and of the superiority that I had over them, and then with the pleasure of thinking that my companion never suspected for a moment with what strange feelings I was filled, I clasped the reward of my dissimulation, and my extraordinary pleasure was a veritable secret.

"Besides, I had scarcely entered the box when my eyes had been struck with an impression of darkness which seemed to me to have some relationship with the idea of cold; it is, however, possible that these two ideas had lent each other strength. You know that hashish always invokes magnificences of light, splendours of colour, cascades of liquid gold; all light is sympathetic to it, both that which streams in sheets

and that which hangs like spangles to points and roughnesses; the candelabra of salons, the wax candles that people burn in May, the rosy avalanches of sunset. It seems that the miserable chandelier spread a light far too insignificant to quench this insatiable thirst of brilliance. I thought, as I told you, that I was entering a world of shadows, which, moreover, grew gradually thicker, while I dreamt of the Polar night and the eternal winter. As to the stage, it was a stage consecrated to the comic Muse; that alone was luminous; infinitely small and far off, very far, like a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope. I will not tell you that I listened to the actors; you know that that is impossible. From time to time my thoughts snapped up on the wing a fragment of a phrase, and like a clever dancing-girl used it as a spring-board to leap into far-distant reveries. You might suppose that a play heard in this manner would lack logic and coherence. Undeceive yourself! I discovered an exceeding subtle sense in {80} the drama created by my distraction. Nothing jarred on me, and I resembled a little that poet who, seeing Esther played for the first time, found it quite natural that Haman should make a declaration of love to the queen. It was, as you guess, the moment where he throws himself at the feet of Esther to beg pardon of his crime. If all plays were listened to on these lines they all, even those of Racine, would gain enormously. The actors seemed to me exceedingly small, and bounded by a precise and clear-cut line, like the figures in Meissonier's pictures. I saw distinctly not only the most minute details of their costumes, their patterns, seams, buttons, and so on, but also the line of separation between the false forehead and the real; the white, the blue, and the red, and all the tricks of make-up; and these Lilliputians were clothed about with a cold and magical clearness, like that which a very clean glass adds to an oil-painting. When at last I was able to emerge from this cavern of frozen shadows, and when, the interior phantasmagoria being dissipated, I came to myself, I experienced a greater degree of weariness than prolonged and difficult work has ever caused me."

It is, in fact, at this period of the intoxication that is manifested a new delicacy, a superior sharpness in each of the senses: smell, sight, hearing, touch join equally in this onward march; the eyes behold the Infinite; the ear perceives almost inaudible sounds in the midst of the most tremendous tumult. It is then that the hallucinations begin; external objects take on wholly and successively most strange appearances; they are deformed and transformed. Then ____ the ambiguities, the misunderstandings, and the transpositions of ideas! Sounds cloak themselves with colour; colours blossom {81} into music. That, you will say, is nothing but natural. Every poetic brain in its healthy, normal state, readily conceives these analogies. But I have already warned the reader that there is nothing of the positively supernatural in hashish intoxication; only those analogies possess an unaccustomed liveliness; they penetrate and they envelop; they overwhelm the mind with their masterfulness. Musical notes become numbers; and if your mind is gifted with some mathematical aptitude, the harmony to which you listen, while keeping its voluptuous and sensual character, transforms itself into a vast rhythmical operation, where numbers beget numbers, and whose phases and generation follow with an inexplicable ease and an agility which equals that of the person playing.

It happens sometimes that the sense of personality disappears, and that the objectivity

which is the birthright of Pantheist poets develops itself in you so abnormally that the contemplation of exterior objects makes you forget your own existence and confound yourself with them. Your eye fixes itself upon a tree, bent by the wind into an harmonious curve; in some seconds that which in the brain of a poet would only be a very natural comparison becomes in yours a reality. At first you lend to the tree your passions, your desire, or your melancholy; its creakings and oscillations become yours, and soon you are the tree. In the same way with the bird which hovers in the abyss of azure: at first it represents symbolically your own immortal longing to float above things human; but soon you are the bird itself. Suppose, again, you are seated smoking; your attention will rest a little too long upon the bluish clouds which breathe forth from your pipe; the idea of a slow, continuous, eternal evaporation will possess itself of {82} your spirit, and you will soon apply this idea to your own thoughts, to your own apparatus of thought. By a singular ambiguity, by a species of transposition or intellectual barter, you feel yourself evaporating, and you will attribute to your pipe, in which you feel yourself crouched and pressed down like the tobacco, the strange faculty of smoking you!

Luckily, this interminable imagination has only lasted a minute. For a lucid interval, seized with a great effort, has allowed you to look at the clock. But another current of ideas bears you away; it will roll you away for yet another minute in its living whirlwind, and this other minute will be an eternity. For the proportion of time and being are completely disordered by the multitude and intensity of your feelings and ideas. One may say that one lives many times the space of a man's life during a single hour. Are you not, then, like a fantastic novel, but alive instead of being written? There is no longer any equation between the physical organs and their enjoyments; and it is above all on this account that arises the blame which one must give to this dangerous exercise in which liberty is forfeited.

When I speak of hallucinations the word must not be taken in its strictest sense: a very important shade of difference distinguishes pure hallucination, such as doctors have often have occasion to study, from the hallucination, or rather of the misinterpretation of the senses, which arises in the mental state caused by the hashish. In the first case the hallucination is sudden, complete, and fatal; beside which, it finds neither pretext nor excuse in the exterior world. The sick man sees a shape or hears sounds where there are not any. In the second case, where hallucination is progressive, {83} almost willed, and it does not become perfect, it only ripens under the action of imagination. Finally, it has a pretext. A sound will speak, utter distinct articulations; but there was a sound there. The enthusiast eye of the hashish drunkard will see strange forms, but before they were strange and monstrous these forms were simple and natural. The energy, the almost speaking liveliness of hallucination in this form of intoxication in no way invalidates this original difference: the one has root in the situation, and, at the present time, the other has not. Better to explain this boiling over of the imagination, this maturing of the dream, and this poetic childishness to which a hashish-intoxicated brain is condemned, I will tell yet another anecdote. This time it is not an idle young man who speaks, nor a man of letters. It is a woman; a woman no longer in her first youth; curious, with an excitable mind, and who, having yielded to the wish to make acquaintance with the poison, describes thus for another woman the most important of

her phases. I transcribe literally.

"However strange and new may be the sensations which I have drawn from my twelve hours' madness ____ was it twelve or twenty? in sooth, I cannot tell ____ I shall never return to it. The spiritual excitement is too lively, the fatigue which results from it too great; and, to say all in a word, I find in this return to childhood something criminal. Ultimately (after many hesitations) I yielded to curiosity, since it was a folly shared with old friends, where I saw no great harm in lacking a little dignity. But first of all I must tell you that this cursed hashish is a most treacherous substance. Sometimes one thinks oneself recovered from the intoxication; but it is only a deceitful peace. There are moments of rest, and then recrudescences. {84} Thus, before ten o'clock in the evening I found myself in one of these momentary states; I thought myself escaped from this superabundance of life which had caused me so much enjoyment, it is true, but which was not without anxiety and fear. I sat down to supper with pleasure, like one in that state of irritable fatigue which a long journey produces; for till then, for prudence sake, I had abstained from eating; but even before I rose from the table my delirium had caught me up again as a cat catches a mouse, and the poison began anew to play with my poor brain. Although my house is quite close to that of our friends, and although there was a carriage at my disposal, I felt myself so overwhelmed with the necessity of dreaming, of abandoning myself to this irresistible madness, that I accepted joyfully their offer to keep me till the morning. You know the castle; you know that they have arranged, decorated, and fitted with conveniences in the modern style all that part in which they ordinarily live, but that the part which is usually unoccupied has been left as it was, with its old style and its old adornments. They determined to improvise for me a bedroom in this part of the castle, and for this purpose they chose the smallest room, a kind of boudoir, which, although somewhat faded and decrepit, is none the less charming. I must describe it for you as well as I can, so that you may understand the strange vision which I underwent, a vision which fulfilled me for a whole night, without ever leaving me the leisure to note the flight of the hours.

"This boudoir is very small, very narrow. From the height of the cornice the ceiling arches itself to a vault; the walls are covered with narrow, long mirrors, separated by {85} panels, where landscapes, in the easy style of the decorations, are painted. On the frieze on the four walls various allegorical figures are represented, some in attitudes of repose, others running or flying; above them are brilliant birds and flowers. Behind the figures a trellis rises, painted so as to deceive the eye, and following naturally the curve of the ceiling; this ceiling is gilded. All the interstices between the woodwork and the trellis and the figures are then covered with gold, and at the centre the gold is only interrupted by the geometrical network of the false trellis; you see that that resembles somewhat a very distinguished cage, a very fine cage for a very big bird. I must add that the night was very fine, very clear, and the moon brightly shining; so much so that even after I had put out my candle all this decoration remained visible, not illuminated by my mind's eye, as you might think, but by this lovely night, whose lights clung to all this broidery of gold, of mirrors, and of patchwork colours.

"I was at first much astonished to see great spaces spread themselves out before me,

beside me, on all sides. There were limpid rivers, and green meadows admiring their own beauty in calm waters: you may guess here the effect of the panels reflected by the mirrors. In raising my eyes I saw a setting sun, like molten metal that grows cold. It was the gold of the ceiling. But the trellis put in my mind the idea that I was in a kind of cage, or in a house open on all sides upon space, and that I was only separated from all these marvels by the bars of my magnificent prison. In the first place I laughed at the illusion which had hold of me; but the more I looked the more its magic grew great, the more it took life, clearness, and masterful reality. From that moment {86} the idea of being shut up mastered my mind, without, I must admit, too seriously interfering with the varied pleasures which I drew from the spectacle spread around and above me. I thought of myself as of one imprisoned for long, for thousands of years perhaps, in this sumptuous cage, among these fairy pastures, between these marvellous horizons. I imagined myself the Sleeping Beauty; dreamt of an expiation that I must undergo, of deliverance to come. Above my head fluttered brilliant tropical birds, and as my ear caught the sound of the little bells on the necks of the horses which were travelling far away on the main road, the two senses pooling their impressions in a single idea, I attributed to the birds this mysterious brazen chant; I imagined that they sang with a metallic throat. Evidently they were talking to me, and chanting hymns to my captivity. Gambolling monkeys, buffoon-like satyrs, seemed to amuse themselves at this supine prisoner, doomed to immobility; yet all the gods of mythology looked upon me with an enchanting smile, as if to encourage me to bear the sorcery with patience, and all their eyes slid to the corner of their eyelids as if to fix themselves on me. I came to the conclusion that if some faults of the olden time, some sins unknown to myself, had made necessary this temporary punishment, I could yet count upon an overriding goodness, which, while condemning me to a prudent course, would offer me truer pleasures than the dull pleasures which filled our youth. You see that moral considerations were not absent from my dream; but I must admit that the pleasure of contemplating these brilliant forms and colours and of thinking myself the centre of a fantastic drama frequently absorbed all my other thoughts. This stayed long, very {87} long. Did it last till morning? I do not know. All of a sudden I saw the morning sun taking his bath in my room. I experienced a lively astonishment, and despite all the efforts of memory that I have been able to make I have never been able to assure myself whether I had slept or whether I had patiently undergone a delicious insomnia. A moment ago, Night; now, Day. And yet I had lived long; oh, very long! The notion of Time, or rather the standard of Time, being abolished, the whole night was only measurable by the multitude of my thoughts. So long soever as it must have appeared to me from this point of view, it also seemed to me that it had only lasted some seconds; or even that it had not taken place in eternity.

"I do not say anything to you of my fatigue; it was immense. They say that the enthusiasm of poets and creative artists resembles what I experienced, though I have always believed that those persons on whom is laid the task of stirring us must be endowed with a most calm temperament. But if the poetic delirium resembles that which a teaspoonful of hashish confection procured for me I cannot but think that the pleasures of the public cost the poets dear, and it is not without a certain well-being, a prosaic satisfaction, that I at last find myself at home, in my intellectual home; I mean, in real life."

There is a woman, evidently reasonable; but we shall only make use of her story to draw from it some useful notes, which will complete this very compressed summary of the principal feelings which hashish begets.

She speaks of supper as of a pleasure arriving at the right moment; at the moment where a momentary remission, {88} momentary for all its pretence of finality, permitted her to go back to real life. Indeed, there are, as I have said, intermissions, and deceitful calms, and hashish often brings about a voracious hunger, nearly always an excessive thirst. Only, dinner or supper, instead of bringing about a permanent rest, creates this new attack, the vertiginous crisis of which this lady complains, and which was followed by a series of enchanting visions lightly tinged with affright, to which she so assented, resigning herself with the best grace in the world. The tyrannical hunger and thirst of which we speak are not easily assayed without considerable trouble. For the man feels himself so much above material things, or rather he is so much overwhelmed by his drunkenness, that he must develop a lengthy spell of courage to move a bottle or a fork.

The definitive crisis determined by the digestion of food is, in fact, very violent; it is impossible to struggle against it. And such a state would not be supportable if it lasted too long, and if it did not soon give place to another phase of intoxication, which in the case above cited interprets itself by splendid visions, tenderly terrifying, and at the same time full of consolations. This new state is what the Easterns call Kaif. It is no longer the whirlwind or the tempest; it is a calm and motionless bliss, a glorious resignedness. Since long you have not been your own master; but you trouble yourself no longer about that. Pain, and the sense of time, have disappeared; or if sometimes they dare to show their heads, it is only as transfigured by the master feeling, and they are then, as compared with their ordinary form, what poetic melancholy is to prosaic grief.

But above all let us remark that in this lady's account {89} (and it is for this purpose that I have transcribed it) it is but a bastard hallucination, and owes its being to the objects of the external world. The spirit is but a mirror where the environment is reflected, strangely transformed. Then, again, we see intruding what I should be glad to call moral hallucination; the patient thinks herself condemned to expiate somewhat; but the feminine temperament, which is ill-fitted to analyse, did not permit her to notice the strangely optimistic character of the aforesaid hallucination. The benevolent look of the gods of Olympus is made poetical by a varnish essentially due to hashish. I will not say that this lady has touched the fringe of remorse, but her thoughts, momentarily turned in the direction of melancholy and regret, have been quickly coloured by hope. This is an observation which we shall again have occasion to verify.

She speaks of the fatigue of the morrow. In fact, this is great. But it does not show itself at once, and when you are obliged to acknowledge its existence you do so not without surprise: for at first, when you are really assured that a new day has arisen on the horizon of your life, you experience an extraordinary sense of well-being; you seem to enjoy a marvellous lightness of spirit. But you are scarcely on your feet when a forgotten fragment of intoxication follows you and pulls you back; it is the badge of your recent

slavery. Your enfeebled legs only conduct you with caution, and you fear at every moment to break yourself, as if you were made of porcelain. A wondrous languor ____ there are those who pretend that it does not lack charm ____ possesses itself of your spirit, and spreads itself across your faculties as a fog spreads itself in a meadow. There, then, you are, for some hours yet, {90} incapable of work, of action, and of energy. It is the punishment of an impious prodigality in which you have squandered your nervous force. You have dispersed your personality to the four winds of heaven ____ and now, what trouble to gather it up again and concentrate it! {91}

CHAPTER IV THE MAN-GOD

IT is time to leave on one side all this jugglery, these big marionettes, born of the smoke of childish brains. Have we not to speak of more serious things ____ of modifications of our human opinions, and, in a word, of the "morale" of hashish? Up to the present I have only made an abridged monograph on the intoxication; I have confined myself to accentuating its principal characteristics. But what is more important, I think, for the spiritually minded man, is to make acquaintance with the action of the poison upon the spiritual part of man; that is to say, the enlargement, the deformation, and the exaggeration of his habitual sentiments and his moral perception, which present then, in an exceptional atmosphere, a true phenomenon of refraction.

The man who, after abandoning himself for a long time to opium or to hashish, has been able, weak as he has become by the habit of bondage, to find the energy necessary to shake off the chain, appears to me like an escaped prisoner. He inspires me with more admiration than does that prudent man who has never fallen, having always been careful to avoid the temptation. The English, in speaking of opium-eaters, often employ terms which can only appear excessive to those innocent persons who do not understand the horrors of this {92} downfall ____ "enchained, fettered, enslaved." Chains, in fact, compared to which all others ____ chains of duty, chains of lawless love ____ are nothing but webs of gauze and spider tissues. Horrible marriage of man with himself! "I had become a bounden slave in the trammels of opium, and my labours and my orders had taken a colouring from my dreams," says the husband of Ligeia. But in how many marvellous passages does Edgar Poe, this incomparable poet, this never-refuted philosopher, whom one must always quote in speaking of the mysterious maladies of the soul, describe the dark and clinging splendours of opium! The lover of the shining Berenice, Egeus, the metaphysician, speaks of an alteration of his faculties which compels him to give an abnormal and monstrous value to the simplest phenomenon.

"To muse for long unwearied hours, with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book; to become absorbed, for the better part of a summer's day, in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry or upon the floor; to lose myself, for an entire night, in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat monotonously some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by

means of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in: such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to anything like analysis or explanation." {93}

And the nervous Augustus Bedloe, who every morning before his walk swallows his dose of opium, tells us that the principal prize which he gains from this daily poisoning is to take in everything, even in the most trivial thing, an exaggerated interest.

"In the meantime the morphine had its customary effect ____ that of enduing all the external world with an intensity of interest. In the quivering of a leaf ____ in the hue of a blade of grass ____ in the shape of a trefoil ____ in the humming of a bee ____ in the gleaming of a dew-drop ____ in the breathing of the wind ____ in the faint odours that came from the forest ____ there came a whole universe of suggestion ____ a gay and motley train of rhapsodical and immethodical thought."

Thus expresses himself, by the mouth of his puppets, the master of the horrible, the prince of mystery. These two characteristics of opium are perfectly applicable to hashish. In the one case, as in the other, the intelligence, formerly free, becomes a slave; but the word "rapsodique," which defines so well a train of thought suggested and dictated by the exterior world and the accident of circumstance, is in truth truer and more terrible in the case of hashish. Here the reasoning power is no more than a wave, at the mercy of every current and the train of thought is infinitely more accelerated and more "rapsodique;" that is to say, clearly enough, I think, that hashish is, in its immediate effect, much more vehement than opium, much more inimical to regular life; in a word, much more upsetting. I do not know if ten years of intoxication by hashish would bring diseases equal to those caused by ten years of opium regimen; I say that, for the moment, and for the morrow, hashish has more fatal results. One is a soft-spoken enchantress; the other, a raging demon. {94}

I wish in this last part to define and to analyse the moral ravage caused by this dangerous and delicious practice; a ravage so great, a danger so profound, that those who return from the fight but lightly wounded appear to me like heroes escaped from the cave of a multiform Proteus, or like Orpheus, conquerors of Hell. You may take, if you will, this form of language for an exaggerated metaphor, but for my part I will affirm that these exciting poisons seem to me not only one of the most terrible and the most sure means which the Spirit of Darkness uses to enlist and enslave wretched humanity, but even one of the most perfect of his avatars.

This time, to shorten my task and make my analysis the clearer, instead of collecting scattered anecdotes I will dress a single puppet in a mass of observation. I must, then, invent a soul to suit my purpose. In his "Confessions" De Quincey rightly states that opium, instead of sending man to sleep, excites him; but only excites him in his natural path, and that therefore to judge of the marvels of opium it would be ridiculous to try it upon a seller of oxen, for such an one will dream of nothing but cattle and grass. Now I am not going to describe the lumbering fancies of a hashish- intoxicated stockbreeder.

Who would read them with pleasure, or consent to read them at all? To idealise my subject I must concentrate all its rays into a single circle and polarise them; and the tragic circle where I will gather them together will be, as I have said, a man after my own heart; something analogous to what the eighteenth century called the "homme sensible," to what the romantic school named the "homme incompris," and to what family folk and the mass of "bourgeoisie" generally brand with the epithet "original." A constitution half nervous, half {95} bilious, is the most favourable to the evolutions of an intoxication of this kind. Let us add a cultivated mind, exercised in the study of form and colour, a tender heart, wearied by misfortune, but still ready to be made young again; we will go, if you please, so far as to admit past errors, and, as a natural result of these in an easily excitable nature, if not positive remorse, at least regret for time profaned and ill-spent. A taste for metaphysics, an acquaintance with the different hypotheses of philosophy of human destiny, will certainly not be useless conditions; and, further, that love of virtue, of abstract virtue, stoical or mystic, which is set forth in all the books upon which modern childishness feeds as the highest summit to which a chosen soul may attain. If one adds to all that a great refinement of sense ____ and if I omitted it it was because I thought it supererogatory ____ I think that I have gathered together the general elements which are most common in the modern "homme sensible" of what one might call the lowest common measure of originality. Let us see now what will become of this individuality pushed to its extreme by hashish. let us follow this progress of the human imagination up to its last and most splendid serai; up to the point of the belief of the individual in his own divinity.

If you are one of these souls your innate love of form and colour will find from the beginning an immense banquet in the first development of your intoxication. Colours will take an unaccustomed energy and smite themselves within your brain with the intensity of triumph. Delicate, mediocre, or even bad as they may be, the paintings upon the ceilings will clothe themselves with a tremendous life. The coarsest papers which {96} cover the walls of inns will open out like magnificent dioramas. Nymphs with dazzling flesh will look at you with great eyes deeper and more limpid than are the sky and sea. Characters of antiquity, draped in their priestly or soldierly costumes, will, by a single glance, exchange with you most solemn confidences. The snakiness of the lines is a definitely intelligible language where you read the sorrowing and the passion of their souls. Nevertheless a mysterious but only temporary state of the mind develops itself; the profoundness of life, hedged by its multiple problems, reveals itself entirely in the sight, however natural and trivial it may be, that one has under one's eyes; the first-come object becomes a speaking symbol. Fourier and Swedenborg, one with his analogies, the other with his correspondences, have incarnated themselves in all things vegetable and animal which fall under your glance, and instead of touching by voice they indoctrinate you by form and colour. The understanding of the allegory takes within you proportions unknown to yourself. We shall note in passing that allegory, that so spiritual type of art, which the clumsiness of its painters has accustomed us to despise, but which is really one of the most primitive and natural forms of poetry, regains its divine right in the intelligence which is enlightened by intoxication. Then the hashish spreads itself over all life; as it were, the magic varnish. It colours it with solemn hues and lights up all its profundity; jagged landscapes, fugitive horizons, perspectives of

towns whitened by the corpse- like lividity of storm or illumined by the gathered ardours of the sunset; abysses of space, allegorical of the abyss of time; the dance, the gesture or the speech of the actors, should you be in a theatre; the first-come phrase if your eyes fall upon a {97} book; in a word, all things; the universality of beings stands up before you with a new glory unsuspected until then. The grammar, the dry grammar itself, becomes something like a book of "barbarous names of evocation." The words rise up again, clothed with flesh and bone; the noun, in its solid majesty; the adjective's transparent robe which clothes and colours it with a shining web; and the verb, archangel of motion which sets swinging the phrase. Music, that other language dear to the idle or the profound souls who seek repose by varying their work, speaks to you of yourself, and recites to you the poem of your life; it incarnates in you, and you swoon away in it. It speaks your passion, not only in a vague, ill- defined manner, as it does in your careless evenings at the opera, but in a substantial and positive manner, each movement of the rhythm marking a movement understood of your soul, each note transforming itself into Word, and the whole poem entering into your brain like a dictionary endowed with life.

It must not be supposed that all these phenomena fall over each other pell- mell in the spirit, with a clamorous accent of reality and the disorder of exterior life; the interior eye transforms all, and gives to all the complement of beauty which it lacks, so that it may be truly worthy to give pleasure. It is also to this essentially voluptuous and sensual phase that one must refer the love of limpid water, running or stagnant, which develops itself so astonishingly in the brain-drunkenness of some artists. The mirror has become a pretext for this reverie, which resembles a spiritual thirst joined to the physical thirst which dries the throat, and of which I have spoken above. The flowing waters, the sportive waters; the musical waterfalls; {98} the blue vastness of the sea; all roll, sing, leap with a charm beyond words. The water opens its arms to you like a true enchantress; and though I do not much believe in the maniacal frenzies caused by hashish, I should not like to assert that the contemplation of some limpid gulf would be altogether without danger for a soul in love with space and crystal, and that the old fable of Undine might not become a tragic reality for the enthusiast.

I think I have spoken enough of the gigantic growth of space and time; two ideas always connected, always woven together, but which at such a time the spirit faces without sadness and without fear. It looks with a certain melancholy delight across deep years, and boldly dives into infinite perspectives. You have thoroughly well understood, I suppose, that this abnormal and tyrannical growth may equally apply to all sentiments and to all ideas. Thus, I have given, I think, a sufficiently fair sample of benevolence. The same is true of love. The idea of beauty must naturally take possession of an enormous space in a spiritual temperament such as I have invented. Harmony, balance of line, fine cadence in movement, appear to the dreamer as necessities, as duties, not only for all beings of creation, but for himself, the dreamer, who finds himself at this period of the crisis endowed with a marvellous aptitude for understanding the immortal and universal rhythm. And if our fanatic lacks personal beauty, do not think he suffers long from the avowal to which he is obliged, or that he regards himself as a discordant note in the world of harmony and beauty improvised by his imagination. The sophisms

of hashish are numerous and admirable, tending as a rule to optimism, and one of the {99} principal and the most efficacious is that which transforms desire into realisation. It is the same, doubtless, in many cases of ordinary life; but here with how much more ardour and subtlety! Otherwise, how could a being so well endowed to understand harmony, a sort of priest of the beautiful, how could he make an exception to, and a blot upon, his own theory? Moral beauty and its power, gracefulness and its seduction, eloquence and its achievements, all these ideas soon present themselves to correct that thoughtless ugliness; then they come as consolers, and at last as the most perfect courtiers, sycophants of an imaginary sceptre.

Concerning love, I have heard many persons feel a school-boy curiosity, seeking to gather information from those to whom the use of hashish was familiar, what might not be this intoxication of love, already so powerful in its natural state, when it is enclosed in the other intoxication; a sun within a sun. Such is the question which will occur to that class of minds which I will call intellectual gapers. To reply to a shameful sub-meaning of this part of the question which cannot be openly discussed, I will refer the reader to Pliny, who speaks somewhere of the properties of hemp in such a way as to dissipate any illusions on this subject. One knows, besides, that loss of tone is the most ordinary result of the abuse which men make of their nerves, and of the substances which excite them. Now, as we are not here considering effective power, but motion or susceptibility, I will simply ask the reader to consider that the imagination of a sensitive man intoxicated with hashish is raised to a prodigious degree, as little easy to determine as would be the utmost force possible to the wind in a hurricane, {100} and his senses are subtilised to a point almost equally difficult to define. It is then reasonable to believe that a light caress, the most innocent imaginable, a handshake, for example, may possess a centuple value by the actual state of the soul and of the senses, and may perhaps conduct them, and that very rapidly, to that syncope which is considered by vulgar mortals as the "summum" of happiness; but it is quite indubitable that hashish awakes in an imagination accustomed to occupy itself with the affections tender remembrances to which pain and unhappiness give even a new lustre. It is no less certain that in these agitations of the mind there is a strong ingredient of sensuality; and, moreover, it may usefully be remarked ____ and this will suffice to establish upon this ground the immorality of hashish ____ that a sect of Ishmaelites (it is from the Ishmaelites that the Assassins are sprung) allowed its adoration to stray far beyond the Lingam-Yoni; that is to say, to the absolute worship of the Lingam, exclusive of the feminine half of the symbol. There would be nothing unnatural, every man being the symbolic representation of history, in seeing an obscene heresy, a monstrous religion, arise in a mind which has cowardly given itself up to the mercy of a hellish drug and which smiles at the degradation of its own faculties.

Since we have seen manifest itself in hashish intoxication a strange goodwill toward men, applied even to strangers, a species of philanthropy made rather of pity than of love (it is here that the first germ of the Satanic spirit which is to develop later in so extraordinary a manner shows itself), but which goes so far as to fear giving pain to any one, one may guess what may happen to the localised sentimentality applied to a {101} beloved person who plays, or has played, an important part in the moral life of the

reveller. Worship, adoration, prayer, dreams of happiness, dart forth and spring up with the ambitious energy and brilliance of a rocket. Like the powder and colouring-matter of the firework, they dazzle and vanish in the darkness. There is no sort of sentimental combination to which the subtle love of a hashish-slave may not lend itself. The desire to protect, a sentiment of ardent and devoted paternity, may mingle themselves with a guilty sensuality which hashish will always know how to excuse and to absolve. It goes further still. I suppose that, past errors having left bitter traces in the soul, a husband or a lover will contemplate with sadness in his normal state a past over-clouded with storm; these bitter fruits may, under hashish, change to sweet fruits. The need of pardon makes the imagination more clever and more supplicatory, and remorse itself, in this devilish drama, which only expresses itself by a long monologue, may act as an incitement and powerfully rekindle the heart's enthusiasm. Yes, remorse. Was I wrong in saying that hashish appeared to a truly philosophical mind as a perfectly Satanic instrument? Remorse, singular ingredient of pleasure, is soon drowned in the delicious contemplation of remorse; in a kind of voluptuous analysis; and this analysis is so rapid that man, this natural devil, to speak as do the followers of Swedenborg, does not see how involuntary it is, and how, from moment to moment, he approaches the perfection of Satan. He admires his remorse, and glorifies himself, even while he is on the way to lose his freedom.

There, then, is my imaginary man, the mind that I have {102} chosen, arrived at that degree of joy and peace where he is compelled to admire himself. Every contradiction wipes itself out; all philosophical problems become clear, or at least appear so; everything is material for pleasure; the plentitude of life which he enjoys inspires him with an unmeasured pride; a voice speaks in him (alas, it is his own!) which says to him: "Thou hast now the right to consider thyself as superior to all men. None knoweth thee, none can understand all that thou thinkest, all that thou feelest; they would, indeed, be incapable of appreciating the passionate love which they inspire in thee. Thou art a king unrecognised by the passers-by; a king who lives, yet none knows that he is king but himself. But what matter to thee? Hast thou not sovereign contempt, which makes the soul so kind?"

We may suppose, however, that from one time to another some biting memory strikes through and corrupts this happiness. A suggestion due to the exterior world may revive a past disagreeable to contemplate. How many foolish or vile actions fill the past! _____ actions indeed unworthy of this king of thought, and whose escutcheon they soil? _____ Believe that the hashish-man will bravely confront these reproachful phantoms, and even that he will know how to draw from these hideous memories new elements of pleasure and of pride!

Such will be the evolution of his reasoning. The first sensation of pain being over, he will curiously analyse this action or this sentiment whose memory has troubled his existing glory; the motive which made him act thus; the circumstances by which he was surrounded; and if he does not find in these circumstances sufficient reasons, if not to absolve, at least to extenuate his guilt, do not imagine that he admits {103} defeat. I am present at his reasoning, as at the play of a mechanism seen under a transparent glass.

"This ridiculous, cowardly, or vile action, whose memory disturbed me for a moment, is in complete contradiction with my true and real nature, and the very energy with which I condemn it, the inquisitorial care with which I analyse and judge it, prove my lofty and divine aptitude for virtue. How many men could be found in the world of men clever enough to judge themselves; stern enough to condemn themselves?" And not only does he condemn himself, but he glorifies himself; the horrible memory thus absorbed in the contemplation of ideal virtue, ideal charity, ideal genius, he abandons himself frankly to his triumphant spiritual orgy. We have seen that, counterfeiting sacrilegiously the sacrament of penitence, at one and the same time penitent and confessor, he has given himself an easy absolution; or, worse yet, that he has drawn from his contemplation new food for his pride. Now, from the contemplation of his dreams and his schemes of virtue he believes finally in his practical aptitude for virtue; the amorous energy with which he impresses this phantom of virtue seems to him a sufficient and peremptory proof that he possesses the virile energy necessary for the fulfilment of his ideal. He confounds completely dream with action, and his imagination, growing warmer and warmer in face of the enchanting spectacle of his own nature corrected and idealised, substituting this fascinating image of himself for his real personality, so poor in will, so rich in vanity, he ends by declaring his apotheosis in these clear and simple terms, which contain for him a whole world of abominable pleasures: "I am the most virtuous of all men." Does not that remind you a little of {104} Jean-Jacques, who, he also having confessed to the Universe, not without a certain pleasure, dared to break out into the same cry of triumph (or at least the difference is small enough) with the same sincerity and the same conviction? The enthusiasm with which he admired virtue, the nervous emotion which filled his eyes with tears at the sight of a fine action or at the thought of all the fine actions which he would have wished to accomplish, were sufficient to give him a superlative idea of his moral worth. Jean-Jacques had intoxicated himself without the aid of hashish.

Shall I pursue yet further the analysis of this victorious monomania? Shall I explain how, under the dominion of the poison, my man soon makes himself centre of the Universe? how he becomes the living and extravagant expression of the proverb which says that passion refers everything to itself? He believes in his virtue and in his genius; can you not guess the end? All the surrounding objects are so many suggestions which stir in him a world of thought, all more coloured, more living, more subtle than ever, clothed in a magic glamour. "These mighty cities," says he to himself, "where the superb buildings tower one above the other; these beautiful ships balanced by the waters of the roadstead in homesick idleness, that seem to translate our thought 'When shall we set sail for happiness?'; these museums full of lovely shapes and intoxicating colours; these libraries where are accumulated the works of science and the dreams of poetry; this concourse of instruments whose music is one; these enchantress women, made yet more charming by the science of adornment and coquetry: all these things have been created for me, for me, for me! For me humanity has {105} toiled; has been martyred, crucified, to serve for pasture, for pabulum to my implacable appetite for emotion, knowledge, and beauty."

I leap to the end, I cut the story short. No one will be surprised that a thought final and

supreme jets from the brain of the dreamer: "I am become God."

But a savage and burning cry darts from his breast with such an energy, such a power of production, that if the will and the belief of a drunken man possessed effective power this cry would overthrow the angels scattered in the quarters of the heaven: "I am a god."

But soon this hurricane of pride transforms itself into a weather of calm, silent, reposeful beatitude, and the universality of beings presents itself tinted and illumined by a flaming dawn. If by chance a vague memory slips into the soul of this deplorable thrice-happy one ____ "Might there not be another God?" ____ believe that he will stand upright before Him; that he will dispute His will, and confront Him without fear.

Who was the French philosopher that, mocking modern German doctrines, said: "I am a god who has dined ill"? This irony would not bite into a spirit uplifted by hashish; he would reply tranquilly: "Maybe I have dined ill; but I am a god." {106}

CHAPTER V

MORAL

BUT the morrow; the terrible morrow! All the organs relaxed, tired; the nerves unstretched, the teasing tendency to tears, the impossibility of applying yourself to a continuous task, teach you cruelly that you have been playing a forbidden game. Hideous nature, stripped of its illumination of the previous evening, resembles the melancholy ruins of a festival. The will, the most precious of all faculties, is above all attacked. They say, and it is nearly true, that this substance does not cause any physical ill; or at least no grave one; but can one affirm that a man incapable of action and fit only for dreaming is really in good health, even when every part of him functions perfectly? Now we know human nature sufficiently well to be assured that a man who can with a spoonful of sweetmeat procure for himself incidentally all the treasures of heaven and of earth will never gain the thousandth part of them by working for them. Can you imagine to yourself a State of which all the citizens should be hashish drunkards? What citizens! What warriors! What legislators! Even in the East, where its use is so widely spread, there are Governments which have understood the necessity of proscribing it. In fact it is forbidden to man, under penalty of intellectual decay and death, to upset {107} the primary conditions of his existence, and to break up the equilibrium of his faculties with the surroundings in which they are destined to operate; in a word, to outrun his destiny, to substitute for it a fatality of a new kind. Let us remember Melmoth, that admirable parable. His shocking suffering lies in the disproportion between his marvellous faculties, acquired unostentatiously by a Satanic pact, and the surroundings in which, as a creature of God, he is condemned to live. And none of those whom he wishes to seduce consents to buy from him on the same conditions his terrible privilege. In fact every man who does not accept the conditions of life sells his soul. It is easy to grasp the analogy which exists between the Satanic creations of poets and those living beings who have devoted themselves to stimulants. Man has wished to become God, and soon? ____ there he is, in virtue of an inexorable moral law, fallen lower than his natural state! It is a soul which sells itself bit by bit.

Balzac doubtless thought that there is for man no greater shame, no greater suffering, than to abdicate his will. I saw him once in a drawing-room, where they were talking of the prodigious effects of hashish. He listened and asked questions with an amusing attention and vivacity. Those who knew him may guess that it must have interested him, but the idea of thinking despite himself shocked him severely. They offered him dawamesk He examined it, sniffed at it, and returned it without touching it. The struggle between his almost childish curiosity and his repugnance to submit himself showed strikingly on his expressive face. The love of dignity won the day. Now it is difficult to imagine to oneself the maker of the theory of will, this spiritual twin of {108} Louis Lambert, consenting to lose a grain of this precious substance. Despite the admirable services which ether and chloroform have rendered to humanity, it seems to me that from the point of view of the idealist philosophy the same moral stigma is branded on all modern inventions which tend to diminish human free will and necessary pain. It was not without a certain admiration that I once listened to the paradox of an officer who told me of the cruel operation undergone by a French general at El-Aghouat, and of which, despite chloroform, he died. This general was a very brave man, and even something more: one of those souls to which one naturally applies the term chivalrous It was not, he said to me, chloroform that he needed, but the eyes of all the army and the music of its bands. That might have saved him. The surgeon did not agree with the officer, but the chaplain would doubtless have admired these sentiments.

It is certainly superfluous, after all these considerations, to insist upon the moral character of hashish. Let me compare it to suicide, to slow suicide, to a weapon always bleeding, always sharp, and no reasonable person will find anything to object to. Let me compare it to sorcery or to magic, which wishes in working upon matter by means of arcana (of which nothing proves the falsity more than the efficacy) to conquer a dominion forbidden to man or permitted only to him who is deemed worthy of it, and no philosophical mind will blame this comparison. If the Church condemns magic and sorcery it is that they militate against the intentions of God; that they save time and render morality superfluous, and that she ___ the Church ___ only considers as legitimate and true the treasures gained by assiduous goodwill. The gambler who {109} has found the means to win with certainty we all cheat; how shall we describe the man who tries to buy with a little small change happiness and genius? It is the infallibility itself of the means which constitutes its immorality; as the supposed infallibility of magic brands it with Satanic stigma. Shall I add that hashish, like all solitary pleasures, renders the individual useless to his fellow creatures and society superfluous to the individual, driving him to ceaseless admiration of himself and dragging him day by day towards the luminous abyss in which he admires his Narcissus face? But even if at the price of his dignity, his honesty, and his free will man were able to draw from hashish great spiritual benefits; to make a kind of thinking machine, a fertile instrument? That is a question which I have often heard asked, and I reply to it: In the first place, as I have explained at length, hashish reveals to the individual nothing but himself. It is true that this individual is, so to say, cubed, and pushed to his limit, and as it is equally certain that the memory of impressions survives the orgy, the hope of these utilitarians appears at the first glance not altogether unreasonable. But I will beg them to observe that the

thoughts from which they expect to draw so great an advantage are not in reality as beautiful as they appear under their momentary transfiguration, clothed in magic tinsel. They pertain to earth rather than to Heaven, and owe great portion of their beauty to the nervous agitation, to the greediness, with which the mind throws itself upon them. Consequently this hope is a vicious circle. Let us admit for the moment that hashish gives, or at least increases, genius; they forget that it is in the nature of hashish to diminish the will, and that {110} thus it gives with one hand what it withdraws with the other; that is to say, imagination without the faculty of profiting by it. Lastly, one must remember, while supposing a man adroit enough and vigorous enough to avoid this dilemma, that there is another danger, fatal and terrible, which is that of all habits. All such soon transform themselves into necessities. He who has recourse to a poison in order to think will soon be unable to think without the poison. Imagine to yourself the frightful lot of a man whose paralysed imagination will no longer function without the aid of hashish or of opium! In philosophical states the human mind, to imitate the course of the stars, is obliged to follow a curve which loops it back to its point of departure, when the circle must ultimately close. At the beginning I spoke of this marvellous state into which the spirit of man sometimes finds itself thrown as if by a special favour. I have said that, ceaselessly aspiring to rekindle his hopes and raise himself towards the infinite, he showed (in every country and in every time) a frenzied appetite for every substance, even those which are dangerous, which, by exalting his personality, are able to bring in an instant before his eyes this bargain Paradise, object of all his desires; and at last that this daring spirit, driving without knowing it his chariot through the gates of Hell, by this very fact bore witness to his original greatness. But man is not so God-forsaken, so barren of straightforward means of reaching Heaven, that he need invoke pharmacy and witchcraft. He has no need to sell his soul to buy intoxicating caresses and the friendship of the Hur Al'ain. What is a Paradise which must be bought at the price of eternal salvation? I imagine a man (shall I {111} say a Brahmin, a poet, or a Christian philosopher?) seated upon the steep Olympus of spirituality; around him the Muses of Raphael or of Mategna, to console him for his long fasts and his assiduous prayers, weave the noblest dances, gaze on him with their softest glances and their most dazzling smiles; the divine Apollo, master of all knowledge (that of Francavilla, of Albert D• rer, of Goltzius, or another ___ what does it matter? Is there not an Apollo for every man who deserves one?), caresses with his bow his most sensitive strings; below him, at the foot of the mountain, in the brambles and the mud, the human fracas; the Helot band imitates the grimaces of enjoyment and utters howls which the sting of the poison tears from its breast; and the poet, saddened, says to himself: "These unfortunate ones, who have neither fasted nor prayed, who have refused redemption by the means of toil, have asked of black magic the means to raise themselves at a single blow to transcendental life. Their magic dupes them, kindles for them a false happiness, a false light; while as for us poets and philosophers, we have begotten again our soul upon ourselves by continuous toil and contemplation; by the unwearied exercise of will and the unfaltering nobility of aspiration we have created for ourselves a garden of Truth, which is Beauty; of Beauty which is Truth. Confident in the word which says that faith removeth mountains, we have accomplished the only miracle which God has licensed us to perform."

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE
(Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY) {112}

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AN ORIGIN

IN fire of gold they set them out,
The garlanded of old, who comb
The Mount of Evil, strong and stout
To wrest from Venus' brow the comb.
The fiery wind, the web unspun,
The nine stars and the circling sun.

Not theirs to wander lost and lone,
Adream by mountain lake, and sea;
Not theirs to bear a face of stone
Away from human mystery:
They pondered o'er the runes of time,
They slew the Serpent of the Slime.

The brutish brain, the nervous hands,
The conscious power of thew and mind;
The agony of burning sands,
The blithe salt breezes blowing blind ____
The birth-pangs of the Emperor Thought,
Of Earth and Pain the wonder-wrought.

They hurled them blindly on the breast
Of foaming hate, of wild desire: {115}
From Time they held the old bequest,
The passionate pangs, the flash of fire ____
Not through the gods they dreamed of ran
The stream that fired the veins of man.

They stanch'd the gaping wound with turf,
With water slaked the burning maw;
Rolling within the boiling surf,
They caught the brine in eye and jaw.
They roared and rushed with tangled mane
To rape and ruin in the rain.

The hours flew by all swift and red;
They gorged, they slept within the shade:
They yelled in fear with muffled head
When thunder made them sore afraid.
Loud laughed the gods to see the wild
Mad glory of their weanling child.

A flash of long-forgotten light ____
I found again the men of old,
The wondering children of the night,
The ravagers of hill and wold ____
Our sane, strong, savage satyr-sires.
In whom were born the artist-fires.

The scorching sun, the sleeping moon,
The yelling wind that clave the trees,
The monsters that they fled, the croon
Of squaws with babes upon their knees,
The wet woods' call, the insistent sea,
The blood-stained birth of mystery. {116}

The scream of passion, and the foam
Upon the willing women's lips;
Green, dripping forests, love's dark home ____
These were the god-enwroughten whips
That gave the eagle-cars of Art
First impulse in the cave-man's heart.

The artist-light is backward borne,
Master within my brain to-night;
Back in the long-forgotten morn
I see the dawn of Thee and light;
The men that made me stare and stare
Through the great wood-fire's lurid glare.

And through the haze of time and life
Anew the dim, dark visions loom;
The matted bloody hair; the knife

Of jagged stone; the reeking fume
Of purple blood; the gore and bones
Rotting beneath the straight-aimed stones.

The dream is past; the night returns,
Old mother of the primal Fear;
Within me, Master, throbs and burns
The old grey wonder. Yea, I hear ____
The heritage is mine; I take
The wand encircled by the snake.

Far in the night I wander; far
Back in the forest of the Past,
Led by my sole and single star,
Where I shall dwell in peace at last. {117}
But once again I see Thee stand
Guarding the old forgotten land. ____

A silent land dream and fear,
Where thought-waves break upon the shore,
And reach the high gods' listening ear,
And echo on for evermore
Through the dark ages, till they reach
Their long-sought goal, and burst in speech.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

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32 captures
1 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024
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About this capture
THE SOUL-HUNTER
THE SOUL-HUNTER *

* Unpublished pages from the diary of Dr. Arthur Lee --- "the Montrouge Vampire."

I BOUGHT his body for ten francs. Months before I had bought his soul, bought it for the first glass of the poison ____ the first glass of the new series of horrors since his discharge, cured ____ cured! ____ from the "retreat." Yes, I tempted him, I, a doctor! Bound by the vows ____ faugh! I needed his body! His soul? pah! but an incident in the bargain. For soul is but a word, a vain word ____ a battlefield of the philosopher fools, the theologian fools, since Anaximander and Gregory Nanzianus. A toy. But the consciousness? That is what we mean by "soul," we others. That then must live somewhere. But is it, as Descartes thought, atomic? or fluid, now here, now there? Or is it but a word for the totality of bodily sense? As Weir Mitchell supposed. Well, we should see. I would buy a brain and hunt this elusive consciousness. Just so, luck follows skill; the brain of Jules Foreau was the very pick of the world's brains. The most self-conscious man in Europe! Intellectual to an incredible point, introspective beyond the Hindus, "and" with the fatal craving which made him mine. Jules Foreau, you might have been a statesman; you became a sot ____ but you shall make the name of doctor Arthur Lee famous for ever, and put an end to the great {121} problem of the ages. Aha, my friend, how mad of me to fill my diary with this cheap introspective stuff! I feel somehow that the affair will end badly. I am writing my "defence." Certainly that excuses the form. A jury can never understand plain facts ____ the cold light of science chills them; they need eloquence, sentiment. ... Well, I must pay a lawyer for that, if trouble should really arise How should it? I have made all safe ____ trust me!

I gave him the drug yesterday. The atropine was a touch of almost superhuman cleverness; the fixed, glassy stare deader than death itself. I complied with the foolish formulae of the law; in three hours I had the body in my laboratory. In the present absurd state of the law there is really nobody trustworthy in a business of this sort. "Tant pis!" I must cook my own food for a month or so. For no doubt there will be a good deal of noise. No doubt a good deal of noise. I must risk that. I dare not touch anything but the brain; it might vitiate the whole experiment. Bad enough this plaster of Paris affair. You see a healthy man of thirteen stone odd in his prime will dislike any deep interference with his brain ____ resent it. Chains are useless; nothing keeps a man still. Bar anaesthesia. And anaesthesia is the one thing barred. He must feel, he must talk, he must be as normal as possible. So I have simply built his neck, shoulders, and arms into plaster. He can yell and he can kick. If it does him any good he is welcome. So ____ to business.

- 10.30. A.M. He is decidedly under the new drug ____ eta "; yet he does not move. He takes longer to come back to life than I supposed. {122}
- 10.40. Warmth to extremities. Inhalations of lambda . He cannot speak yet, I think. The glare of eyes is not due to hate, but to the atropine.
- 10.45. He has noticed the plaster arrangement and the nature of the room. I think he guesses. A gurgle. I light a cigarette and put it in his mouth. He spits it out. He seems hardly to understand my good-humour.
- 10.47. The first word ____ "What is it, you devil?" I show him the knife, "et" "cetera," and urge him to keep calm and self-collected .
- 10.50. A laugh, not too nervous. A good sigh. "By George, you amuse me!" Then with a sort of wistful sigh, "I thought you just meant to poison

me in some new patent kind of way." Bad; he wants to die. Must cheer him up.

- 11.0. I have given my little scientific lecture. The patient unimpressed. The absinthe has damaged his reasoning faculty. He cannot see the "a" "priori" necessity of the experiment. Strange!
- 11.10. Lord, how funny! ____ he thinks I may be mad, and is trying all the old dodges to "humour" me! I must sober him.
- 11.15. Sobered him. Showed him his own cranium ____ he had never missed it, of course. Yet the fact seemed to surprise him. Important, though, for my thesis. Here at least is one part of the body whose absence in nowise diminishes the range of the sensorium ____ soul ____ what shall we call it? "chi ." Some important glands, of course, rule a man's whole life. Others again ____ what use is a lymphatic to the soul? To "chi "? {123} Well, we must deal with the glands in detail, at the fountain-head, in the brain.
- 11.20. My writing seems to irritate him. Daren't give drugs. He flushes and pales too easily. Absence of skull? Now, a little cut and tie ____ and we shall see.
N.B. ____ To keep this record very distinct from the pure surgery of the business.
- 11.22. A concentrated, sustained yell. It has quite shaken me. I never heard the like. "All out" too, as we used to say on the Cam; he's physically exhausted ____ "e.g.", has stopped kicking. Legs limp as possible. Pure funk; I never hurt him.
- 11.25. A most curious thing: I feel an intense dislike of the man coming over me; and, with an almost insane fascination, the thought, "Suppose I were to "kiss" him?" Followed by a shiver of physical loathing and disgust. Such thoughts have no business here at all. To work.
- 12.0. I want a drink; there are most remarkable gaps in the consciousness ____ not implying unconsciousness. I am inclined to think that what we call continuous pain is a rhythmic beat, frequency of beat less than one in sixty. The shrieks are simply heartbreaking.
- 12.5. Silence, more terrible than the yells. Afraid I had an accident. He smiles, reassures me. Speaks ____ "Look here, doctor, enough of this fooling; I'm annoyed with you, really don't know why ____ and I yell because I know it worries you. But listen to this: under the drug I really died, though you thought I was simulating death. On the contrary, it is now that {124} I am simulating life." There seemed to me, and still seems, some essential absurdity in these words; yet I could not refute him. I opened my mouth and closed it. The voice went on: "It follows that your whole experiment is a childish failure." I cut him short; this time I found words. "You forget your position," I said hotly. "It is against all precedent for the vivisectee to abuse his master. Ingrate!" So incensed was I that I strode angrily to the operating-chair and paralysed the ganglia governing the muscles of speech. Imagine my surprise when he proceeded, entirely incommoded:

"On the contrary, it is you who are dead, Arthur Lee." The voice came from behind me, from far off. "Until you die you never know it, but you have been dead all along." My nerve is clearly gone; this must be a case of pure hallucination. I begin to remember that I am alone — alone in the big house with the ... patient. Suppose I were to fall ill? ... Was this thought written in my face? He laughed harsh and loud. Disgusting beast!

- 12.15. A pretty fool I am, tying the wrong nerve. No wonder he could go on talking! A nasty slip in such an experiment as this. Must check the whole thing through again. ...
- 1.0. O.K. now. Must get some lunch. Oddly enough, I am pretty sure he was telling the truth. He feels no pain, and only yells to annoy me.
- 2.10. Excellent! I suppress all the senses but smell, and give him his wife's handkerchief. He bubbles over with amorous drive! I should love to tell him what she {125} died of, and who. ... A curious trait, that last remark. Why do I "dislike" the man? I used to get on A1 with him. (N.B. to stitch eyelids with silk. Damn the glare.)
- 2.20. Theism! The convolution with the cause-idea lying too close to the convolution with the fear-idea. And imagination at work on the nexus! About 24 mu between Charles Bradlaugh and Cardinal Newman!
- 2.50. So for faith and doubt? Sceptical criticism of my whole experiment boils up in me. What is "normality"? Even so, what possible relation is there between things and the evidence of them recorded in the brain? Evidence of something, maybe. A thermometer chart gives a curve; yet the mercury has only moved up and down. What about the time dimension? But it is not a dimension; it is only a word to explain multiplicity of sensation. Words! words! words! This is the last straw. There is no conceivable standard whereby we may measure anything whatever; and it is useless to pretend there is.
- 3.3. In short, we are all mad. Yet all this is but the expression of the doubt-stop in the human organ. Let me pull out his faith-stop!
- 4.45. Done; the devil's own job. He seems to be a Pantheist Antinomian with leanings towards Ritualism. Not impressive. My observation-stop (= my doubt-stop nearly) is full out. (Funny that we should fall into the old faculty jargon.) Perhaps if one's own faith-stop were out there would be a fight; if one's reception-of-new-ideas-stop, a conversion.{126}
- 5.12. I only wish I had two of them to test the "tuning-up" theory of collective Hallucination and the like. Out of the question; we must wait for Socialism. But enough for the day is the research thereof. I've matter for a life's work already.
- 7.50. An excellent scratch dinner — none too soon. Turtle soup, potted char, Yorkshire pie, Stilton, burgundy. Better than nothing. Tomorrow the question of putrefactive changes in the limbs and their relation to the brain.
- 3.1. Planted bacilli in left foot. Will leave him to sleep. No difficulty there; the brute's as tired as I am. Too tired to curse. I recited

"Abide with Me" throughout to soothe him. Some lines distinctly humorous under the circumstances. Will have a smoke in the study and check through the surg. record. Too dazed to realise everything, but I am assuredly an epoch. Whaur's your Robbie Pasteur noo?

- 12.20. So I've been on a false trail all day! The course of the A.M. research has let right away from the "chi -hunt." The byways have obscured the main road. Valuable though; very very valuable. In the morning success. Bed!
- 12.30. Yells and struggles again when I went in to say good-night. As I had carefully paralysed "all" sensory avenues (to ensure perfect rest), how was he aware of my presence? The memory of the scented handkerchief, too, very strong; talked a lot of his wife, thinking here with him. Pah! what beasts some men must be! Disgusting fellow! I'm no prude either! If ever I do a woman I'll stop the Filth-gutter. "Ce serait" "trop." {127}
- 12.40 Maybe he did "not" know of my presence; merely remembered me. He has cause. How much there is in one's mind of the merely personal idea of scoring off the bowlers. And every man is a batsman in a world of bowlers. Like that leg-cricket game, what did we call it? Oh! bed, bed!
- 5.0. Patient seriously ill; plaster irks breathing; all sorts of troubles expected and unexpected. Putrefaction of left foot well advanced: promises well for the day's work if I can check collapse.
- 5.31. Patient very much better; paralysed motor ganglia; safe to remove plaster. Too much time wasted on these foolish mechanical details of life when one is looking for the Master of the Machine.
- 6.12. Patient in excellent fettle; now to find "chi " ____ the soul!
- 11.55. Worn out; no "chi " yet. Patient well, normal; have checked shrieks, ingenious dodge.
- 2.15. No time for food; brandy. Patient fighting fit. No "chi ."
- 3.1. "Dead!!!" No cause in the world ____ I must have cut right into the "chi ," the soul.
The meningeal ---

[Dr. Lee's diary breaks off abruptly at this point. His researches were never published. It will be remembered that he was convicted of causing the death of his mistress, Jeannette Pheyron, under mysterious circumstances, some six months after the date of the above. The surgical record referred to has not been found. ____ EDITOR.]

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28 captures

24 Dec 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

MADELEINE

OH, the cool white neck of her:

The ivory column: oh, the velvet skin.

Little I reckon of her

Save the curve from breast to chin.

Oh, the rising rounded throat,

Pain's subtle antidote.

To sit and watch the pulses of it beat,

And guess the passionate heat

Of the blood that flows within!

I see it swelling with her even breath

And long to make it throb

With a love as strong as death,

To cause the sharp and sudden-catching sob

And the swift dark flood,

Showing the instant blood,

Quick mantling up where I had made it throb

With love as strong as death.

Oh, the pure, pale face of her;

The chiselled outline, chaste as starlit snows.

The ineffable grace of her;

The distant, perfect grace of her repose.

Her mouth the waiting redness of a rose; 129}

A rose too nearly cloyed

With its own secret sweetness unalloyed:

That waits in scented silence, stately-sad,

Wed to a guarded passion thro' long days,

But lifts the proud head, saying "I am glad,"

Haughty receives as due the word of praise,

And flings her perfumed wonders on the air:

"Afar," she says, "fall down and gaze; for I am fair."

Oh the dark, sweet hair of her,

Burnished cascade of heavy-tress'd black:

Nothing's more rare of her

Than its thick massed glory over breast and back.
It rolls and ripples, silver flecked,
Like moonlight on a misty sea,
Whose lifting surfaces reflect
A sombre, ever-changing radiancy.
I would compare
The dusk, soft-stealing perfume of her hair
To breezes on a Southern Summer eve,
When the night-scented stock hangs drowsing on the air.
Its languid incense bids me half believe
I pass the dreamy day in reveries,
By some sleep-haunted shore of the Hesperides.

Oh, the deep, dark eyes of her,
Half slumbrous depths of heavy lidded calm:
There's naught I prize of her
More than the shrouded silence they embalm.
There's all the mystery of an enchanted pool,
Hid in brown woodlands cool; {130}
Profound, untroubled, where the lilies grow
And the pale lotus sheds her stealing charm:
Dappled where silent shadows come and go,
And all the air is warm
With the low melody of the Sacred Bird
Sobbing his soul out to the waiting wood,
And over all a hushŠd voice is heard:
This place is consecrate to Love in solitude.

ARTHUR F. GRIMBLE

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52 captures

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About this capture
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

A ∴ A ∴ Publication in Class B.

Issued by Order:

D.D.S. 7ø = 4ø Praemonstrator

O.S.V. 6ø = 5ø Imperator

N.S.F. 5ø = 6ø Cancellarius

Book II. continued

THE SORCERER
BOOK I PRACTICAL EVOCATION
BOOK II CONSECRATION OF TALISMANS
BOOK III INVISIBILITY
TRANSFORMATIONS
SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT
BOOK IV DIVINATION
BOOK V ALCHEMICAL PROCESSES
THE RITUAL FOR THE EVOCATION UNTO VISIBLE APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT
SPIRIT TAPHTHARTHARATH
TALISMAN OF FIRE OF JUPITER WITH RITUAL
THE MAGICAL INVOCATION OF THE HIGHER GENIUS
THE ADEPT
THE RITUAL OF THE ORDER OF ROSAE RUBEAE ET AUREAE CRUSIS
RITUAL OF THE 5ø = 6ø GRADE OF ADEPTUS MINOR.
THE MAGICIAN
THE BOOK OF THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD.
Temple of Solomon the King Continued:
The Equinox Volume I No. II THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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28 captures

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Jan FEB Mar

About this capture

THE COMING OF APOLLO

RED roses, O red Roses,
Roses afire, aflame,
O burgeon that discloses
The glory of desire ____
Hush! all the heart of fire
Is mingled in Thy name,
O roses, roses, roses,
Red roses of desire.

The golden-shafted sunlight
Beats down upon the sword;
The pillared serpent's one light
Is a flame of red desire;
O snake from out the mire,
I slay thee with the sword,
The strong sword of the sunlight,
The sword of my desire!

The still strong bird of sorrow
Keens through the golden blue,
And many a bitter morrow
Is borne upon his wings; {281}
The glory that he brings
He brings, O King, to you,
The wonder-song of sorrow
In the flapping of his wings.

The flaming day grows olden
As the youth of glory wanes;
And the sun-bird grows more golden
And narrower his wings;
He swirls around in rings;
He bears the bloody stains
Of all the sorrows olden
Upon his bright gold wings.

And scarlet-rimmed and splendid,
The wide blue vault is spanned
With golden rays wide-bended

From the green earth to the skies;
The hush of noontide dies,
Song rises from the land ____
And scarlet, naked, splendid,
Glow out the radiant skies.

A cloud of huge hushed laughter
Shakes all the listening boughs,
And a sudden hush comes after,
Dropped from the silent skies;
A myriad laughing eyes
Flash in a still carouse,
And shake with silent laughter
The blue vault of the skies. {282}

A breeze ____ a leaf ____ a shadow ____
The falling of a bud ____
The wind across the meadow ____
A flash of light ____ a call ____
A patter on the wall ____
The air is bright as blood;
A moment stands a shadow,
A moment sounds a call.

Awake! the spell is broken,
And hushed the sense of noon;
What silent word was spoken
In answer to the Call? ...
Hush! See the rose-leaves fall;
Ah! see the pathway strewn
With tender rose-leaves, broken
In answer to the Call.

How still it lies, the garden,
Now the red flash is gone;
The brown soil seems to harden
Now the strange spell is fled;
And the earth lies cold and dead,
And the hot hours hurry on.
It is only a quiet garden
Now that the spell is fled.

But the hour, the hour and the token,
Have passed as a dream away,
Now that the spell is broken,
And the moment's flash is fled. {283}

When the secret word was said,
Ah! what remained to say?
No word, but silence' token
That the golden God had fled.

And the roses, roses, roses
Flame in their red desire,
And every bud uncloses
To mark the sign that fled;
The wonder-word hath sped
To the far Olympian fire:
The spell of the crimson roses
Has passed from earth and fled.

But still the old silent garden
Remember the golden flush
When the heavens seemed to harden
For a moment that came and fled;
When the whole green earth grew red
In a breathless spell and a hush,
And the world grew young in the garden,
And trembled, and passed, and fled.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG

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31 captures

23 Aug 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

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24

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[About this capture](#)

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

THE mind of the Wise easily shunts to strange speculations before taking again to the main line of severely controlled thoughts. Associations of ideas ____ your name is Harpy. How you do catch unheralded the mortal

uncautious! The Wise knows you; he is aware of your jumpy step; he makes ready; he fights and ... "vae victis!" he yokes you. But the fool ... !

However, we digress and progress not. I ought to be relating a personal experience. One night, one sleepless night, I was allowing my eternal enemies, the harpies to whom I have already referred, the following of their fancy for a while. They were poachy enough for me not to fear them.

Earlier in the evening I and a few friends had been discussing affinities and mysteries, among other subjects, and as I lay in bed one of the recent mysteries gave mental food to the harpies. My thoughts were of course utterly passive and need no record. But something which subsequently happened causes me to mention this. Let me recall the main facts of the Brighton murder.

On the night of the crime there had been a dinner-party at the house of Mrs. Ridley. Towards midnight the hostess remained alone with her servants: a butler, two footmen, a {287} cook and two maids. Mrs. Ridley's apartments have a full view of the sea, as has also the room of her maid Jane Fleming. The cook and the other maids, as well as the three men, slept in rooms at the back of the house.

At the inquest James Dale, the footman, and the butler deposed that they heard no noise whatever during the night. Now, Harry Carpenter, the other man, had been found murdered in the first-floor bathroom. And it has been ascertained that he could not possibly leave his room without being heard by the others, who slept one on each side of him, as neither of them "did" sleep on that particular night, for some reason or another. But of course this is public knowledge, The police and the papers have received scores of anonymous letters denouncing Jane Fleming, the butler, and Dale as the authors of the crime. They have not been arrested. Why?

I am certain that they are entirely innocent; yet the police cannot be aware of the reasons which lead me to this certainty, and in the absence of these proofs they ought to be suspected.

Mrs. Ridley's bed stood with the foot towards the fireplace, a door being on either side of the head, the window on her left hand.

When her maid entered the room in the morning she found the body of her mistress lying at the foot of the bed, the head towards the window. It was entirely naked. Near the body was a shift, and over the neck a white shawl had been carelessly thrown. It had upon it in various parts as many as sixteen wounds, cuts and bruises of various importance. The most serious and only mortal one was behind the left ear; the great vessels of the neck were destroyed and the skull much injured. The most ugly wound to the sight was under the {288} nose, which had been so entirely damaged that it rendered the whole face almost unrecognisable. Yet there has been, I must say, no doubt as to the identity. The wounds had been inflicted with an instrument edged but blunt, used by a very weak person, possibly a woman. The bedclothes were not disarranged, and there was some strangeness in the fact, for the maid swore to having seen her mistress in bed, while after the discovery of the murder the bed was found made as if no one had either

lain in or even sat on it. The police took it as a proof that Mrs. Ridley had some connection with the murderer or murderers, and, after her maid's departure, had been preparing herself to go out. She was known to be a most tidy and cautious lady. Had she obeyed an instinctive need of leaving everything in order?

But let us turn to the bathroom. There also was a murdered body. Carpenter, the footman, had been killed with the same or with a similar instrument. Not without a severe conflict, however. How was it that his left hand held tightly hidden in its grasp a small piece of lace which was recognised as belonging to Mrs. Ridley? It had been torn from a handkerchief belonging to her. The strangeness of the discovery was all the more striking because the handkerchief referred to was found later on by the maid in a drawer between many others, neither on top nor at the bottom. The piece of lace found in the hand of Carpenter corresponded exactly.

So much for the victims. Now for the motive. Mrs. Ridley was a wealthy widow, and possessed many valuable pictures. She had a well-known dislike for cheque-books; and a firm of London bankers came forward at the inquest, having written a private letter to the coroner to the effect that {289} the deceased lady was their client, and deposed that on the morning before the murder she had received the sum of ?1200 in banknotes and gold, which sum was to be handed over to Mr. ___, a representative of a well-known firm of art dealers, in payment for a certain picture.

Well, the police and the public knew that too; it had leaked out somehow. But beyond this they knew little. That is, they had forgotten. Because there "were" other facts. These facts, however, could not help a detective to realise their importance because they were loose facts ___ events, that is, which were in contradiction with one another. Yet still they afforded a clue. The murderer might be a criminal thief, a temperance reformer, a madman, a clergyman, a novelist, or a devil-worshipper ___ any person, in fact, in the whole world whose hand is weak or unsteady. But the whole world is comparatively too large to allow of any certainty in picking out the murderer of Mrs. Ridley. I say comparatively, because to the Wise the world is small. ... "Passons!"

Some time before her sudden death Mrs. Ridley had had a guest in her house whose unaffected manners had much offended the dignity of the male servants. He was said to be a distant relation of the late big-gun maker, James Ridley. But he was "not." The late Ridley had no relations whatever on earth ___ at least among human beings. I happen to know that the so-called relation was a spiritualist. This sounds bad enough. Was Mrs. Ridley in agreement with him or was she not? It is nothing more than a question. Suppress the query, give the mere words another place in the sentence and you have two affirmations: "She was" or "She was not." How {290} infinitely clearer is the point! Any intellectual bloodhound ought to find out which is "the" affirmation. That is, if the so-called relation was the murderer. I say he is, though I have no human proofs whatever to offer.

The police ____ that is, my friend Inspector Bennet ____ tell me he is not, but he may know something. One of our great dailies has (alone) come very near the truth on the matter. It was given as an editorial opinion that the widow of the gun-maker was a little out of her mind and had committed suicide, with the help of some one, in spite of her footman, who had been attracted by the noise. Curious blend of truth and imagination!

A few hours after I had allowed the furies to play havoc with my brains I received the following letter; and that is why I know so much. For the very reason of its strangeness I felt at once that it could be the work of no practical joker. The mysterious part of the adventure can, I believe, be solved without much difficulty.

"Dear Sir," it ran, ____ "You do not know me; but I know you. I have followed you through the world with the eyes of my spirit. I once saw in the window of a Paris photographer a portrait of yours which arrested my attention, and since that day your personality has been the constant, though not unpleasant, obsession of my life. I am perfectly acquainted with you and your life, your work and moods and ways of living. I came to England a few weeks ago and I saw you. To-day I write. I am aware that you are interested in the strange happenings which are to be studied in this world. My last adventure will cause you to be interested in the Brighton murder. I have been nearer than any one else to be the criminal author of that murder. Only, when I arrived {291} it was too late. Had I not been already a madman during the years 1897 and 1898, and eventually cured, this strange adventure would certainly have sent me into a state of complete insanity. As it is, I am in a certain way vaccinated against madness.

"Monsieur, as true as I am a Frenchman born in America of a German mother by a poor Spanish hidalgo who forgot to give her his address ____ you see, I am French by naturalization (I wanted to make up for their declining birth-rate) ____ the footman of Mrs. Ridley has been murdered by that lady herself because he tried to save her life. I don't know her past, but I am certain that she had been a near relation of mine in some former existence, and that she was much interested in spiritualism. "Voil? la clef du" "myst?re!"

"Señor, you will realise that a crime is composed of a great number of circumstances extending over a long or short period of time and different in their importance. If a woman is seen to stick a stiletto into another person's breast, that is a stronger circumstance than if she is seen pulling it out; and this would be stronger than if she were standing over the dead man with a bloody knife. Two of the cases at least are compatible with innocence. Evidence, you understand it also, is nothing more than grounds for reasonable guesses, and crimes are collections of circumstances connected together, the proof of any one of which is a reasonable ground for guessing that the others existed. But, "pocos palabras!"

"Sehr geehrter Herr!" Nine times out of ten an innocent man does not know the strength of his own case, and he may, real "Schafskopf," by mere

asinism allow suspicious circumstances to pass unexplained which he could explain perfectly {292} well. How much more so, then, when the innocent is no more among the living ____ or when, being alive, he stands in a blessed ignorance of the suspicions to which some unexplained circumstances have given birth!

"To the point, sir! One lives again in order to complete, or improve, an action which in a previous life has been left incomplete or inferior; and also to make a fresh attempt at mastering, in very similar circumstances, some powerful original tendency. It's fierce, but it's true. Had you previously been a packer of canned meat, or a guard on the railroad, or a Wall Street man, there would have been in your life some incidents, causing certain thoughts in your brains, and eventually actions. Yes, it would have been so, and you would to-day probably be doing your best not to improve upon the action which was the resultant of those thoughts. I say "'not to improve,'" because we are human, all of us.

"As it is, you were a Redskin in North America, your name was 'Faim de loup,' and you are placed in such circumstances that you must find it difficult not to fall again into your old uncivilised ways.

"Now, Mrs. Ridley was a spiritualist. And she was not a widow! Her husband was not dead! He was the great gun-maker whom you know, and whose obsequies you may remember. His coffin contained but another man's remains. ...

"Love, my dear sir, is a much-mistaken phenomenon, which only perhaps the most loutish among us could understand because of its very simplicity. Love belongs to the spiritual world; it is an attraction, based on affinities. There were such affinities between Mrs. Ridley and her husband. {293}

"Of course, you know something about wireless telegraphy. A wireless message can be intercepted by some one for whom it is not meant, even if that some one had no inclination towards that kind of French game. He unwillingly receives the message which is for another, and it may so happen that he obtains a similar knowledge of the answer. Such is the case also in the spiritual world: such was the case of Mrs. Ridley. Her love-thoughts went to her husband; her husband's love-thoughts went to her, but ...

"Have you ever taken into your field of consideration how many 'buts' there come into the field of our actions? I submit to you that every painful, or sinful, or harmful, or simply unpleasant incident of our lives is the outcome of the best intentions ____ relatively best, at all events, "our best" ____ and I am sure that you agree with me. There were two 'buts' in the case of Mrs. Ridley.

"The first was of a personal character. Mrs. Ridley had nothing more than love-thoughts to give to her gun-maker husband. She was deprived of temperament ____ as the French understand the word ____ and her husband was like the candle which has never seen itself aflame, and is in consequence unaware of what it misses through its having had no acquaintance with a

lighted match. Their love was not of this world, and the Powers which rule 'here-below' resented what they considered to be a contempt of their Majesty; and no children were sent to the couple. It was an ethereal love which they both knew to be somewhat incomplete. Mr. Ridley had little experience of the world, and still less conversation. Apart from his gun-making business and his spiritual bride, he cared in his own words, not a shell for anything. Nevertheless, in {294} his semi-conscious anxiety, he attempted to devise some alterations in the appearance of his future widow. Did he see a hat which he thought somewhat suggestive of earthy sentiments, he would at once buy a similar one for Mrs. Ridley. Alas! with as without it his wife looked the ethereal spirituality that she was. He went to Paris on business, and, finding himself in that materialistic city, bought a complete set of befrilled and dainty underlinen; Mrs. Ridley etherealised even the appearance of that "lingerie de cocotte."

"We are far from the crime, you think. "Carajo," I guess not! We cannot be any nearer. Who killed Mrs. Ridley? I don't know. I was very near doing it.

"Why was she killed? The murderer did not know.

"Who killed the footman? Mrs. Ridley.

"Why did she kill him? Because he tried to prevent her from being murdered.

"Here, in a nutshell, my dear sir, you have all the crime and its explanation. When I say that I do not know who killed Mrs. Ridley I mean at the same time that it matters not. "The murderer is innocent."¹ Listen to what happened to me.

"I saw a man. He had the most wonderful eyes I ever saw; they could at times brighten one's face by merely looking into it; yet they chilled me, drying my blood and sending a cold shiver all over my bones. They reflected the sky as an ape imitates man, in a way inferior, poorly, servilely. And a certain uncanny look which never quite left him made that man an undesirable neighbour to me. Had I not seen him I would refuse to admit the reality of his existence. {295}

"I met him during a journey. Comfortably seated in a corner of the railway compartment, I was reading a book of the sixteenth century in France merely to occupy my mind, so that I should not be tempted to look through the window at the too commonplace scenery.

"We had just passed a station, as I knew by the disturbing voice of a porter; and, on resuming my journey, I felt sorry that no companion of travel had entered the lonely carriage. I attempted another perusal of my book, when, without any opening of the door or of the window, I noticed a stranger seated in the opposite corner. His eyes were on me. He left me no time for much thinking, speaking almost immediately.

"May I beg you to forgive a stranger, sir?" he said, 'but I cannot endure this temperature. Will you allow me to open the windows?"

1 Underlined with red ink in the original letter.

"I like fresh air myself; but it was so very cold on that day that I had

carefully shut both windows. Something in his appearance and his look, intensely heavy on me, led me to refrain from answering. I merely nodded, grunted, gathered my rug higher around me, and resumed my reading.

"He thanked me profusely, opened the windows, both of them, as wide as they could be, and, without taking any notice of my evident displeasure, addressed me anew.

"Your are wondering, no doubt, sir, as to the way by which I came in. Well, I do not mind telling you I came through this hole.'

"He pointed at the ceiling with his hand, and I raised my eyes. The only aperture to which he could be referring was a tiny little hole in the glass which protected the imaginary {296} light provided by the railway company. I shrugged my shoulders, grunted again, and plunged back into my book.

"You do not believe me, I see,' he went on, 'yet I speak the truth. I came through this broken glass to you ____ to you, sir, on purpose to see you, to speak to you. I came from the sky. Now, do not look at the alarm bell. My message is a pleasant one. You are chosen for a mission.'

"I thought I had borne enough, and expressed at once the idea that my strong desire was to be left alone. The stranger laughed in a queer manner, and as my eyes met his once more, I felt a peculiar sensation of mixed sympathy and fear. It was then that I noticed how brightening to any one his eyes could be. He spoke in a gentler tone.

"I am going to explain to you the object of my coming. You are going back to Brighton to-morrow night, are you not?'

"Yes, I am; but that is no concern of yours.'

"Be silent. Look at me. All right. Listen now!'

"I heard no more his human voice. As I raised my head a feeling of lost consciousness overcame me. I was unable to control my brains, my will, my movements. He spoke again and at great length, but I could neither answer nor interrupt him. I could not say that I was in a subconscious state, but neither would I care to say that I was in a normal one. He took my hands and held them in his own. I could not move.

"It is necessary that a certain person be freed from the material envelope which gives apparent shape to her ethereal spirit. Mrs. Ridley lives at 34 ____ Street, Brighton. By the way, my name is Ridley.' {297}

"Here I tried to speak, but found it impossible. He went on:

"You seem to be surprised. I thought you would. But remain in the state of receptivity! I am Ridley, the late Ridley, as they say, though I am very much alive. Some stories have been told of how I died suddenly, 600 miles away from England. But I only disappeared. The wicked spirits tempted me, and I fell into their trap. Time passed, and the love messages which the spirit of my wife sent all over the earth succeeded in reaching me after a period of burning knowledge. She claimed death as a right, though she knew well enough that, dead or alive, I could not help her in that way. We must die both at the same time if we are to enjoy in an after-life the joys of spiritual love, which I found on this earth but too

mild for my burning and anxious curiosity. I have chosen you for the deed because you have been at times the recipient of some thought messages which were addressed to her by me. Besides, in a former existence you were kin to my ... to Mrs. Ridley.

"To-morrow night you will go to _____ Street, and my wife will await you as the promised liberator. Some one else will "do" for me at the same time, but in another part of the world. I shall be far by then. No one is to see you, and Mrs. Ridley will open the door to you. KILL HER, man! Kill her at 9.30 P.M. When you have done, GO! Go away; and when a whole week has passed, REMEMBER! And now, my dear sir, good-bye for the present.'

"As he spoke the last words I was again conscious; but my head felt so heavy that I did not make any motion. I could not. It was as if I had just awakened from a profound sleep. {298} The stranger disappeared, seeming through the hole in the glass.

"When I had collected myself I tried hard to make out whether I had seen or hear any one. But I could not remember what had been said to me, save the few words of preamble about opening the windows and the ironical words of the parting: 'Good-bye for the present.'

"I shut the windows, and presently arrived at my destination. The cold air on the platform finished waking me up. I dismissed the conversation as a dream due to the discomfort of the journey; and set out towards the hotel where I usually stay when in Bristol.

"I must here remind you, sir, that I had no other recollection than a few words, which were so absurd, especially those about coming from the sky through a hole, that they must have been dreamt by me. Such were my thoughts; and I went to sleep thinking no more about my supposed nightmare.

"On the following morning I attended to my business and started on my journey back to Brighton, though I was asked by a very dear friend to stay another day, and though I had no reason whatever to refuse him and myself such a pleasure as we always derive from our mutual company.

"The journey passed without incident. My carriage was never empty; and I could not in a full compartment indulge in such weird dreams as I had on the previous day. On my arrival at Brighton I went to the hotel. At least I thought I did. I am not so sure now. How is it that I remember to-day that part of the stranger's discourse which I could not recollect after his departure? But I anticipate.

"I awoke in the morning with a strong headache; and {299} proceeded to clean my coat; which (I remember) I had soiled on the previous evening during my meal, while waiting for my train in London. I was perfectly certain about that stain; I knew where it was. I COULD NOT FIND IT. This is a trifle, no doubt, and I took it as such, at first. I do not ... now ... now that I REMEMBER. I must have washed my clothes according to the orders.

"Yet I am not the murderer, monsieur. If you could see me you would dismiss all doubts. My eye is a truthful organ. But of course you cannot;

and there is an end of the matter.

"Shall we go back to the beginning? Well, suppose we do. Who is that human creature "qui languit sur la paille humide d'un cachot?" A neighbour! The very man who ought not to be suspected. Does ever a neighbour kill a neighbour in that way, for such a vague reason? It is sheer madness ... Madness ... MADNESS!

"And I will tell you something else. The man they have arrested has probably been a witness to the murder. He may have some secret longing for a period of suffering. He may want a cure for his soul; and that may be the reason why he does not do anything against the mountain of evidence which is slowly being heaped against him. ..

"I have just had to leave this letter in order to see that a couple of nice crisp cabbages do not during their ebullition throw too much water over the gas-stove. And as I return to you it occurs to me that you may know the great masterpiece of Dostoievsky. I have only read it in the French. 'Crime et Châtiment' they call it. Well, there is a similar case in that terrible story. MIKOLKA confesses to the {300} murder of the old female moneylender and her sister Elizabeth, when the real murderer is Rodion Romanich Raskolnikoff. Mikolka is longing for expiation; he wants to atone for a wasted life; he is neither a madman nor an insane, but a mystic, a fantasm. You will object that he is a Slav. ... Quite so, but there might be some Anglo-Saxons with a similar turn of mind.

"What of the theft? What if there has been no theft? if Mrs. Ridley had hidden or destroyed the money? if she had burned the banknotes? What are banknotes to a woman who is going to die?

"The police have made a great point of the fact that Harry Carpenter could not come out of his room without being heard. Fools! Mayhap he did not enter his room that night. Maybe he was in love with some lady fair. Maybe he went out and was killed by Mrs. Ridley when, returning, he had come to her assistance and struggled with Mr. Ridley's messenger.

"The dinner-party! Here we come to the most foolish, silly, ridiculous, absurd, and preposterous example of the preposterousness, absurdity, ridiculousness, silliness, and foolishness latent in the brains of your C.I.D. members. I believe that all the guests who attended that party have been shadowed, that their entire families have been watched and followed about, that their correspondence has been ransacked and their whole past raked into. They have of course no connection whatever with the case. Mrs. Ridley thought of a party as of the thing most likely to "donner le" "change." Of course she did not want people to think of anything else but of an ordinary unforeseen murder. {310}

"All the rubbish talked about with regard to her lace handkerchief and the piece in her footman's hand shows still more the folly of all scientific systems of investigation. She put it there after having killed the footman.

"I have but one incident to mention; and it is once more a personal recollection. But as it is the last you will forgive me. I am sure you

appreciate my goodwill and believe in "Wahlverwandschaften."

"When, after a week had elapsed and my memory was allowed to resume its work, I became conscious of the deed which had been commanded to me, I entered into a state of mixed feelings. If I would indulge in psychology, I should now retrace step by step the mental journey which I then took. I think I can spare you this; and I now come to the evening which concluded the ninth day after the murder.

"For my personal edification I was murmuring the words of the Clavicula Salomonis; and had just arrived at the invocation, 'Aba, Zarka, Maccaf, Zofar, Holech, Zegolta, Pazergadol,' when a gentle breeze caressed my forehead. I must tell you that I had not placed in my left hand the hexagonal seal, but held instead at intervals a well-dosed 'rainbow.' By the way, have you ever tasted that scientific and picturesque mixture of liqueurs?

"The breeze spoke. At least I heard its voice, which recalled somehow the voice of the late ____ very late now ____ Mr. Ridley.

""We are here.""

"A buzzing sibilation; 'un susurrement.' Then the voice again. 'We have come together, man, to set your mind at rest, if indeed it is restless. You are not the liberator of a longing soul, as you thought. A nearer of kin has been {302} found ____ that is, a man whose spirit was in a previous life the spirit of a dear brother. He was ordered to kill at 9.20. But you came at your own appointed time and went through the ____ er ____ process, unaware that all had been done before. We chose that man because he was a nearer parent. We are now happy ____ happy beyond your actual comprehension. Adieu!

"That's what I call 'laver son linge sale en famille.'" And the part I played in that affair reminds me of that other expression: "enfoncer une" "porte ouverte."

"That is all, my dear sir. You know as much as I do. And I must return to my cabbages.

"Your illuminating
"PEDRO PIERRE PETER SCAMANDER."

Is there anything to be added? For my part I took the word of Mr. Scamander for the candid expression of real happenings, without trying to explain any theory. More curious still is the fact that I heard from Inspector Bennet. He said that the evidence against the arrested man was built on moving sand, utterly impossible and unexistent; and they will have to release him, in spite of apparent elements of certainty which have for so long misled the public ____ eye, and even the police.

From "to-day's" papers:

"The man arrested in connection with the Brighton murder has confessed. He will be tried at the next assizes."

Well! maybe he is a new Mikolka. But where is the absent relative, the spiritualist?

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH {303}

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About this capture

REVIEW

A BOOK OF MYSTERY AND VISION. By A. E. WAITE. William Rider and Son. 7s. 6d. The Introduction. Mr. Waite speaks of a "kind of secret school, or united but incorporate fraternity, which independently of all conventional means of recognition and communication do no less communicate and recognise one another without hesitation of hindrance in every part of the world. ... Of this school the author may and does claim that he is the intimate representative and mouthpiece," &c. &c.

Good.

"This mystic life at its highest is undeniably selfish."

Hullo, what's this?

"It is a striking fact that so little of any divine consequence has been uttered by poets in the English Language."

Really?

"The inspiration of it (the sense of sacramentalism) at certain times saturated the whole soul of Tennyson ... there is scarcely a trace or tincture of this sense in Shelley."

Poor Shelley!

"In the eighteenth century there was none found to give it Voice."

Poor Blake! (William Blake, you know! Never heard of William Blake?)

"For this school it is quite impossible that Shakespeare, for example, should possess any consequence."

Poor Shakespeare!

And then ---

"This book is offered by the writer to his brethren, ut adeptis appareat me illis parem et fratrem, as proof positive that he is numbered among them, that he is initiated into their mysteries, and exacts recognition as such in all houses, temples, and tarrying-places of the fraternity."

An adept trying to prove that he is one! An adept with thoughts of his own rank and

glory!! An adept exacting recognition!!!

What about the instant recognition all over the world of which you prated above? Mr. Waite, you seem to me to be a spiritual Arthur Orton!

Mr. Waite, we have opened the Pastos which you say contains the body of your Father Christian Rosencreutz ____ and it's only poor old Druce!

The Book. This is the strange thing; the moment that Mr. Waite leaves prose for poetry, there is no more of this bunkum, bombast, and balderdash; we find a poet, and rather an illuminated poet. We have to appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk! "In vino veritas."

Good poetry enough all this: yet one cannot help feeling that it is essentially {113} the work of a scholar and a gentleman. One is inclined to think of him as Pentheus in a frock-coat.

A MYSTERY-PLAY.

DIONYSUS. I bring ye wine from above

From the vats of the storied sun ---

MR. WAITE. Butler, decant the claret carefully!

DIONYSUS. For every one of ye love ---

MR. WAITE. Ay, lawful marriage is a sacrament.

DIONYSUS. And life for everyone ---

MR. WAITE. And lawful marriage should result in life.

DIONYSUS. Ye shall dance on hill and level ---

MR. WAITE. But not the vulgar cancan or mattchiche.

DIONYSUS. Ye shall sing through hollow and height ---

MR. WAITE. See that ye sing with due sobriety!

DIONYSUS. In the festal mystical revel,

The rapturous Bacchanal rite!

MR. WAITE. If Isabel de S.....should approve!

DIONYSUS. The rocks and trees are yours ---

MR. WAITE. According to Laws of Property.

DIONYSUS. And the waters under the hill --

MR. WAITE. Provided that you pay your water rate.

DIONYSUS. By the might of that which endures ---

MR. WAITE. Me, surely, and my fame as an adept.

DIONYSUS. The holy heaven of will!

MR. WAITE. Will Shakespeare was not an initiate.

DIONYSUS. I kindle a flame like a torrent

To rush from star to star ---

MR. WAITE. Incendiarism! Arson! Captain Shaw!

DIONYSUS. Your hair as a comet's horrent, ---

MR. WAITE. Not for a fortune would I ruffle mine.

DIONYSUS. Ye shall see things as they are.

MR. WAITE. Play fair, god! do not give the show away!

[The Mænads tear him limb from limb, and MADAME DE S tries to brain

DIONYSUS with a dummy writ.

This is a great limitation, yet Mr. Waite is a really excellent poet withal. All the poems show fine and deep thought, with facility and felicity of expression. "The Lost Word" is extraordinarily fine, both dramatically and lyrically. It seems a pity that Mr. Waite has no use for William Shakespeare!

The fact is (whatever George Hume Barne may say) that Mr. Waite is (or has) a genius, who wishes to communicate sacred mysteries of truth and beauty; but he is too often baulked by the mental and moral equipment of Mr. Waite. Even so, he only just misses. And I will bet George Hume Barne a "crŠme de menthe" that if Mr. Waite (even now) will ride on a camel from Biskra to Timbuktu with an Ouled Nail and the dancer M'saoud, he will produce absolutely first-rate poetry within six months. Enough. But buy the book.

A. QUILLER, JR.

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REVIEWS

THE OCCULT REVIEW. Monthly. 7"d."net.

Still, as before, the best and brightest of the periodicals dealing with transcendental subjects. It hears all sides and has no axe to grind. C.

SELECTED POEMS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. Fifth thousand. Methuen and Co., and Burns and Oates. No price.

Long years ago, in 1898, I was one of the very few admirers of Francis Thompson. His wealth of thought and pomp of diction more than atoned for the too frequent turgidity of his music.

Now, it seems, I am but one of five thousand just persons. So much the better for them! The more the merrier! ALEISTER CROWLEY.

SCIENTIFIC IDEALISM. By W. Kingsland. Rebman, Limited. 7"s." 6"d." net.

Science and Idealism have laboured long, and have at last brought forth

a book worth reading and rereading, a book worth studying and restudying. Mr. W. Kingsland is to be congratulated; the "Forward" alone is worth the price asked. Here are a few quotations:

"The individual must ultimately claim not merely his relationship to the Whole, but his "identity" therewith."

"Thus the individual ... finds that reality ever appearing to evade him ... in proportion as this is realized, he must necessarily revolt against any and every system which would "limit" him."

". . . Nothing can be accepted on mere authority."

As old as the Vedas is the question "What am I?" Ay! older, for the first man probably asked it, and yet it crouches ever before us with enticing eyes like some evil Sphinx. This question Mr. Kingsland tries to narrow down by a theoretical reconciliation of Science and Idealism. "Where we do not really know we must be content with a working hypothesis." But the following citations are those of a man who is, if still in the twilight, yet no longer in the dark:

"... Evil as well as that which we call good, are part of and essential to that fundamental underlying Unity by and through which alone the Universe can be conceive of as a Cosmos and not a Chaos."

"Our apparent failures are necessary lessons. We often learn more by failure than by success. The only real failure is to cease to endeavour."

"Could we but realise this Truth in our life and consciousness, it would be to us the end of all doubt and of all strife, for it would be the realisation of our own inherent and inalienable divine nature, the realisation of the Infinite Self, the attainment of which is the end and goal of our evolution."

Drop the conditional tense, Mr. Kingsland. Say no longer "if I could," {285} but "I will!" And then write for the nations yet another book, not one based on "Belief," but on "Knowledge," a book of Realisation, a book of Truth. "Then will the health of the daughter of my people recover"; and "in thy market will be sold the wheat of Minnith, and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm."

F.

EUSAPIA PALLADINO AND HER PHENOMENA. BY HEReward CARRINGTON,
T. Werner Laurie.

We remember Mr. Hereward Carrington as the author of "Fasting, Vitality, and Nutrition."

In six hundred odd closely printed 9 in. x 6 in. pages the author proved that Eating Is All A Mistake. Food supplies no nourishment, but only causes disease; if you only fast long enough, you cure cancer and consumption and everything else.

Now when a man who can print drivel of this sort comes forward and testifies to the wind that blows from the top of a medium's head, it is unlikely that any serious person will take the trouble even to read his statement.

Worse, the presence of such a person at a sitting entirely invalidates

the testimony of his fellow-sitters, even be they such presumably competent persons as Mr. W.W.Baggalay and the Hon. Everard Feilding.

"Le grande hyst?rie," such as must play no small part in the constitution of a person who can persuade himself that the best athletic training is stark starvation, that tobacco is poison, alcohol fatal in doses of three drops, and the use of the reproductive faculties under any circumstances tantamount to suicide, "la grande hyst?rie," I say, is sufficient to explain anything. A sufferer is capable of assisting the medium to cheat, and of throwing dust in the eyes of his fellow-observers, entirely unconscious that he is doing so, under the spell of his morbid perversity.

We hope shortly to publish studies, not of the phenomena alleged to be produced by mediums, but of the mental make-up of those investigators who allege them to be genuine.

We must be understood to refer only to material phenomena; we have no doubt concerning the mental and moral phenomena. Spiritualism leads in every case that we have yet investigated to mental spermatorrhoea, culminating in obsession and complete moral and intellectual atony.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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About this capture

REVIEWS

THE CLOUD ON THE SANCTUARY. BY COUNCILLOR VON ECKARTSHAUSEN.
William Rider and Son.

We shall be very sorry if any of our readers misses this little book, a translation from the French translation of the German original into the pretty broken English of Madame de Steyer.

It was this book which first made your reviewer aware of the existence of a secret mystical assembly of saints, and determined him to devote his

whole life, without keeping back the least imaginable thing, to the purpose of making himself worthy to enter that circle. We shall be disappointed if the book has any less effect on any other reader.

The perusal of the notes may be omitted with advantage. N.

THE BUDDHIST REVIEW. Quarterly. 1"s."

Unwilling as I am to sap the foundations of the Buddhist religion by the introduction of Porphyry's terrible catapult, Allegory, I am yet compelled by the more fearful ballista of Aristotle, Dilemma. This is the two-handed engine spoken of by the prophet Milton!¹

This is the horn of the prophet Zeruiah, and with this am I, though no Syrian, utterly pushed, till I find myself back against the dead wall of Dogma. Only now realising how dead a wall that is, do I turn and try the effect of a hair of the dog that bit me, till the orthodox "literary"² school of Buddhists, as grown at Rangoon, exclaim with Lear: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is it To have an intellect!" How is this? Listen and hear!

I find myself confronted with the crux: that, a Buddhist convinced intellectually and philosophically of the truth of the teaching of Gotama; a man to whom Buddhism is the equivalent of scientific methods of Thought; an expert in dialectic, whose logical faculty is bewildered, whose critical admiration is extorted by the subtle vigour of Buddhist reasoning; I am yet forced to admit that, this being so, the Five Precepts³ are mere nonsense. If the {304} Buddha spoke scientifically, not popularly, not rhetorically, then his precepts are not his. We must reject them or we must interpret them. We must inquire: Are they meant to be obeyed? Or ____ and this is my theory ____ are they sarcastic and biting criticisms on existence, illustrations of the First Noble Truth; "reasons," as it were, for the apotheosis of annihilation? I shall show that this is so.

THE FIRST PRECEPT.

- 1 "Lycidas," line 130.
- 2 The school whose Buddhism is derived from the Canon, and who ignore the degradation of the professors of the religion, as seen in practice.
- 3 The obvious caveat which logicians will enter against these remarks is that Pansil is the Five Virtues rather than Precepts. Etymologically this is so. However, we may regard this as a clause on my side of the argument, not against it; for in my view these are virtues, and the impossibility of attaining them is the cancer of existence. Indeed, I support the etymology as against the futile bigotry of certain senile Buddhists of to-day. And, since it is the current interpretation of Buddhistic thought that I attack, I but show myself the better Buddhist in the act.

This forbids the taking of life in any form.⁴ What we have to note is the impossibility of performing this; if we can prove it to be so, either Buddha was a fool, or his command was rhetorical, like those of Yahweh to Job, or of Tannh?user to himself:

"Go! seek the stars and count them and explore!
Go! sift the sands beyond a starless sea!"

Let us consider what the words can mean. The "Taking of Life" can only mean the reduction of living protoplasm to dead matter: or, in a truer and more psychological sense, the destruction of personality.

Now, in the chemical changes involved in Buddha's speaking this command, living protoplasm was changed into dead matter. Or, on the other horn, the fact (insisted upon most strongly by the Buddha himself, the central and cardinal point of his doctrine, the shrine of that Metaphysic which isolates it absolutely from all other religious metaphysic, which allies it with Agnostic Metaphysic) that the Buddha who had spoken this command was not the same as the Buddha before he had spoken it, lies the proof that the Buddha, by speaking this command, violated it. More, not only did he slay himself; he breathed in millions of living organisms and slew them. He could not eat nor drink nor breathe without murder implicit in each act. Huxley cites the "pitiless microscopist" who showed a drop of water to the Brahmin who boasted himself "Ahimsa" ____ harmless. So among the "rights" of a Bhikkhu is medicine. He who takes quinine does so with the deliberate intention of destroying innumerable living beings; whether this is done by stimulating the phagocytes, or directly, is morally indifferent.

How such a fiend incarnate, my dear brother Ananda Metteya, can call {305} him "cruel and cowardly" who only kills a tiger, is a study in the philosophy of the mote and the beam!⁵

Far be it from me to suggest that this is a defence of breathing, eating, and drinking. By no means; in all these ways we bring suffering and death to others, as to ourselves. But since these are inevitable acts, since suicide would be a still more cruel alternative (especially in case something should subsist below mere Rupa), the command is not to achieve the impossible, the already violated in the act of commanding, but a bitter commentary on the foul evil of this aimless, hopeless universe, this compact of misery, meanness, and cruelty. Let us pass on.

THE SECOND PRECEPT.

The Second Precept is directed against theft. Theft is the appropriation to one's own use of that to which another has a right. Let us see therefore whether or no the Buddha was a thief. The answer of course is in the affirmative. For to issue a command is to attempt to deprive another of his most precious possession ____ the right to do as he

will; that is, unless, with the predestinarians, we hold that action is determined absolutely, in which case, of course, to command is as absurd as it is unavoidable. Excluding this folly, therefore, we may conclude that if the command be obeyed ____ and those of Buddha have gained a far larger share of obedience than those of any other teacher ____ the Enlightened One was not only a potential but an actual thief. Further, all voluntary action limits in some degree, however minute, the volition of others. If I

4 Fielding Hall, in "The Soul of a People," has reluctantly to confess that he can find no trace of this idea in Buddha's own work, and calls the superstition the "echo of an older Faith."

5 The argument that "the animals are our brothers" is merely intended to mislead one who has never been in a Buddhist country. The average Buddhist would, of course, kill his brother for five rupees, or less.

breathe, I diminish the stock of oxygen available on the planet. In those far distant ages when Earth shall be as dead as the moon is to-day, my breathing now will have robbed some being then living of the dearest necessity of life.

That the theft is minute, incalculably trifling, is no answer to the moralist, to whom degree is not known; nor to the man of science, who sees the chain of nature miss no link.

If, on the other hand, the store of energy in the universe be indeed constant (whether infinite or no), if personality be indeed delusion, then theft becomes impossible, and to forbid it is absurd. We may argue that even so temporary theft may exist; and that this is so is to my mind no doubt the case. All theft is temporary, since even a millionaire must die; also it is universal, since even a Buddha must breathe. {306}

THE THIRD PRECEPT.

This precept, against adultery, I shall touch but lightly. Not that I consider the subject unpleasant ____ far from it! ____ but since the English section of my readers, having unclean minds, will otherwise find a fulcrum therein for their favourite game of slander. Let it suffice if I say that the Buddha ____ in spite of the ridiculous membrane legend,⁶ one of those foul follies which idiot devotees invent only too freely ____ was a confirmed and habitual adulterer. It would be easy to argue with Hegel-Huxley that he who thinks of an act commits it ("cf." Jesus also in this connection, thought he only knows the creative value of desire), and that since A and not-A are mutually limiting, therefore interdependent, therefore identical, therefore identical, he who forbids an act commits it; but I feel that this is no place for metaphysical hair-splitting; let us prove what we have to prove in the plainest way.

I would premise in the first place that to commit adultery in the Divorce Court sense is not here in question.

It assumes too much proprietary right of a man over a woman, that root of all abomination! ____ the whole machinery of inheritance, property, and all the labyrinth of law.

We may more readily suppose that the Buddha was (apparently at least) condemning incontinence.

We know that Buddha had abandoned his home; true, but Nature has to be reckoned with. Volition is no necessary condition of offence. "I didn't mean to" is a poor excuse for an officer failing to obey an order.

Enough of this ____ in any case a minor question; since even on the lowest moral grounds ____ and we, I trust, soar higher! ____ the error in question may be resolved into a mixture of murder, theft, and intoxication. (We consider the last under the Fifth Precept.)

THE FOURTH PRECEPT.

Here we come to what in a way is the fundamental joke of these precepts. A command is not a lie, of course; possibly cannot be; yet surely an allegorical order is one in essence, and I have no longer a shadow of a doubt that these so-called "precepts" are a species of savage practical joke.

Apart from this there can hardly be much doubt, when critical exegesis has done its damndest on the Logia of our Lord, that Buddha did at some time {307} commit himself to some statement. "(Something called) Consciousness exists" is, said Huxley, the irreducible minimum of the pseudo-syllogism, false even for an enthymeme, "Cogito, ergo Sum!" This

6 Membrum virile illius in membrana inclusum esse aiunt, ne copulare posset.

proposition he bolsters up by stating that whoso should pretend to doubt it would thereby but confirm it. Yet might it not be said "(Something called) Consciousness appears to itself to exist," since Consciousness is itself the only witness to that confirmation? Not that even now we can deny some kind of existence to consciousness, but that it should be a more real existence than that of a reflection is doubtful, incredible, even inconceivable. If by consciousness we mean the normal consciousness, it is definitely untrue, since the Dhyanic consciousness includes it and denies it. No doubt "something called" acts as a kind of caveat to the would-be sceptic, though the phrase is bad, implying a "calling." But we can guess what Huxley means.

No doubt Buddha's scepticism does not openly go quite as far as mine ____ it must be remembered that "scepticism" is merely the indication of a possible attitude, not a belief, as so many good fool-folk think; but Buddha not only denies "Cogito, ergo sum"; but "Cogito, ergo non sum." See "Sabbasava Sutta," par. 10.

At any rate Sakkyaditthi, the delusion of personality, is in the very forefront of his doctrines; and it is this delusion that is constantly and

inevitably affirmed in all normal consciousness. That Dhyanic thought avoids it is doubtful; even so, Buddha is here represented as giving precepts to ordinary people. And if personality be delusion, a lie is involved in the command of one to another. In short, we all lie all the time; we are compelled to it by the nature of things themselves ____ paradoxical as that seems ____ and the Buddha knew it!

THE FIFTH PRECEPT.

At last we arrive at the end of our weary journey ____ surely in this weather we may have a drink! East of Suez,⁷ Trombone-Macaulay (as I may surely say, when Browning writes Banjo-Byron⁸) tells us, a man may raise a Thirst. No, shrieks the Blessed One, the Perfected One, the Enlightened One, do not drink! It is like the streets of Paris when they were placarded with rival posters: {308}

Ne buvez pas de l'Alcool!
L'Alcool est un poison!

and

Buvez de l'Alcool!
L'Alcool est un aliment!

We know now that alcohol is a food up to a certain amount; the precept, good enough for a rough rule as it stands, will not bear close inspection. What Buddha really commands, with that grim humour of his, is: Avoid Intoxication.

But what is intoxication? unless it be the loss of power to use perfectly a truth-telling set of faculties. If I walk unsteadily it is owing to nervous lies ____ and so for all the phenomena of drunkenness. But a lie involves the assumption of some true standard, and this can nowhere be found. A doctor would tell you, moreover, that all food intoxicates:

7 "Ship me somewhere East of Suez, where a man may raise a thirst."

R. KIPLING.

8 "While as for Quilp Hop o' my Thumb there,
Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum there."

BROWNING, "Pachiarotto" (said of A.

Austin).

all, here as in all the universe, of every subject and in every predicate, is a matter of degree.

Our faculties never tell us true; our eyes say flat when our fingers say round; our tongue sends a set of impressions to our brain which our hearing declares non-existent ____ and so on.

What is this delusion of personality but a profound and centrally-seated intoxication of the consciousness? I am intoxicated as I address these words; you are drunk ____ beastly drunk! ____ as you read them; Buddha was a drunk as a voter at election time when he uttered his besotted command. There, my dear children, is the conclusion to which we are brought if you insist that he was serious!

I answer No! Alone among men then living, the Buddha was sober, and saw Truth. He, who was freed from the coils of the great serpent Theli coiled round the universe, he knew how deep the slaver of that snake had entered into us, infecting us, rotting our very bones with poisonous drunkenness. And so his cutting irony ____ drink no intoxicating drinks!

When I go to take Pansil,⁹ it is in no spirit of servile morality; it is with keen sorrow gnawing at my heart. These five causes of sorrow are indeed the heads of the serpent of Desire. Four at least of them snap their fangs on me in and by virtue of my very act of receiving the commands, and of promising to obey them; if there is a little difficulty about the fifth, it is an omission easily rectified ____ and I think we should make a point about that; there is a great virtue in completeness.
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Yes! Do not believe that the Buddha was a fool; that he asked men to perform the impossible or the unwise.¹⁰ Do not believe that the sorrow of existence is so trivial that easy rules easily interpreted (as all Buddhists do interpret the precepts) can avail against them; do not mop up the Ganges with a duster: or stop the revolution of the stars with a lever of lath.

Awake, awake only! let there be ever remembrance that Existence is sorrow, sorrow by the inherent necessity of the way it is made; sorrow not by volition, not by malice, not by carelessness, but by nature, by ineradicable tendency, by the incurable disease of Desire, its Creator, is it so, and the way to destroy it is by the uprooting of Desire; nor is a task so formidable accomplished by any threepenny-bit-in-the-plate-on-Sunday morality, the "deceive others and self-deception will take care of itself" uprightness, but by the severe roads of austere self-mastery, of arduous scientific research, which constitute the Noble Eightfold Path.

O. DHAMMALOYU.

JOHN DEE. BY CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH. Constable and Co. 10"s." 6"d." net.

It is only gracious to admit that this book is as good as could possibly have been produced on the subject ____ the publishes are cordially invited to quote the last fourteen words, and now I can finish my sentence ____ by a person totally ignorant of the essence thereof.

Dee was an avowed magician; Miss Smith is an avowed intellectual prig. So she can find nothing better to do than to beg the whole question of the

9 To "take Pansil" is to vow obedience to these Precepts.

10 I do not propose to dilate on the moral truth which Ibsen has so long laboured to make clear: that no hard and fast rule of life can be universally applicable. Also, as in the famous case of the lady who saved (successively) the lives of her husband, her father, and her brother, the precepts clash. To allow to die is to kill --- all this is obvious to the most ordinary thinkers. These precepts are of course excellent general guides for the vulgar and ignorant, but you and I, dear reader, are wise and clever, and know better.

validity of Dee's "actions," and that although she admits that the Book of Enoch is unintelligible to her. Worse, she retails the wretched slanders about me current among those who envied me. I was certainly "wanted" for coining. I happened to have found the trick of making gold at a very early age, but had not the sense to exploit it properly; and when I got any sense I got more sense than to waste time in such follies. The slander that I deluded Dee is as baseless. Again and again I tried to break with him, to show him how utterly unreliable it all was. Only his more than paternal {310} kindness for me kept me with him. God rest him; I hear he has been reincarnated as W. T. Stead.

For one thing I do most seriously take blame, that my training was too strong for my power to receive spiritual truth. For when the Holy Angels came to instruct me in the great truths, that there is no sin, that the soul passes from house to house, that Jesus was but man, that the Holy Ghost was not a person, I rejected them as false. Ah! have I not paid bitterly for the error? Still, the incarnation was not all loss; not only did I attain the Grade of Major Adept, but left enough secret knowledge (in an available form) to carry me on for a long while. I am getting it back now; with luck I'll be a Magister Templi soon, if I can only get rid of my giant personality. You may say, by the way, that this is hardly a review of a book on my old master, silly old josser! Exactly; I never cared a dump for him. He was just a text for my sermon then; and so he is now.

EDWARD KELLEY.

STRANGE HOUSES OF SLEEP. BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. William Rider and Sons, 12"s." 6"d." net.

I have always held Arthur Edward Waite for a good poet; I am not sure that he is not a great poet; but that he is a great mystic there can be no manner of doubt.

"Strange Houses of Sleep," conceived in the abyss of a noble mind and brought forth in travail of Chaos that hath been stirred by the Breath, is one of the finest records of Mystical Progress that is possible to imagine.

I may be biased in my judgment by this fact, that long ago when first my young heart stirred within me at the sound of the trumpet ___ perchance of Israfil ___ and leapt to grasp with profane hands the Holy Grail, it was to Mr. Waite that I wrote for instruction, it was from him that came the first

words of help and comfort that I ever had from mortal man. In all these years I have met him but once, and then within a certain veil; yet still I can go to his book as a child to his father, without diffidence or doubt; and indeed he can communicate the Sacrament, the Wafer of his thought, the Wine of his music.

And if in earthly things the instructions of his Master seem contrary to those of mine, at the end it is all one. Shall we cry out if Caesar for his pleasure commandeth his servants to take one the spear and the other the net, and slay each other? Is not service service? Is not obedience a sacrament apart from its accidents?

However this may be, clear enough it is that Mr. Waite has indeed the key to certain Royal Treasuries. Unfortunately, just as to face the title-page he gives us the portrait of a man in a frock-coat, so within the book we have the {311} Muse in a dress-improver and a Bond Street hat. Never mind; even those who dislike the poetry may love to puzzle out the meaning.

Detailed criticism is here impossible for lack of two illusions, time and space! I will only add that I was profoundly interested in the final book, "The King's Dole." No mystic who is familiar only with Christian symbolism can afford to neglect this Ritual.

Vale, Frater!

A. C.

THE CLEANSING OF A CITY. Greening and Co. 1"s." net.

"Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

JESUS CHRIST.

"But this German woman, pretending to defend the cause of virtue, and to warn women against the perils of the day, produces a book ('The Diary of a Lost One') which is defilement to touch. ... Before I had skimmed fifty pages I found my brain swimming; I nearly swooned."

REV. R. F. HORTON, D.D.

This book should be printed on vellum and locked up in a fire-proof safe in the British Museum, Great Russell Street W.C.; so that future ecclesiastical historians and ethicists may learn into what a state of mental menorrhagia the adherents of the Christian Church had fallen at the commencement of the twentieth century.

The "cleansing" part of the business seems to consist in pumping filth into everything that is clean. We are not allowed to talk of leg because every leg adjoins a thigh: soon we shall not be able to put a foot into a boot without first looking to see if some nasty mess has not been deposited in it, and why? Because foot adjoins leg! Moreover, foot suggests walking, and walking, like the name of the Ref. Horton, D.D., suggests prostitution ____ at the thought of this we swoon.

Most of the contributors to this cesspit, like Rev. Horton, have "D.D." after their names. Dr. Bodie has informed us that "M.D." stands for "Merry Devil"; perhaps he can also enlighten us as to the true meaning of these

THE LIFE OF JOHN DEE. Translated from the Latin of DR. THOMAS SMITH
by WM. ALEXR. AYTON. The Theosophical Publishing Society. 1"s." net.

Wm. Alexr. Ayton's preface to this book deserves a better subject than Dr. Thomas Smith's "Life of John Dee," which is as dreary dull as a life crammed so full of incidents could be made. In fact, if Dr. Smith had collected all Dr. Dee's washing bills and printed them in Hebrew, the result would scarcely have been more oppressive; anyhow it would have been as {312} interesting to read of how many handkerchiefs the famous seer used when he had a cold as to ponder over the platitudes of this rheumy old leech.

Never since reading "Bothwell" and "Who's Who" have we read such ponderous and pedantic pedagogics. The translator in his preface informs us that Moses and Solomon were adepts; verily hast thou spoke, but thou, Wm. Alexr. Ayton, art greater than either, to have survived such a leaden task as this of putting Dr. Smith's bad Latin into good English; at the completion of it you must have felt like Jacob when "he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost!"

MATTER, SPIRIT, AND THE COSMOS. By H. STANLEY REDGROVE. William Rider and Sons. 2"s." 6"d."

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have smaller fleas,
And so "ad infinitum."

This book consists of reprinted articles from the "occult Review," and some of them are quite entrancing, especially chapter i. "On the Doctrine of the Indestructibility of Matter," and chapters v. and vi. "On the Infinite" and "On the Fourth Dimension."

In the first chapter Mr. Redgrove tries to prove that though matter "cannot" be destroyed, its form can be so utterly changed that it can no longer be treated as such. He illustrates his theory by quoting Sir Oliver

11 WEH NOTE: pos. "Devil's Disciple"?

Lodge's "knot tied in a bit of string." So long as the knot is, matter is; but when once the knot is untied, though the string remains, the knot vanishes. This, however, is a most fallacious illustration, for, as Gustave le Bon has shown, the destruction of matter implies more than a mere change of "form"; it is an annihilation of gravity itself, and therefore of substance as we understand it. Matter, he shows, goes back unto Equilibrium. But what is Equilibrium? "Nothingness!" this eminent French man of Science declares: "Absolute Nothingness!"

In chapter v. the author points out that as there is an infinite series

of infinities, to make Space the "absolute infinite" is the merest of assumptions; he follows up this assertion by declaring that each dimension is bounded by a higher. Thus, the Second Dimension is contained in the Third, and so the Third in the Fourth, "ad infinitum;" each dimension being infinite in itself, and yet contained in a higher, which is again infinite. Thus we get infinity contained within infinity, just as .7' is contained in .8', and .8' in .9'; and yet .7' is infinite, and .8' is infinite and .9' is infinite, yet there are not three infinities but one infinite, &c. &c.

J. F. C. F. {313}

THE MANIAC. A realistic study of Madness from the Maniac's point of view. Reebman Limited. 5"s." net.

Only maniacs are recommended to read this book; its dulness may being them to their senses. For the first chapter is like the second, and the second like the third, and the third like the fourth, which almost proves the Athanasian Creed; for all chapters are but one chapter, which is infinitely dull and dismal. In fact this "realistic study" might well have been translated from Dr. Thomas Smith's "Life of John Dee," and goes a long way to prove Mr. Stanley Redgrove's theory of concentric infinities.

The heroine is a lady journalist, unmarried, and on the wrong side of thirty ____ there's the whole tragedy in a nutshell. Stimulating work, and thirty years of an unstimulating life. Cut off the first syllable from "unmarried," and this unfortunate lady, in spite of Karezza and the Order of Melchisedec, would never have imagined that she had been seduced by a fiend, or have afflicted us with her dreary ravings.

Therefore we advise ____ Marry, my good woman, marry, and if nobody will have you, well then, don't be too particular, for anything is better than a second book like this!

BATHSHEBAH TINA.

I found "The Maniac" both entertaining and instructive, a very valuable study of psychology. It is so far as I know the only really illuminating book on madness; and I strongly recommend its perusal to all alienists, psychologists, and members of the grade of Neophyte. It throws an admirable light on the true nature of Obsession and Black Magic.

Two things impressed me in particular. (1) The statement that the arguments held with a patient never reach his consciousness at all, despite his rational answers. This phenomenon is true of my own sane life. I sometimes chat pleasantly to bores for quite a long time without any consciousness that I am doing so. (2) The statement that medical men have no idea of the real contents of a madman's mind. I remember in the County Asylum at Inverness ("Here are the fools, and there are the knaves!" said an inmate, pointing to the city) a man rolling from side to side with an extraordinary regularity and rhythm of swing, emitting a long continuous howl like a wolf. "Last stage of G.P.I." said the doctor; "he feels

absolutely nothing." "How interesting!" said I; and thought "How the deuce do you know?" I shall be very glad when it is finally proved and admitted that the consciousness is independent of the senses and the intellect. Hashish phenomena, madness phenomena, magical and mystical phenomena, all prove it; but old Dr. Cundum and young Professor Cuspidor, who can neither of them cure a cold in {314} the head, say it isn't so! The "Imbecile Theologians of the Middle Ages" are matched by the imbecile cacologians of our own. I repeat, a very valuable book; a very valuable book indeed.

FRA: O. M.

SELF SYNTHESIS. A means to Perpetual Life. By CORNWELL ROUND.
Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1"s." net.

This is a suggestive little book by a man who revolves a matter in his mind before he writes of it, and whose common sense never quits the hub of his thoughts. Mr. Round never rolls off down a side street, but always keeps to the high road between them all. He does not, so at least we read him, wobble more towards mysticism than towards materialism. He believes that a perfect equilibrium between the Subjective mind ____ S, and the Objective mind ____ O, produces the Individual mind, which he symbolises as being neither round nor square, but a simple I or line, connecting the S and O. This I is the self-renewing link between these two, which, when it is truly balanced, renders death the most unnatural, in place of the most natural event, that we may expect once we are born.

METHUSELAH.

THE CASE FOR ALCOHOL. Or the Actions of Alcohol on Body an Soul. By
ROBERT PARK, M.D. Rebman Limited. 1"s." net.

Dr. Park is an old friend of ours; we enjoyed his masterly translation of Ch: F,r,'s "The Pathology of Emotions," and his various writings in the days of the old "Free Review" and "University Review," when J. M. Robertson was worth reading, a review (by the way) which was assassinated by the prurient pot-scourers who would put a pair of "pants" on Phoebus Apollo, and who presumably take their bath in the dark for fear of expiring in a priapic frenzy at the sight of their own nakedness.

Dr. Park in this most admirable little treatise declares that Alcohol is one of "the good creatures of God"; and that Alcohol is a poison is only true relatively.

"It is not true of the stimulant dosage. It is true of it as a narcotic, in narcotic dosage." ... "So the objection to the use of Alcohol, because in overdosage it is a poison, is not only futile, but stupid."

Further, Dr. Park writes:

"The burden of responsibility must lie upon the person who so misuses his means. Tea, tobacco, coffee, and beef-tea are frequently so misused, but we hear of no socio-political organisations for interfering with the

liberty of individuals in regard to the use of these, or trespassing on the rights of traders and purveyors thereof." {315}

"Alcohol," Dr. Park declares, "is a food," and not only a food, but an excellent one at that. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, ye Baptist Bible-bangers ____ but we forget, you do not smoke, in fact you do nothing which is pleasant; you spend your whole lives in looking for the Devil in the most unlikely places, and declare that the only remedy against his craft and his cunning is total immersion in tonic-water and pine-apple syrup. F.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GENESIS. By THEODORE POWYS.

This is a most mystical interpretation of the most beautiful of the books of the Old Testament. It consists of a dialogue between the Lawgiver of Israel and Zetetes, who is not exactly the disciple, but rather the Interpreter of the Master's words. Thus it commences:

"The Law-giver of Israel:"

"In the beginning the Truth created the heaven and the earth."

"Zetetes:"

"The life that is within and the life that is without, are not these the heaven and the earth that the Truth created?"

Whether the author intends to weave into his interpretation the doctrines of the Qabalah we are not certain, but time after time we came across curious allusions. Thus on p. 3: "Within myself when the truth divided the light from the darkness wisdom arose" ... "and I knew that every atom of our great Mother giveth light to other atoms ...". P. 4: "The truth in man is the light of the world. Thus we have known from the beginning, and we shall know it unto the end ... and the Mother gave unto man her breasts. And man guided by the light within him did eat and was glad." P. 6: "The tree of Life belongeth unto the Father, it groweth in the Mother, but because darkness is still in man he may not eat thereof, but the Truth of the Father that is within man, that Truth may eat and live."

The philosophy of this little book shows that Darkness alone is not evil, and that neither is Light good. Both are beyond: but the mingling twilight begets the illusion of duality, the goodness and wickedness of things external.

It is a little volume which one who reads will grow fond of, and will carry about with him, and open at random in quiet places, in the woods, and under the stars; and it is a little book which one learns to love the more one reads it, for it is inspired by one who at least has crept into the shadow of God's Glory.

J. F. C. F. {316}

EVOLUTION FROM NEBULA TO MAN. By JOSEPH McCABE. Milner and

Co. 1"s."

Mr. McCabe has written another little book on evolution: how many more of these small, small, small volumes are to appear? The subject seems a tall order for 128 pages. However, let us be thankful there are not more.

The most interesting fact that we can discover in it, or at least the only one really original, is, that Erasmus Darwin was born in 1788. This makes him only thirty years younger than his son Charles; and yet these are the good people who make such a fuss about Ahaziah being two years older than his father Jehoram!

THE R. P. A. ANNUAL, 1910. 6"d." net.

From the cover of this review we learn that it contains "A striking Poem" by Eden Phillpotts, whose name evidently tokens his true occupation: it is called "From the Shades," and might well remain there. Phillpotts informs us that it was "inspired (!!!) by the spectacle of Paul's statue which now stands on the triumphal pillar of Marcus Aurelius at Rome." We have read of many crimes attributed to this unfortunate saint by modern freethinkers, but none equal to this.

Poor Faustina! We can imagine any self-respecting girl taking to drink and the street to save herself from such an ethical prig of a husband as the Phillpottian Marcus. Listen. The Emperor is ousted by the Saint, the statue of the latter being reared upon the pedestal of the former; this evidently annoyed the Stoic, for we find his hero worming about in his shroud ____ where Paul evidently could not get at him ____ and saying: "sucks to you," or to quote:

"A man named Paul
Now darkles where aforesomes they set me,

Keep thou my pillar, Paul; I grudge it not,
Plebeian-hearted spirit ..."

just as if Paul could help it!

Outside sudden jars on the ears like "my eyes" and "a euthanasia," and platitudes like "Now Pontifex is Caesar, but no more is Caesar Pontifex"; and esoteric jabs presumably at poor Faustina, such as: "that biting thing is only precious in the tart ..." we find some masterly twaddle, regular Phillpotts:

"Two thousand years of fooled humanity,
Christ, they have prostituted thee and raped {317}
Thy virgin message till at last it stands
No more than handmaid to their infamy."

(Phillpotts really means harlot, but he is afraid of shocking the inhabitants of Torquay.)

"Some flight of years
And the inevitable, tireless hand
Gropes and grips fast, and draws it gently down ____
To sublimation. ..."

What in the name of Narcissus is this all about?

And yet Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer takes for one of his recent texts: "We have not got a great Poet." Well here at least is one, who, if he can do nothing else, can Phillpotts!

THE MARTYRDOM OF FERRER. By JOSEPH McCABE, R. P. A. 6"d."

One of the most remarkable points about this interesting brochure is, that no sooner was Señor Ferrer dead than out it came as speedily as if it had been blown from the muzzle of one of his executioner's rifles. It is a true and straightforward account of a man who did not support the blasphemy laws, and who would not have sneaked and shuffled about the Boulter prosecution.

On finishing this book we almost exclaim: "Bravo, Ferrer!" but our enthusiasm was seriously damped when on opening the "Literary Guide," we read that Miss Sasha Kropotkin has stated in the "The Westminster Gazette" that Señor Ferrer's books on comparative religion "are quite similar in thought and tone to those published in England by the Rationalist Press Association." If so ____ "Viva Alfonso!"

THE HAND OF GOD. By GRANT ALLEN. 6"d."

Grant Allan is always exciting, and this posthumous volume of essays quite keeps up his reputation of being the G. A. Henty of Rationalism. We remember reading "The Woman who Did" a dozen and more years ago now, shortly after having closed "A Child of the Age" ____ both in the delightful Keynote Series. And what a difference! Rosy Howlet, a lazy rosebud, a little sweetheart and nothing else, but Herminia Barton ____ Lower Tooting with a dash of Clement's Inn. "As beneath so above."

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY. By SIR EDWARD THORPE, R.P.A. Vol. I. 1"s."

HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY. By GEORGE FORBES, R.P.A. 1"s."

Excellent! In every way excellent! After munching through all this heavy pie-crust, we are beginning to feel like little Jack Horner when he pulled out the plum. If only schools would adopt these most interesting little histories, {318} in place of cramming a lot of ridiculous formulae and equations down children's throats, they might become places where time is not altogether wasted.

Twenty years ago I remember learning some two hundred chemical formulae, the only two which I can remember now being H_2S , because I emptied a bottle into my tutor's desk, and H_2SO_4 , because I poured some on his chair to see if it would turn his trousers red, with the result that what lived beneath mine turned very pink shortly after he had discovered who the miscreant was. How I should have learnt to love Chemistry instead of hating it, if I had been taught from Sir Edward Thorpe's little book! There is more elementary education in chapter iv. ____ The Philosopher's Stone ____ than ever I learnt in five years with Newth and Thompson; and after all, should not school teach us to love knowledge instead of hating it? should not school teach us the pretty little fables of great men's lives that we can use them in our conversation afterwards, rather than scores of musty dry-as-dust facts, which can only help us to pass dry-as-dust and useless examinations?

Give us more of these, Mr. Watts, dozens more, and we will forgive you "From the Shades." Best wishes to these little volumes, may you sell a million of each, but "in the sunlight," please.

A. QUILLER.

THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. Methuen. 7"s." 6"d." net.

One of the most unfortunate results of the divorce between Science and Religion has been the attempt of each of the partners to set up housekeeping for itself, with the most disastrous results. I shall not run my simile to death, but I shall explain how this train of thought began in my mind.

Sir Oliver's book is mainly a defence of the Society for Psychical Research, and a plea for more scientific investigation of psychic or spiritistic phenomena; and it seems to the reviewer that a scientific society that needs a defence at all, after nearly thirty years' work, has confessed itself to be largely a failure.

Sir Oliver Lodge, and indeed Spiritualism generally, suffer enormously from their lack of knowledge, from their being devoid of theory.

Phenomena! Phenomena! Phenomena! Until the noumenon behind is obscured and disbelieved in and explained away.

This is what makes modern spiritualism so hideous and Qliphothic a thing, and "psychic researchers" such bad mystics.

There is nothing in the book under review that is fresh ____ nothing that was not known forty years ago ____ see Emma Hardinge Britten's "Modern American Spiritualism"; nothing that was not commonplace yesterday ____ see the current issue of "Light."

The real Occult knowledge of Plato, of Paracelsus, of Boehme, of Levi, {319} was based upon theories whereby all the phenomena of modern psychism had their place, and were awarded their proper value.

The pseudo-occultism and watery mysticism of the modern spiritualistic philosophers ____ we call them by this noble title by courtesy ____ is due to

their complete lack of knowledge.

What serious student of religion and occultism cares for the vapourings of Ralph Waldo Trine, the philosophising of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox? The prototypes of these people are utterly, or almost utterly, forgotten. One recalls now with how much difficulty the names of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, of A. H. Davis, of Lizzie Doten! For there is no virtue in those who have strayed from the path to linger among the Shells of the Dead and the demons of Matter.

The line of tradition is unbroken, and the way is straight and hard; too hard for "mediums" and New Thoughtists, whose spiritual capital consists of falsehood, and sentimentality, and sham humanitarianism.

Sir Oliver Lodge is always careful and painstaking and entirely honest; he is probably as well fitted to carry on his S.P.R. work as any student in England.

And to those who are unacquainted with the phenomena of spiritualism, "The Survival of Man" is as useful a book as could be read. But to the student of religion its value is "nil," because the occult knowledge is "nil."

In fairness it should be added that this review is written from the point of view of a mystic; to spiritualists the book will be welcome as yet another "proof" of "spirit-return," "thought-transference," and so on.

V. B. NEUBURG.

This book is a singularly lucid and complete statement of the work of many noble lives. We believe that the S.P.R. has taken up a most admirable position, and wish greater success to their work in the future. If they would only train themselves instead of exercising patience on fraudulent people, whose exploits no sane person would believe if God Himself came down from heaven to attest them, they might get somewhere.

A. C.

THE KEY TO THE TAROT. By A. E. WAITE. W. Rider and Sons, Limited.

Mr. Waite has written a book on fortune-telling, and we advise servant-girls to keep an eye on their half-crowns. We have little sympathy or pity for the folly of fashionable women; but housemaids need protection ____ hence their affection for policemen and soldiers ____ and we fear that Mr. Waite's apologies will not prevent professional cheats from using his instructions for their frauds and levies of blackmail. {320}

As to Mr. Waite's constant pomposities, he seems to think that the obscurer his style and the vaguer his phrases, the greater initiate he will appear.

Nobody but Mr. Waite knows "all" about the Tarot, it appears; and he won't tell. Reminds one of the story about God and Robert Browning, or of the student who slept, and woke when the professor thundered rhetorically, "And what "is" Electricity?" The youth jumped up and cried (from habit), "I know, sir." "Then tell us." "I "knew," sir, but I've forgotten." "Just my luck!"

complained the professor, "there was only one man in the world who knew ____ and he has forgotten!"

Why, Mr. Waite, your method is not even original.

When Sir Mahatma Agamya Paramahansa Guru Swamiji (late of H. M. Prisons, thanks to the unselfish efforts of myself and a friend) was asked, "And what of the teaching of Confucius?" ____ or any one else that the boisterous old boy had never heard of ____ he would reply contemptuously, "Oh, him? He was my disciple." And seeing the hearer smile would add, "Get out you dog, you a friend of that dirty fellow Crowley. I beat you with my shoe. Go away! Get intellect! Get English!" until an epileptic attack supervened.

Mr. Waite, like Marie Corelli, in this as in so many other respects, brags that he cares nothing for criticism, so he won't mind my making these little remarks, and I may as well go on. He has "betrayed" (to use his own words) the attributions of some of the small cards, and Pamela Coleman Smith has done very beautiful and sympathetic designs, though our own austerer taste would have preferred the plain cards with their astrological and other attributions, and occult titles. (These are all published in the book "777," and a pack could be easily constructed by hand. Perhaps we may one day publish one at a shilling a time!) But Mr. Waite has not "betrayed" the true attributions of the Trumps. They are obvious, though, the moment one has the key (see "777"). Still, Pamela Coleman Smith has evidently been hampered; her designs are cramped and forced. I am infinitely sorry for any artist who tries to draw after dipping her hands in the gluey dogma of so insufferable a dolt and prig.

Mr. Waite, I believe, is perfectly competent to produce indefinite quantities of Malted Milk to the satisfaction of all parties; but when it comes to getting the pure milk of the Word, Mr. Waite gets hold of a wooden cow.

And do for God's sake, Arthur, drop your eternal hinting, hinting, hinting, "Oh what an exalted grade I have, if you poor dull uninitiated people would only perceive it!"

Here is your criticism, Arthur, straight from the shoulder.

Any man that knows Truth and conceals it is a traitor to humanity; any {321} man that doesn't know, and tries to conceal his ignorance by pretending to be the guardian of a secret, is a charlatan.

Which is it?

We recommend every one to buy the pack, send Mr. Waite's book to the kitchen so as to warn the maids, throw the Major Arcana out of window, and play bridge with the Minor Arcana, which alone are worth the money asked for the whole caboodle.

The worst of it all is: Mr. Waite really does know a bit in a muddled kind of way; if he would only go out of the swelled-head business he might be some use.

But if you are not going to tell your secrets, it is downright schoolboy brag to strut about proclaiming that you possess them.

Au revoir, Arthur.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

It is an awkward situation for any initiate to edit knowledge concerning which he is bound to secrecy. This is the fundamental objection to all vows of this kind. The only possible course for an honest man is to preserve absolute silence.

Thus, to my own knowledge Mr. Waite is an initiate (of a low grade) and well aware of the true attribution of the Tarot. Now, what I want to know is this: is Mr. Waite breaking his obligation and proclaiming himself (to quote the words of his own Oath) "a vile and perjured wretch, void of all moral worth, and unfit for the society of all upright and just persons," and liable in addition to "the awful and just penalty of submitting himself voluntarily to a deadly and hostile current of will ... by which he should fall slain or paralysed as if blasted by the lightning flash" ____ or, is he selling to the public information which he knows to inexact?

When this dilemma is solved, we shall feel better able to cope with the question of the Art of Pamela Coleman Smith.

Pi .

THE VISION. By MRS. HAMILTON SYNGE. Elkin Mathews. 1"s." 6"d." cloth.

It was with no small degree of pleasurable anticipation that we picked up a volume by the distinguished authoress of "A Supreme Moment" and "The Coming of Sonia." The first vision, alas! was an atrocity after Watts, R.A., but we persisted.

Chapter i. is jolly good.

Chapter ii. might have been better with less quotation. {322}

Chapter iii. is first rate. Mystics can only conquer the Universe when they can prove themselves better than the rest of the world even in worldly things, and that by virtue of their mystic attainment.

We cannot, however, subscribe to her doctrine of the agglutination of the Virttis to the Atman, save only in due order and balance in the case of the adept. Yet we would not deny the possibility of her theory being correct.

In chapter iv. she puts a drop of the Kerosene of Myers into her good wine.

In chapter v. we begin to suspect that the authoress's brain is a mass of ill-digested and imperfectly understood pseudo-science; yet it ends finely ____ our task is to learn "how to love" ____ and we refer the reader to Mrs. Synge's other books.

Chapter vi. is more about James. We love our William dearly, but we hate to see dogs trotting about with his burst waistcoat-buttons in their mouths. But the clouds life. We get Ibsen, and Browning, and Blake; and end on the right note. Oh that Mrs. Synge would come and take up serious occultism seriously; leave vague theorising and loose assertion, and her "larger Whole" for our "narrow Way!"

CHRISTOBEL WHARTON.

THE TRAGIC LIFE-HISTORY OF THE MAN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By
FRANK HARRIS. 7"s." 6"d."

It has always been a source of harmless amusement, in our leisure hours, to watch our learned men grappling with Shakespeare. To study him, the Knower of man's heart, they have withered their own; to interpret the Witness of Life, they have refused to live, and, surrounded by a thousand foolish folios, have sat gloomily in the mouldering colleges of Oxford, or walked the horrid marshes of Cambridge, and produced uncounted pages of most learned drivel.

Frank Harris had another way than that. He took life in both hands and shook it; he made his own study of the heart of man, enlarging, not restricting, his own; and many a night has he lain under the stars on the savannah or the sierra, with Shakespeare for his pillow.

His result is accordingly different. His knowledge of Shakespeare is a living, bleeding, Truth; there is no room in his great heart and brain for the lumber of the pedants.

More, Frank Harris is himself a creative artist, a Freeman of the City of God, and knows that as there is no smoke without fire, so is there no speech without thought.

Whenever a poet writes of something that he does not know, he makes a {323} botch of it; whenever a poet gives detail, and gives it right, he has probably observed it directly. There is nothing in "Hamlet" which need make us think that Shakespeare was ever in Denmark; but from the description in "King Lear" it is likely that he knew Dover.

In the hands of an acute critic this method is perfectly reliable; and Mr. Harris's familiarity with the text, his power of concentration and his sense of proportion, have made it possible for him to see Shakespeare steadily and see him whole.

We are perfectly convinced of the truth of the main theory which Frank Harris presents, the enslaving of his gentle spirit by the bold black-eyed harlot Mary Fitton, and we are even shaken in that other hypothesis which attributes to Shakespeare the vice of Caesar, Goethe, Milton, Michael Angelo, and of so many other good and great men that time and space would fail us to enumerate them.

Yet Mr. Harris only shakes the fabric of proof; he cannot the foundation
— instinct.

And it is strange that he, the friend of Oscar Wilde through honour and dishonour, has not perceived the amazing strength of the theory propounded in "The portrait of Mr. W. H." Surely this theory should have been lashed and smashed, had it been possible. For where there is no definite evidence, we must accept the theory which contains least contradiction in itself.

Now, there is nothing monstrous in the supposition that Shakespeare was

great enough to understand and feel all the overmastering passions which enrapture and torment, enslave and emancipate mankind; it would have been astonishing had he not done so. Oscar Wilde's theory does not explain Rosalind and Tamora and the dark lady of the Sonnets; but Frank Harris forgets the ambiguous Rosalind and Viola and Imogen, or at least fails to attach to them the immense importance which they are bound to possess for any one who is capable of emotional sympathy with such modern writers as Symonds, Pater, Whitman, FitzGerald, Burton, Wilde, Bloomfield, and a hundred others.

Everything is significant to sympathy, nothing to antipathy; and if sometimes sympathy o'erleaps itself and falls on the other, seeing a camel where there is only a cloud, the error is rarely so great as the opposite. We cannot help thinking that in this one instance Frank Harris has emulated Nelson at Copenhagen.

He will forgive us for dwelling on the one point of disagreement where the points of agreement are so many, where we gladly welcome his book as the sole real light that has ever been shed upon the life and thought of Shakespeare, the light of Frank Harris's soul split up by the prism of his mind {324} into wit, style, insight, intelligence, pathos, history, comedy, tragedy, that adorn his book.

As for Staunton, Sidney Lee, Raleigh, Garrett, Bradley, Haliwell-Phillips, Fleay and the rest, their learning is lumber and their theories trash.

A. C.

The "English Review" was enlivened in November by a brilliant article on The Law of Divorce from the fascinating pen of Mr. E. S. P. Haynes.

While sympathising to a large extent with the writer's learned views so lucidly expressed, we are of opinion that there is no middle course between the extreme position of the Catholic Church, that marriage is so holy a bond that nothing can break it, and to accept and even to encourage fornication rather than tamper with it, and the other extreme of allowing a marriage to determine as soon as the parties desire it, proper provision being of course made for the welfare of any offspring.

The problem is really insoluble so long as sexual relations give rise to bitter feeling of any sort. Polygamy is perhaps the most decent and dignified of the systems at present invented.

But the present degrading and stupid farce must be ended.

As things are in these islands to-day, nine-tenths of all divorces, at least in good society, are the result of cheerful agreement between the parties. Adultery on both sides is so common that a genuine grievance is a rare as a truthful witness.

In a case that recently came under my notice, for example, the nominal defendant was really the plaintiff. He had compelled his wife ____ for sufficient reason ____ to divorce him by the threat that unless she did so

he would break off friendly relations with her. Next came a weary struggle to manufacture evidence, the plaintiff's lawyers keeping up the irritating wail: "Lord ____ is so strict. "We must have more adultery." So the "already overworked defendant was kept busy all the summer faking fresh" "evidence to satisfy the morbid appetite of a Scotch judge, while at the" "same time he was obliged to hold constant and clandestine intercourse with" "his own wife, lest she should lose her temper and withdraw proceedings!"¹²

" This may have been an exceptional case ____ we hope so. But that any" "such mockery can take place anyhow and anywhere is a scandal and a reproach" "to the nation whose laws and customs make it possible."

" We hope to hear much more from Mr. Haynes, and that he will throw" "fearlessly the whole weight of his genius and energy into the cause of" "radical reform of these monstrous and silly iniquities."

" ARIEL. {325}"

"THE QUEST. No. II. J. M. Watkins. 2s." 6"d."

This periodical is the dullest and most sodden slosh possible. No one should fail to buy a copy; a perfect bedside book.

R. N. W.

12 WEH NOTE: This is Crowley's account of his divorce from Rose.
See "CONFESSIONS."

We beg to apologise for having referred in our last number to G.R.S.Mead, Esquire, B.A., M.R.A.S., as Mr. G.R.S.Mead, B.A. B.A. (Baccalaureus Artium) is indeed the proud distinction awarded to our brightest and best intellects. M.R.A.S. does not mean Mr. Ass; but is a mark of merit so high that dizzy imagination swoons at its contemplation. We grovel.

A. C.

PARACELSUS. Edited by A. E. WAITE. Two vols. Wm. Rider and Son. 25"s."

The only edition of the great mediaeval occultist, the discoverer of opium, hydrogen, and zinc. Mr. A. E. Waite in this as in his other translations is altogether admirable, adding a delightful wit to ripe scholarship, and illuminating comment to rational criticism.

A. C.

THE OPEN ROAD (Monthly. C. W. Daniel) is apparently the organ of Mrs. Boole. We leave it at that.

A. QUILLER.

THE BLUE BIRD. Translated by ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS.
Methuen. 1"s." net.

Was it merely an unfortunate accident? As I opened the book my eye fell on these words: "They are my apples and they are not the finest at that! ... They will all be alike when I am alive." ... My memory of the play ____ sole comrade of my wanderings in the Sahara ____ said no! no! So I turned up the passage, and read ____ "Toutes seront de m[^]me quand je serai vivant."

My memory was right, and Mr. de Mattos had completely failed to grasp the sense of a simple sentence of eight easy words.

I did not continue my inquiry.

A. C.

AN APOLOGY FOR PRINTING HONEST

REVIEWS

THE Editor of THE EQUINOX is well aware of the tendency of modern journalism to print only favourable reviews of books, and to praise on the recommendation of the Advertisement Manager rather than that of the Literary Adviser. But he believes that this policy defeats its own end, that praise in THE EQUINOX will really sell copies of the book receiving it, and that appreciation of this fact on the part of publishers will result in the enrichment of his advertising columns.

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About this capture

THE SHADOWY DILL-WATERS

OR

MR. SMUDGE THE MEDIUM

"'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon."

"As You Like it."

IN our investigation of the trumpery tin Pantheon of Aunt Sallies which our courtesy calls "literary gents," one of the most striking figures is a certain lame duck that suggests a mixed ancestry of Brigand manqué and the Ghost in the Bab Ballads.

Historically, too, the subject has its advantage, for not only does the work of Weary Willie suggest primal Chaos, but himself recalls the Flood. He seems to have desired to emulate Noah, but the modern tendency to specialisation has led him to confine his attentions to the Insect World, and the remarkable jumping qualities of some of his specimens have their correspondence in the metre of those treacherous emulsions which it is our present purpose to study.

Come with me! Behold the scene of action. What? You can see nothing? Of course not. It's out of focus, and the limelight is but a farthing dip. Never mind; take the {327} slide, and hold it to the light! Ah! there's a well ____ a druid well; a wood ____ a druid wood; a boat (druid) on a druid sea. Why Druid? Because Willie is not a British workman. The expletive is harmless enough. Look! more wells and woods and boats and apple-blossoms. When in doubt, play apple-blossom. Try and scan it as a dactyl. You can't? He can.

Oh! there are some people in the boat. Druid people. A queen with hair like the casting-net of the stars. What's that? Never mind. There's nothing rude or offensive about the casting-net of the stars? Very good, then; let's get on. What are they doing? Drifting. That's dead sure, anyway. Drifting. Drifting. That's the beautiful Celtic glamour of it. Druidically drifting Druids on a druid sea of apple-blossom in the middle distance. Foreground, a well in a wood. Background, a casting-net of the stars. Dotted about, hounds of various colours, usually red. Let's have another slide. Same thing, with a fairy floating about. Tired? Yes. Well, sit down and talk about it. Tut! Tut! ...

How on earth does anybody ever deliberately produce this sort of thing? He doesn't. It just happens. All the Gregory Powder in the world won't produce it; it's true Asiatic Cholera, and you can't imitate it. I didn't mean dill-waters; I meant rice-waters.

Now let no one think that we object to an atmosphere in Art. Maeterlinck is doubtless just as misty in his symbolism; equally he uses a leitmotiv; equally he relies on mystery to shroud his figures with fascination, terror, or glamour. {328}

But the images are themselves perfectly clear and precise. In the mistiest of all, "Les Aveugles," one can condense the plot into a single phrase of simplest English. On this clean model, Greek in its simplicity, the master has thrown draperies of cleanly woven fabric, delicate and frail as spiders' webs ____ and as silvery and strong as they.

This is a craftsmanship exquisitely subtle and severe, a style of almost superhuman austerity.

In our shadowy choleraic we have the imitation of this, its reflection in a dull and dirty mind.

Smudge.

When Ruskin reproached Whistler for his ability to distinguish between colours less violent than vermilion and emerald, he was no doubt a Philistine. But how much worse is the Bohemian who thinks ____ "Since I cannot see anything but muddiness in these silver-grey quarter-tones, I can easily rival Whistler." Forthwith he mixes up all the colours in his box, daubs a canvas with them and ____ ? Certainly he deceives Ruskin, but he deceives nobody else.

Genius, O weary one, is not an infinite capacity for taking pains; but genius has to take pains to express itself, and expression is at least half the battle. You, I think, have neither genius nor application; neither a healthy skin nor the soap-travail which might reveal it. Still, one can never be sure; you might give a trial to the soap.

If we had not a sufficiency of hard work before us in interpreting the masters of old, we might be tempted to waste more time on you; but there is Blake. Blake is more obscure than you are; but we have this guarantee, based on experience, that when we do attain to his meaning, it starts up {329} luminous, Titanic, splendid. With you, we discover only commonplace ____ the commonplace of a maudlin undertaker replying to the toast of the Ladies at the Annual Dinner of the Antique Order of Arch-Druids.

Blake fashioned his intricate caskets of symbol to conceal pearls; you pile up dead leaves to cover rotten apples.

You are Attis with a barren fig-leaf.

It is true that a sort of dreary music runs monotonously through your verses, only jarred by the occasional discords. It is as if an eternal funeral passed along, and the motor-hearse had something wrong with the ignition ____ and the exhaust.

It is as if a man were lost upon a lonely marsh in the flat country and constantly slipped and sat down with a splash in a puddle. These be ignoble images, my masters!

The fact is that you are both myopic and tone-deaf. You peer into the darkly splendid world, the abyss of light ____ for it is light, to the seer ____ and you see but "unintelligible images, unluminous, formless, and void." Then you return and pose as one who has trodden the eternal snows.

You are like a man who puts a penny into a mutoscope that is out of order; and, rather than admit that he has been swindled, pretends to have enjoyed it. You are like a parvenu with an ill-cooked chop at a swagger restaurant who eats it rather than incur the frown of the waiter.

Better abandon mysticism outright than this. But we suppose it is impossible; you must trim, and compromise, and try to get round the Boyg, O Peer Gynt without his courage and light-heartedness, O onion with many a stinking sheath, and a worm at the heart! {330}

Yes, if nothing else were wrong with you ____ and everything else "is" wrong ____ you would still be damned for your toadying to Mrs. Grundy and

the Reverend Robert Rats.

We thought to sum you up on a page, and that page a page of but four corners; on mature consideration we think it could be done in a word, and that word a word of but four letters.

A. QUILLER, JR.

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About this capture

STOP PRESS REVIEWS

NATURE'S HELP TO HAPPINESS By JOHN WARREN ACHORN, M.D. W. Rider
and Sons. 1s. net.

This is the best book ever written on health. Go out and hold naked
Nature to your breast; and you will be well.

You sleep in or you sleep out, as luck will have it; sometimes you get
food, and sometimes not; it's no odds; you are one with Nature, and find
that Nature is one with God.

This is my own practice; every time London can spare me I put on my
climbing things and take nothing else but a supply of strong tobacco and a
few pounds. Then I think of some pace that sounds interesting ____ Madrid
or Fiesole or Timbaktu ____ and walk there.

When I get back I am strong enough even for book-reviewing.

Go thou and do likewise!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

MASQUES AND PHASES. By ROBERT ROSS. Arthur L. Humphreys.

A very pleasant collection of witty essays. "O si sic omnes!" Do let us
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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

LIBER DCCCCLXIII

"SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT"

A :: A :: Publication in Class B

Issued by Order of

D.D.S. 7ø = 4ø Praemonstrator

O.S.V. 6ø = 5ø Imperator

N.S.F. 5ø = 6ø Cancellarius

LIBER

Theta Epsilon Sigma Alpha Upsilon Rho Omicron Upsilon 'Epsilon Iota Delta
Omega Lambda Omega Nu

SVB FIGVRA

DCCCCLXIII

HB:Heh HB:Resh HB:Tet HB:Tzaddi HB:Taw HB:Resh HB:Tet
HB:Tzaddi

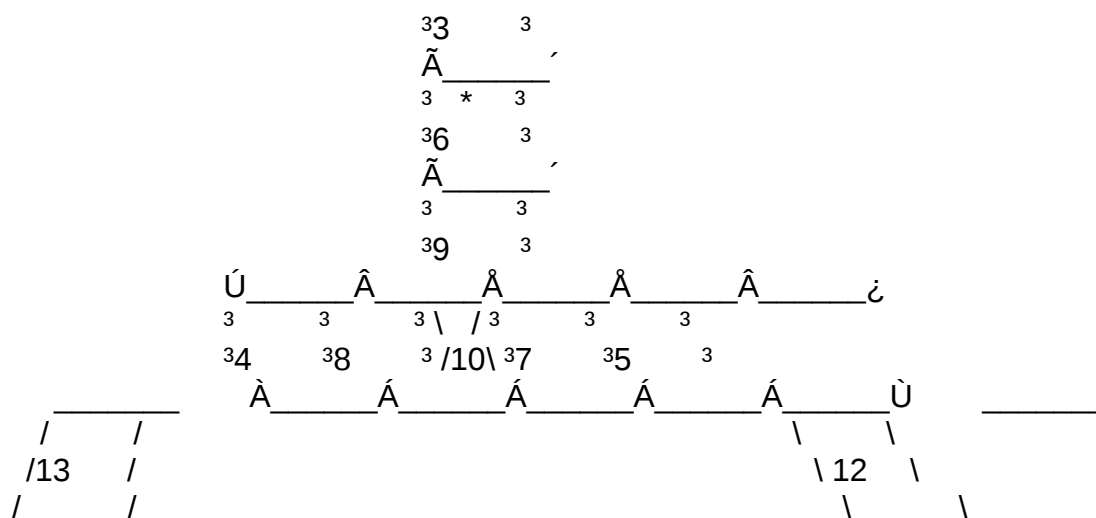
Corona, Corolla;
Sic vocatur Malchuth
quando ascendit usque
ad Kether.
"The Kabbalah."

(The Probationer should learn by heart the chapter corresponding to the Zodiacal Sign that was rising at his birth; or, if this be unknown, the chapter "The Twelfold Unification of God.")

[illegible]

$$\begin{array}{c} \wedge \\ / \quad \backslash \\ \langle 11 \rangle \\ \backslash \quad / \\ \vee \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{Ú} \text{---} \text{¿} \\ \text{}^3 \text{ Rho} \text{}^3 \\ \text{}^3 \text{1Alpha} \text{ Omega} \text{}^3 \\ \tilde{\text{A}} \text{---} \text{' } \\ \text{}^3 \text{}^3 \\ \text{}^3 \text{2} \text{}^3 \\ \tilde{\text{A}} \text{---} \text{' } \\ \text{}^3 \text{}^3 \end{array}$$



"*" represents a six-fold star, points to top and bottom. The star is formed by a line inside which are six diamond shapes making a pointed petal star to the center.}

A ∴ A ∴
Publication in Class A

A NOTE UPON LIBER DCCCCLXIII

1. Let the student recite this book, particularly the 169 Adorations, unto his Star as it ariseth.
2. Let him seek out diligently in the sky his Star; let him travel thereunto in his Shell; let him adore it unceasingly from its rising even unto its setting by the right adorations, with chants what shall be harmonious therewith.
3. Let him rock himself to and fro in adoration; let him spin around his own axis in adoration; let him leap up and down in adoration.
4. Let him inflame himself in the adoration, speeding from slow to fast, until he can no more.
5. This also shall be sung in open places, as heaths, mountains, woods, and by streams and upon islands.
6. Moreover, ye shall build you fortified places in great cities; caverns and tombs shall be made glad with your praise.
7. Amen.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

Here beginneth the Book of
The Meditations on the
Twelvefold Adora-
tion, and the
Unity of
GOD.

{Symbol of the }
{crescent Moon,}
{horns to right}

The Chapter known as
The Perception of God
that is revealed unto man for a snare

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelvefold Snare	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

000. In the Beginning there was Naught, and Naught spake unto Naught saying: Let us beget on the Nakedness of Our Nothingness the Limitless, Eternal, Identical, and United: And without will, intention, thought, word, desire, or deed, it was so.

00. Then in the depths of Nothingness hovered the Limitless, as a raven in the night; seeing naught, hearing naught, and understanding naught: neither was it seen, nor heard, not understood; for as yet Countenance beheld not Countenance.

0. And as the Limitless stretched forth its wings, an unextended

unextendable Light became; colourless, formless, conditionless, effluent, naked, and essential, as a crystalline dew of creative effulgence; and fluttering as a dove betwixt Day and Night, it vibrated forth a lustral Crown of Glory.

1. And out of the blinding whiteness of the Crown grew an Eye, like unto an egg of an humming-bird cherished on a platter of burnished silver.

2. Thus I beheld Thee, O my God, the lid of whose Eye is as the Night of Chaos, and the pupil thereof as the marshalled order of the spheres. {7}

3. For, I am but as a blind man, who wandering through the noontide preceiveth not the loveliness of the day; and even as he whose eyes are unenlightened beholdeth not the greatness of this world in the depths of a starless night, so am I who am not able to search the unfathomable depths of Thy Wisdom.

4. For what am I that I durst look upon Thy Countenance, purblind one of small understanding that I am, blindly groping through the night of mine ignorance like unto a little maggot hid in the dark depths of a corrupted corpse?

5. Therefore, O my God, fashion me into a five-pointed star of ruby burning beneath the foundations of Thy Unity, that I may mount the pillar of Thy Glory, and be lost in adoration of the triple Unity of Thy Godhead, I beseech Thee, O Thou who art to me as the Finger of Light thrust through the black clouds of Chaos; I beseech Thee, O my God, hearken Thou unto my cry!

6. Then, O my God, am I not risen as the sun that eateth up ocean as a golden lion that feedeth on a blue-grey wolf? So shall I become one with Thy Beauty, worn upon Thy breast as the Centre of a Sixfold Star of ruby and of sapphire.

7. Yea, O God, gird Thou me upon Thy thigh as a warrior girdeth his sword! Smite my acuteness into the earth, and as a sower casteth his seed into the furrows of the plough, do Thou beget upon me these adorations of Thy Unity, O My Conqueror!

8. And Thou shalt carry me upon Thine hip, O Thou flashing God, as a black mother of the South Country carrieth her babe. Whence I shall reach my lips to Thy pap, and sucking out Thy stars, shed them in these adorations upon the Earth. {8}

9. Moreover, O God my God, Thou who hast cloven me with Thine amethystine Phallus, with Thy Phallus adamantine, with Thy Phallus of Gold

and Ivory! thus am I cleft in twain as two halves of a child that is split asunder by the sword of the eunuchs, and mine adorations are divided, and one contendeth against his brother. Unite Thou me even as a split tree that closeth itself again upon the axe, that my song of praise unto Thee may be One Song!

10. For I am Thy chosen Virgin, O my God! Exalt Thou me unto the throne of the Mother, unto the Garden of Supernal Dew, unto the Unutterable Sea!

Amen,
and Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen of Amen.

{9}

The Chapter known as
The Twelffold Affirmation of God
and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Affirmations	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou show-clad volcan of scarlet fire, Thou flame-crested pillar of fury! Yea, as I approach Thee, Thou departest from me like unto a wisp of smoke blown forth from the window of my house.

2. O Thou summer-land of eternal joy, Thou rapturous garden of flowers! Yea, as I gather Thee, my harvest is but as a drop of dew shimmering in the golden cup of the crocus.

3. O Thou throbbing music of life and death, Thou rhythmic harmony of the world! Yea, as I listen to the echo of Thy voice, my rapture is but as the whisper of the wings of a butterfly.

4. O Thou burning tempest of blinding sand, Thou whirlwind from the depths of darkness! Yea, as I struggle through Thee, through Thee, my strength is but as a dove's down floating forth on the purple nipples of the storm.

5. O Thou crown'd giant among great giants, Thou crimson-sworded

soldier of war! Yea, as I battle with Thee, Thou masterest me as a lion
that slayeth a babe that is cradled in lilies. {10}

6. O Thou shadowy vista of Darkness, Thou cryptic Book of the fir-clad hills! Yea, as I search the key of Thy house I find my hope but as a rushlight sheltered in the hands of a little child.

7. O Thou great labour of the Firmament, Thou tempest-tossed roaring of the Aires! Yea, as I sink in the depths of Thine affliction, mine anguish is but as the smile on the lips of a sleeping babe.

8. O Thou depths of the Inconceivable, Thou cryptic, unutterable God!
Yea, as I attempt to understand Thee, my wisdom is but as an abacus in the
lap of an aged man.

9. O Thou transfigured dream of blinding light, Thou beatitude of wonderment! Yea, as I behold Thee, mine understanding is but as the glimpse of a rainbow through a storm of blinding snow.

10. O Thou steel-girdered mountain of mountains, Thou crested summit of Majesty! Yea, as I climb Thy grandeur, I find I have but surmounted one mote of dust floating in a beam of Thy Glory.

11. O Thou Empress of light and of Darkness, Thou pourer-forth of the stars of night! Yea, as I gaze upon Thy Countenance, mine eyes are as the eyes of a blind man smitten by a torch of burning fire.

12. O Thou crimson gladness of the midnight, Thou flamingo North of brooding light! Yea, as I rise up before Thee, my joy is but as a raindrop smitten through by an arrow of the Western Sun.

13. O Thou golden Crown of the Universe, Thou diadem of dazzling brightness! Yea, as I burn up before Thee, my {11} light is but as a falling star between the purple fingers of the Night.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space; Glory
and Glory upon Glory
Everlasting. Amen
and Amen, and
Amen.

 $\{12\}$ [illegible]

and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Renunciations	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the kisses of my mistress, and the murmur of her mouth, and all the trembling of her firm young breast; so that I may be rolled a flame in Thy fiery embrace, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

2. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the soft-lipp'd joys of life, and the honey-sweets of this world, and all the subtilties of the flesh; so that I may be feasted on the fire of Thy passion, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

3. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the ceaseless booming of the waves, and the fury of the storm, and all the turmoil of the wind-swept waters; so that I may drink of the porphyry foam of Thy lips, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

4. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the whispers of the desert, and the moan of the simoom, and all the silence of the sea of {13} dust; so that I may be lost in the atoms of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

5. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the green fields of the valleys, and the satyr roses of the hills, and the nymph lilies of the meer; so that I may wander through the gardens of Thy Splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

6. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the sorrow of my mother, and the threshold of my home, and all the labour of my father's hands; so that I may be led unto the Mansion of Thy Light, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

7. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce

unto Thee the yearning for Paradise, and the dark fear of Hell, and the feast of the corruption of the grave; so that as a child I may be led unto Thy Kingdom, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

8. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the moonlit peaks of the mountains, and the arrow-shapen kiss of the firs, and all the travail of the winds; so that I may be lost on the summit of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

9. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the goatish ache of the years, and the cryptic books, and all the majesty of their enshrouded words; so that I may be entangled in Thy wordless Wisdom, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture. {14}

10. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the wine-cups of merriment, and the eyes of the wanton bearers, and all the lure of their soft limbs; so that I may be made drunk on the vine of Thy splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

11. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the hissing of mad waters, and the trumpeting of the thunder, and all Thy tongues of dancing flame; so that I may be swept up in the breath of Thy nostrils, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

12. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the crimson lust of the chase, and the blast of the brazen war-horns, and all the gleaming of the spears; so that like an hart I may be brought to bay in Thine arms, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

13. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee all that Self which is myself, that black sun which shineth in Self's day, whose glory blindeth Thy Glory; so that I may become as a rushlight in Thine abode, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and

Amen.

{15}

Gemini The Chapter known as
 The Twelffold Conjuraton of God
 and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Conjuratons	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou Consuming Eye of everlasting light set as a pear betwixt the lids of Night and Day; I swear to Thee by the formless void of the Abyss, to lap the galaxies of night in darkness, and blow the meteors like bubbles into the frothing jaws of the sun.

2. O Thou ten-footed soldier of blue ocean, whose castle is built upon the sands of life and death; I swear to Thee by the glittering blades of the waters, to cleave my way within Thine armed hermitage, and brood as an eyeless corpse beneath the coffin-lid of the Mighty Sea.

3. O Thou incandescent Ocean of molten stars, surging above the arch of the Firmament; I swear to Thee by the mane-pennoned lances of light, to stir the lion of Thy darkness from its lair, and lash the sorceress of noontide into fury with serpents of fire.

4. O Thou intoxicating Vision of Beauty, fair as ten jewelled virgins dancing about the hermit moon; I swear to Thee by the peridot flagons of spring, to quaff to the dregs Thy chalice of Glory, and beget a royal race before the Dawn flees from awakening Day.

5. O Thou unalterable measure of all things, in whose lap {16} lie the destinies of unborn worlds; I swear to Thee by the balance of Light and Darkness, to spread out the blue vault as a looking-glass, and flash forth therefrom the intolerable lustre of Thy Countenance.

6. O Thou who settest forth the limitless expanse, spanned by wings of thunder above the cosmic strife; I swear to Thee by the voiceless dust of the desert, to soar above the echoes of shrieking life, and as an eagle to feast for ever upon the silence of the stars.

7. O Thou flame-tipped arrow of devouring fire that quiverest as a tongue in the dark mouth of Night; I swear to Thee by the thurible of Thy Glory, to breathe the incense of mine understanding, and to cast the ashes of my wisdom into the Valley of Thy breast.

8. O Thou ruin of the mountains, glistening as an old white wolf above the fleecy mists of Earth: I swear to Thee by the galaxies of Thy domain, to press Thy lamb's breasts with the teeth of my soul, and drink of the milk and blood of Thy subtlety and innocence.

9. O Thou Eternal river of chaotic law, in whose depths lie locked the secrets of Creation; I swear to Thee by the primal waters of the Deep, to suck up the Firmament of Thy Chaos, and as a volcano to belch forth a Cosmos of coruscating suns.

10. O Thou Dragon-regent of the blue seas of air, as a chain of emeralds round the neck of Space; I swear to Thee by the hexagram of Night and Day, to be unto Thee as the twin fish of Time, which being set apart never divulge the secret of their unity.

11. O Thou flame of the horn'd storm-clouds, that {17} sunderest their desolation, that outroarest the winds; I swear to Thee by the gleaming sandals of the stars, to climb beyond the summits of the mountains, and rend Thy robe of purple thunders with a sword of silvery light.

12. O Thou fat of an hundred fortresses of iron, crimson as the blades of a million murderous swords; I swear to Thee by the smoke-wreath of the volcano, to open the secret shrine of Thy bull's breast, and tear out as an augur the heart of Thine all-pervading mystery.

13. O Thou silver axle of the Wheel of Being, thrust through the wings of Time by the still hand of Space; I swear to Thee by the twelve spokes of Thy Unity, to become unto Thee as the rim thereof, so that I may clothe me majestically in the robe that has no seam.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{18}

The Chapter known as

Cancer

The Twelvefold Certitude of God
and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Certitudes	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou Sovran Warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou four-eyed guardian of heaven, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

2. O Thou Sovran Light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks stream downwards through the aethyr as knots of lightning deep-rooted in the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before Thy fury as the wind-scud from the stormy breast of Ocean.

3. O Thou Sovran Singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a Pan-pipe. I know Thee! O thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onward to the wild slaughter of the Worlds.

4. O Thou Sovran Might of the most ancient forests, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches. I know Thee! O {19} Thou rumble of conquering drums, who lulleth to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who burn into each other, flame to fine flame.

5. O Thou Sovran Guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet smite plumes of golden fire from the outermost annihilation of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

6. O Thou Sovran Archer of the darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental crossbow the many-rayed suns into the fields of heaven. I know Thee! O Thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the regions of the seven rivers until they laugh like Maenads with snaky thyrsus.

7. O Thou Sovran Paladin of self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding athrough the Byss of unbegotten space. I know Thee! O Thou despiser of the mountains, Thou whose course is as that of a lightning-hoofed steed leaping along the green bank of a fair river.

8. O Thou Sovran Surging of wild felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty. I know Thee! O Thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waves.

9. O Thou Sovran Diadem of crown'd Wisdom, whose work knoweth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowings of the gnomes of the earth. I know Thee! O Thou Master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand {20} all the arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

10. O Thou Sovran Lord of primaeval Baresarkers, who huntest with dawn the dappled deer of twilight, and whose engines of war are blood-crested comets. I know Thee! O Thou flame-crowned Self-luminous One, the lash of whose whip gathered the ancient worlds, and looseth the blood from the virgin clouds of heaven.

11. O Thou Sovran Moonstone of pearly loveliness, from out whose many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life, and whose breath enkindleth the Byss and the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou fountain-head of fierce aethyr, in the pupil of whose brightness all things lie crouched and wrapped like a babe in the womb of its mother.

12. O Thou Sovran Mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of fire upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee! O Thou Virgin of the moonlit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

13. O Thou Sovran All-Beholding eternal Sun, who lappest up the constellations of heaven, as a thirsty thief a jar of ancient wine. I know Thee! O Thou dawn-wing'd courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

Leo The Chapter known as
 The Twelfold Glorification of God
 and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Glorifications	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the Lion Rampant of the dawn: Thou hast crushed with Thy paw the crouching lioness of Night, so that she may roar forth the Glory of Thy Name.

2. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lap of the fertile valleys: Thou hast adorned their strong limbs with a robe of popped corn, so that they may laugh forth the Glory of Thy Name.

3. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the gilded rout of dancing-girls: Thou hast garlanded their naked middles with fragrant flowers, so that they may pace forth the Glory of Thy Name.

4. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the riotous joy of the storm; Thou hast shaken the gold-dust from the tresses of the hills, so that they may chaunt forth the Glory of Thy Name.

5. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stars and meteors of Night: Thou has caparisoned her grey coursers with moons of pearl, so that they may shake forth the Glory of Thy Name.

6. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee {22} in the precious stones of the black earth: Thou hast lightened her with a myriad eyes of magic, so that she may wink forth the Glory of Thy Name.

7. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the sparkling dew of the wild glades: Thou hast decked them out as for a great feast of rejoicing, so that they may gleam forth the Glory of Thy Name.

8. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stillness of the frozen lakes: Thou hast made their faces more dazzling than a silver mirror, so that they may flash forth the Glory of Thy Name.

9. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the smoke-veil'd fire of the mountains: Thou hast inflamed them as lions that scent a fallow deer, so that they may rage forth the Glory of Thy Name.

10. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the countenance of my darling: Thou hast unclothed her of white lilies and crimson roses, so that she may blush forth the Glory of Thy Name.

11. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the weeping of the flying clouds: Thou hast swelled therewith the blue breasts of the milky rivers, so that they may roll forth the Glory of Thy Name.

12. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the amber combers of the storm: Thou hast laid Thy lash upon the sphinxes of the waters, so that they may boom forth the Glory of Thy Name.

13. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lotus-flower within my heart: Thou hast {23} emblazoned my trumpet with the lion-standard, so that I may blare forth the Glory of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{24}

Virgo The Chapter known as
 The Twelfefold Beseechment of God
 and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Beseechments	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a fair virgin that is clad in the blue-bells of the fragrant hillside; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may ring out the melody of Thy voice, and be clothed in the pure light of Thy loveliness: O Thou God my God!

2. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a Balance of rubies and jet that is cast in the lap of the Sun; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may flash forth the wonder of Thy brightness, and melt into the perfect poise of Thy Being: O Thou God my God!

3. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a brown Scorpion that creepeth on through a vast desert of silver; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may lose myself in the span of Thy light, and become one with the glitter of Thy Shadow: O Thou God my God!

4. O Thou mighty God, make me as a green arrow of Lightning that speedeth through the purple clouds of Night; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may wake fire from the crown of Thy Wisdom, and flash into the depths of Thine Understanding: O Thou God my God!

5. O Thou mighty God, make me as a flint-black goat that {25} pranceth in a shining wilderness of steel; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may paw one flashing spark from Thy Splendour, and be welded into the Glory of Thy might: O Thou God my God!

6. O Thou mighty God, make me as the sapphirine waves that cling to the shimmering limbs of the green rocks; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may chant in foaming music Thy Glory, and roll forth the eternal rapture of Thy Name: O Thou God my God!

7. O Thou mighty God, make me as a silver fish darting through the vast depths of the dim-peopled waters; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may swim through the vastness of Thine abyss, and sink beneath the waveless depths of Thy Glory: O Thou God my God!

8. O Thou mighty God, make me as a white ram that is athirst in a sun-scorched desert of bitterness; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may seek the deep waters of Thy Wisdom, and plunge into the whiteness of Thine effulgence: O Thou God my God!

9. O Thou mighty God, make me as a thunder-smitten bull that is drunk upon the vintage of Thy blood; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may bellow through the universe Thy Power, and trample the nectar-sweet grapes of Thine Essence: O Thou God my God!

10. O Thou mighty God, make me as a black eunuch of song that is twin-voiced, yet dumb in either tongue; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may hush my melody in Thy Silence, and swell into the sweet ecstasy of Thy Song. O Thou God my God!

11. O Thou mighty God, make me as an emerald crab that {26} crawleth

over the wet sands of the sea-shore; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God!
That I may write Thy name across the shores of Time, and sink amongst the
white atoms of Thy Being. O Thou God, my God!

12. O Thou mighty God, make me as a ruby lion that roareth from the
summit of a white mountain; I beseech Thee, O thou great God! That I may
echo forth Thy lordship through the hills, and dwindle into the nipple of
Thy bounty. O thou God, my God!

13. O Thou mighty God, make me as an all-consuming Sun ablaze in the
centre of the Universe; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may
become as a crown upon Thy brow, and flash forth the exceeding fire of Thy
Godhead: O Thou God, my God!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{27}

Libra The Chapter known as
 The Twelffold Gratification of God
 and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Gratifications	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou green-cloaked Maenad in labour, who bearest beneath Thy
leaden girdle the vintage of Thy kisses; release me from the darkness of
Thy womb, so that I may cast off my infant wrappings and leap forth as an
armed warrior in steel.

2. O Thou snake of misty countenance, whose braided hair is like a
fleecy dawn of swooning maidens; hunt me as a fierce wild boar through the
skies, so that Thy burning spear may gore the blue heavens red with the
foaming blood of my frenzy.

3. O Thou cloudy Virgin of the World, whose breasts are as scarlet

lilies paling before the sun; dandle me in the cradle of Thine arms, so that the murmur of Thy voice may lull me to a sleep like a pearl lost in the depths of a silent sea.

4. O Thou wine-voiced laughter of fainting gloom, who art as a naked faun crushed to death between millstones of thunder; make me drunk on the rapture of Thy song, so that in the corpse-clutch of my passion I may tear the cloud-robe from off Thy swooning breast.

5. O Thou wanton cup-bearer of madness, whose mouth is as the joy of a thousand thousand masterful kisses; intoxicate me on Thy loveliness, so that the silver of Thy {28} merriment may revel as a moon-white pearl upon my tongue.

6. O Thou midnight Vision of Whiteness, whose lips are as pouting rosebuds deflowered by the deciduous moon; tend me as a drop of dew in Thy breast, so that the dragon of Thy gluttonous hate may devour me with its mouth of adamant.

7. O Thou effulgence of burning love, who pursueth the dawn as a youth pursueth a rose-lipped maiden; rend me with the fierce kisses of Thy mouth, so that in the battle of our lips I may be drenched by the snow pure fountains of Thy bliss.

8. O Thou black bull in a field of white girls, whose foaming flanks are as starry night ravished in the fierce arms of noon; shake forth the purple horns of my passion, so that I may dissolve as a crown of fire in the bewilderment of Thine ecstasy.

9. O Thou dread arbiter of all men, the hem of whose broidered skirt crimsoneth the white battlements of Space; bare me the starry nipple of Thy breast, so that the milk of Thy love may nurture me to the lustiness of Thy virginity.

10. O Thou thirsty charioteer of Time, whose cup is the hollow night filled with the foam of the vintage of day; drench me in the shower of Thy passion, so that I may pant in Thine arms as a tongue of lightning on the purple bosom of night.

11. O Thou opalescent Serpent-Queen, whose mouth is as the sunset that is bloody with the slaughter of day; hold me in the crimson flames of Thine arms, so that at Thy kisses I may expire as a bubble in the foam of Thy dazzling lips.

12. O Thou Odalisque of earth's palace, whose garments are scented and passionate as spring flowers in sunlit glades; {29} roll me in the sweet

perfume of Thy hair, so that Thy tresses of gold may anoint me with the honey of a million roses.

13. O Thou manly warrior amongst youths, whose limbs are as swords of fire that are welded in the furnace of war; press Thy cool kisses to my burning lips, so that the folly of our passion may weave us into the Crown of everlasting Light.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{30}

Scorpio The Chapter known as
 The Twelfefold Denial of God
 and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Denials	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the Formless breath of Chaos; nor the exhaler of the ordered spheres:

O Thou who art not the cloud-cradled star of the morning; nor the sun, drunken upon the mist, who blindeth men!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Guide me in the unity of thy might, and lead me to the fatherhood of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

2. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the vitality of worlds; nor the breath of star-entangled Being:

O Thou who art not horsed 'mid the centaur clouds of night; nor the twanging of the shuddering bowstring of noon!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Throne me in the unity of Thy might, and stab me with the javelin of
Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.
{31}

3. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the Pan-pipe in the forest; nor life's blue sword
wrapped in the cloak of death:
O Thou who art not found amongst the echoes of the hills; nor in the
whisperings that wake within the valleys!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Crown me in the unity of Thy might, and flash me as a scarlet tongue
into Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

4. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the Crown of the flaming storm; nor the opalescence
of the Abyss:
O Thou who art not a nymph in the foam of the sea; nor a whirling devil
in the sand of the desert!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Bear me in the unity of Thy might, and pour me forth from out the cup of
Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

5. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the formulator of law; nor the Cheat of the maze of
illusion:
O Thou who art not the foundation-stone of existence; nor the eagle that
broodeth upon the egg of space!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Swathe me in the unity of Thy might, and teach me wisdom from the lips
of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.
{32}

6. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the fivefold root of Nature; nor the fire-crested
helm of her Master:
O Thou who art not the Emperor or Eternal Time; nor the warrior shout
that rocketh the Byss of Space!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Raise me in the unity of Thy might, and suckle me at the swol'n breasts
of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

7. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the golden bull of the heavens; nor the crimsoned fountain of the lusts of men:
O Thou who reclinest not upon the Waggon of Night; nor retest Thine hand upon the handle of the Plough!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Urge me in the unity of Thy might, and drench me with the red vintage of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

8. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the starry eyes of heaven; nor the forehead of the crown'd morning:
O Thou who art not perceived by the powers of the mind; nor grasped by the fingers of Silence or of Speech!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Robe me in the unity of Thy might, and speed me into the blindness of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thy art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being. {33}

9. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the forge of Eternity; nor the thunder-throated womb of Chaos:
O Thou who art not found in the hissing of the hailstones; nor in the rioting of the equinoctial storm!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Bring me to the unity of Thy might, and feast me on honeyed manna of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

10. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the traces of the chariot; nor the pole of galloping delusion:
O Thou who art not the pivot of the whole Universe; nor the body of the woman-serpent of the stars!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;
Lead me in the Unity of Thy might, and draw me unto the threshold of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;
for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

11. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!
Thou who art neither the moaning of a maiden; nor the electric touch of fire-thrilled youth:
O Thou who art not found in the hardy kisses of love; nor in the tortured spasms of madness and of hate!
I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

{34}

is, or was, or will be:

the marriage feast of death:

and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{35}

Sagittarius

—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	Twelve Rejoicings	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—

1. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou seven-rayed rainbow of perfect loveliness;
Thou light-rolling chariot of sunbeams;
Thou fragrant scent of the passing storm:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou breath of the slumbering valleys;
O Thou low-murmuring ripple of the ripe cornfields!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till, as the mingling blushes of
day and night, my song weaveth the joys of life into a gold and purple
Crown, for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

2. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou zigzagged effulgence of the burning stars;
Thou wilderment of indigo light;
Thou grey horn of immaculate fire:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou embattled cloud of flashing flame;
O Thou capricious serpent-head of scarlet hair!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my roaring filleth {36} the
wooded mountains, and like a giant forceth the wind's head through the
struggling trees, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

3. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou silken web of emerald bewitchment;
Thou berylline mist of marshy meers;
Thou flame-spangled fleece of seething gold:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou pearly dew of the setting moon;
O Thou dark purple storm-cloud of contending kisses!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till all my laughter, like
enchanted waters, is blown as an iris-web of bubbles from the lips of the
deep, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

4. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou who broodest on the dark breasts of the deep;
Thou lap of the wave-glittering sea;
Thou bright vesture of the crested floods:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou native splendour of the Waters;
O Thou fathomless Abyss of surging joy!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad swords of my music
smite the hills, and rend the amethyst limbs of Night from the white
embrace of Day, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

5. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou cloud-hooded bastion of the stormy skies;
Thou lightning anvil of angel swords;
Thou gloomy forge of the thunderbolt: {37}
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou all-subduing Crown of Splendour;
O Thou hero-souled helm of endless victory!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad rivers rush roaring
through the woods, and my re-echoing voice danceth like a ram among the
hills, for the Gory and Splendour of Thy Name.

6. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou opalescent orb of shattered sunsets;
Thou pearly boss on the shield of light;
Thou tawny priest at the Mass of lust:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou chalcedony cloudland of light;
O Thou poppy-petal floating upon the snowstorm!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my frenzied words rush
through the souls of men, like a blood-red bull through a white herd of
terror-stricken kine, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

7. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou unimperilled flight of joyous laughter;
Thou eunuch glaive-armed before joy's veil;
Thou dreadful insatiable One:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou lofty gathering-point of Bliss;
O Thou bridal-bed of murmuring rapture!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till I tangle the black tresses
of the storm, and lash the tempest into a green foam of twining basilisks,
in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name. {38}

8. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou coruscating star-point of Endlessness;
Thou inundating fire of the Void;
Thou moonbeam cup of eternal life:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou fire-sandalled warrior of steel;
O Thou bloody dew of the field of slaughter and death!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the music of my throat
smiteth the hills as a crescent moon waketh a nightly field of sleeping
comets, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

9. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou jewel-work of snow on the limbs of night;
Thou elaboration of oneness;
Thou shower of universal suns:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou gorgeous, Thou wildering one;
O Thou great lion roaring over a sea of blood!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the wild thunder of my
praise breaketh down, as a satyr doth a babe, the nine and ninety gates of
Thy Power, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

10. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou ambrosia-yielding rose of the World;

Thou vaulted dome of effulgent light;
Thou valley of venomous vipers:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou dazzling robe of the soft rain-clouds;
O Thou lion-voiced up-rearing of the goaded storm!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my rapture, {39} like unto a
two-edged sword, traceth a sigil of fire and blasteth the banded sorcerers,
in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

11. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou Crown of unutterable loveliness;
Thou feather of hyalescent flame;
Thou all-beholding eye of brightness:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou resplendent everlasting one:
O Thou vast abysmal ocean of foaming flames!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the stars leap like white
coursers from the night, and the heavens resound as an army of steel-clad
warriors, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

12. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou star-blaze of undying expectation;
Thou ibis-throated voice of silence;
Thou blinding night of understanding:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white finger of Chaotic law;
O Thou creative cockatrice twined amongst the waters!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my cries stir the night as
the burnished gold of a lance thrust into a poisonous dragon of adamant,
for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

13. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou self-luminous refulgent Brilliance;
Thou eye of light that hath no eyelid;
Thou turquoise-studeed sceptre of deed:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white furnace womb of Energy; {40}
O Thou spark-whirling forge of the substance of the worlds;
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till I mount as a white beam unto
the crown, and as a breath of night melt into the golden lips of Thy dawn,
in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

Capricorn

The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Humiliation of God
and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Humiliations	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O my God, behold me fully and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my searching is as a bat that seeks some hollow of night upon a sun-parched wilderness.

2. O my God, order me justly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my thoughts are as a dust-clad serpent wind at noon that danceth through the ashen grass of law.

3. O my God, conquer me with love and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the striving of my spirit is as a child's kiss that struggles through a cloud of tangled hair.

4. O my God, suckle me with truth and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee: for all my agony of anguish is but as a quail struggling in the jaws of an hungry wolf.

5. O my God, comfort me with ease and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the toil of my life is but as a small white mouse swimming through a vast sea of crimson blood. {42}

6. O my God, entreat me gently and be merciful unto me as I humble myself before Thee; for all my toil is but as a threadless shuttle of steel thrust here and there in the black loom of night.

7. O my God, fondle me with kisses and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my desires are as dewdrops that are sucked from silver lilies by the throat of a young god.

8. O my God, exalt me with blood and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my courage is but as the fang of a viper that striketh at the rosy heel of dawn.

9. O my God, teach me with patience and be merciful unto me, as I

humble myself before Thee; for all my knowledge is but as the refuse of the chaff that is flung to the darkness of the void.

10. O my God, measure me rightly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my praise is but as a single letter of lead lost in the gilded scriptures of the rocks.

11. O my God, fill me with slumber and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my wakefulness is but as a cloud at sunset that is like a snake gliding through the dew.

12. O my God, kindle me with joy and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before thee; for all the strength of my mind is but as a web of silk that bindeth the milky breasts of the stars.

13. O my God, consume me with fire and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all mine understanding {43} is but as a spider's thread drawn from star to star of a young galaxy.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{44}

Aquarius

The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Lamentation of God
and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Lamentations	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my song is as the dirge of the sea that moans about a corpse, lapping most mournfully against the dead shore in the darkness. Yet in the sob of the wind do I hear Thy name, that quickeneth the cold lips of death to life.

2. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my for all my praise is

as the song of a bird that is ensnared in the network or the winds, and cast adown the drowning depths of night. Yet in the faltering notes of my music do I mark the melody of universal truth.

3. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my works are as a coiled-up sleeper who hath overslept the day, even the dawn that hovereth as a hawk in the void. Yet in the gloom of mine awakening do I see, across the breasts of night, Thy shadowed form.

4. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my labours are as weary oxen laggard and sore stricken with the goad, ploughing black furrows across the white fields of light. Yet in the scrawling trail of their slow toil do I descry the golden harvest of Thine effulgence.

5. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the hope {45} of my heart hath been ravished as the body of a virgin that is fallen into the hands of riotous robbers. Yet in the outrage of mine innocence do I disclose the clear manna of Thy purity.

6. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the passion of my love is mazed as the bewildered eyes of a youth, who should wake to find his belov'd fled away. Yet in the crumpled couch of lust do I behold as an imprint the sigil of Thy name.

7. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the joy of my days lies dishonoured as the spangle-veil'd Virgin of night torn and trampled by the sun-lashed stallions of Dawn. Yet in the frenzy of their couplings do I tremble forth the pearly dew of ecstatic light.

8. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the aspirations of my heart ruin as in time of earthquake the bare hut of an hermit that he hath built for prayer. Yet from the lightning-struck tower of my reason do I enter Thy house that Thou didst build for me.

9. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my joy is as a cloud of dust blown athwart a memory of tears, even across the shadowless brow of the desert. Yet as from the breast of a slave-girl do I pluck the fragrant blossom of Thy Crimson Splendour.

10. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the feastings of my flesh have sickened to the wormy hunger of the grave, writing in the spasms of indolent decay. Yet in the maggots of my corruption do I shadow forth sunlit hosts of crown'd eagles.

11. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my {46} craft is as an injured arrow, featherless and twisted, that should be loosed from its

bowstring by the hands of an infant. Yet in the wayward struggling of its flight do I grip the unwavering courses of Thy wisdom.

12. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my faith is as a filthy puddle in the sinister confines of a forest, splashed by the wanton foot of a young gnome. Yet like a wildfire through the trees at nightfall do I divine the distant glimmer of Thine Eye.

13. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my life sinks as the western Sun that struggles in the strangling arms of Night, flecked over with the starry foam of her kisses. Yet in the very midnight of my soul do I hold as a scarab the signet of Thy name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{47}

Pisces

The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Bewilderment of God
and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Bewilderments	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou snow-browed storm that art whirled up in clouds of flame?

O Thou red sword of the thunder!

Thou great blue river of ever-flowing Brightness, over whose breasts creep the star-bannered vessels of night!

O how can I plunge within Thine inscrutable depths, and yet with open eye be lost in the pearly foam of Thine Oblivion?

2. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou eternal incarnating immortal One?

O Thou welder of life and death!

Thou whose breasts are as the full breasts of a mother, yet in Thy hand

Thou carriest the sword of destruction!

O how can I cleave the shield of Thy might as a little wanton child may
burst a floating bubble with the breast-feather of a dove?

3. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou mighty worker laden with the
dust of toil?

O Thou little ant of the earth!

Thou great monster who infuriatest the seas, and by their vigour wearest
down the strength of the cliffs! {48}

O how can I bind Thee in a spider's web of song, and yet remain one and
unconsum'd before the raging of Thy nostrils?

4. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou fork'd tongue of the purple-
throated thunder?

O Thou silver sword of lightning!

Thou who rippest out the fire-bolt from the storm-cloud, as a sorcerer
teareth the heart from a black kid!

O how can I possess Thee as the dome of the skies, so that I may fix the
keystone of my reason in the arch of Thy forehead?

5. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou amber-scal'd one whose eyes are
set on columns?

O Thou sightless seer of all things!

Thou spearless warrior who urgest on Thy steeds and blindest the outer
edge of darkness with Thy Glory!

O how can I grasp the whirling wheels of Thy splendour, and yet be not
smitten into death by the hurtling fury of Thy chariot?

6. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou red fire-fang that gnawest the
blue limbs of night?

O Thou devouring breath of flame!

Thou illimitable ocean of frenzied air, in whom all is one, a plume cast
into a furnace!

O how can I dare to approach and stand before Thee, for I am but as a
withered leaf whirled away by the anger of the storm?

7. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou almighty worker ungirded of
slumber? {49}

O Thou Unicorn of the Stars!

Thou tongue of flame burning above the firmament, as a lily that
blossometh in the drear desert!

O how can I pluck Thee from the dark bed of Thy birth, and revel like a
wine-drenched faun in the banqueting-house of Thy Seigniorship?

8. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou dazzler of the deep obscurity of
day?

O Thou golden breast of beauty!
Thou shrivelled udder of the storm-blasted mountains, who no longer
sucklest the babe-clouds of wind-swept night!
O how can I gaze upon Thy countenance of eld, and yet be not blinded by
the black fury of Thy dethron'd Majesty?

9. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou seraph-venom of witch-vengeance
enchanted?

O Thou coiled wizardry of stars!
Thou one Lord of life triumphant over death, Thou red rose of love
nailed to the cross of golden light!
O how can I die in Thee as sea-foam in the clouds, and yet possess Thee
as a frail white mist possesses the stripped limbs of the Sun?

10. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou soft pearl set in a bow of
effulgent light?

O Thou drop of shimmering dew!
Thou surging river of bewildering beauty who speedest as a blue arrow of
fire beyond, beyond!
O how can I measure the poisons of Thy limbeck, and yet be for ever
transmuted in the athanor of Thine understanding? {50}

11. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou disrober of the darkness of the
Abyss?

O Thou veil'd eye of creation!
Thou soundless voice who, for ever misunderstood, rollest on through the
dark abysms of infinity!
O how can I learn to sing the music of Thy name, as a quivering silence
above the thundering discord of the tempest?

12. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou teeming desert of the abundance
of night?

O Thou river of unquench'd thirst!
Thou toungeless one who licketh up the dust of death and casteth it
forth as the rolling ocean of life!
O how can I possess the still depths of Thy darkness, and yet in Thine
embrace fall asleep as a child in a bower of lilies?

13. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou shrouded one veiled in a
dazzling effulgence?

O Thou centreless whorl of Time!
Thou illimitable abysm of Righteousness, the lashes of whose eye are as
showers of molten suns!
O how can I reflect the light of Thine unity, and melt into Thy Glory as
a cloudy chaplet of calcedony moons?

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{51}

Sun The Chapter known as
 The Twelfefold Unification of God
 and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelve Unifications	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

1. O Thou Unity of all things: as the water that poureth through the fingers of my hand, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hold Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I plunge into the heart of the ocean, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

2. O Thou Unity of all things: as the hot fire that flameth is too subtle to be held, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot grasp Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hurl me down the scarlet throat of a volcano, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

3. O Thou Unity of all things: as the moon that waneth and increaseth in the heavens, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot stay Thee; for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I devour Thee, as a dragon devoureth a kid, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

4. O Thou Unity of all things: as the dust that danceth over the breast of the desert, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot seize Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up with my tongue the bitter salt of the plains, there still {52} shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

5. O Thou Unity of all things: as the air that bubbleth from the dark

depths of the waters, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot catch Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I net Thee as a goldfish in a kerchief of silk, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

6. O Thou Unity of all things: as the cloud that flitteth across the white horns of the moon, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot pierce Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I tangle Thee in a witch-gossamer of starlight, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

7. O Thou Unity of all things: as the star that travelleth along its appointed course, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rule Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hunt Thee across the blue heavens as a lost comet, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

8. O Thou Unity of all things: as the lightning that lurketh in the heart of the thunder, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot search Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I wed the flaming circle to the enshrouded square, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

9. O Thou Unity of all things: as the earth that holdeth all precious jewels in her heart, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot spoil Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I burrow as a mole in the mountain of Chaos, there still shall I {53} find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

10. O Thou Unity of all things: as the pole-star that burneth in the centre of the night, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hide Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I turn from Thee at each touch of the lodestone of lust, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

11. O Thou Unity of all things: as the blue smoke that whirlleth up from the altar of life, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot find Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I inter Thee in the sarcophagi of the damned, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

12. O Thou Unity of all things: as a dark-eyed maiden decked in crimson and precious pearls, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rob Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I strip Thee of Thy gold and scarlet raiment of the Self, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

13. O Thou Unity of all things: as the sun that rolleth through the twelve mansions of the skies, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot slay Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up the Boundless Light, the Boundless, and the Not, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

{54}

Hexagram The Chapter known as
 The Hundred and Sixty-Nine Cries of
 Adoration and the Unity thereof

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Hundred and Sixty-	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Nine Cries of Adoration	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

O Thou Dragon-prince of the air, that art drunk on the blood of the sunsets! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Unicorn of the storm, that art crested above the purple air! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning sword of passion, that art tempered on the anvil of flesh! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou slimy lust of the grave, that art tangled in the roots of the Tree! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smoke-shrouded sword of flame, that art ensheathed in the bowels of earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scented grove of wild vines, that art trampled by the white feet of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden sheaf of desires, that art bound by a fair wisp of poppies! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten comet of gold, that art seen through the wizard's glass of Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {55}

O Thou shrill song of the eunuch, that art heard behind the curtain of

shame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright star of the morning, that art set betwixt the breasts of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lidless eye of the world, that art seen through the sapphire veil of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smiling mouth of the dawn, that art freed from the laughter of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling star-point of hope, that burnest over oceans of despair! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou naked virgin of love, that art caught in a net of wild roses! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou iron turret of death, that art rusted with the bright blood of war! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bubbling wine-cup of joy, that foamest like the cauldron of murder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou icy trail of the moon, that art traced in the veins of the onyx! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hunter of love, that art slain by the twisted horns of lust! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frozen book of the seas, that art graven by the swords of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {56}

O Thou flashing opal of light, that art wrapped in the robes of the rainbow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple mist of the hills, that hideth shepherds from the wanton moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou low moaning fainting maids, that art caught up in the strong sobs of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fleeting beam of delight, that lurkest within the spear-thrusts of dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden wine of the sun, that art poured over the dark breasts of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrance of sweet flowers, that art wafted over blue fields of air! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty bastion of faith, that withstandest all the breachers of doubt! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver horn of the moon, that gorest the red flank of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou grey glory of twilight, that art the hermaphrodite triumphant! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thirsty mouth of the wind, that art maddened by the foam of the sea! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou couch of rose-leaf desires, that art crumpled by the vine and the fir! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {57}

O Thou bird-sweet river of Love, that warblest through the pebbly gorge of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden network of stars, that art girt about the cold breasts of

Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad whirlwind of laughter, that art meshed in the wild locks of folly! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou white hand of Creation, that holdest up the dying head of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple tongue of Twilight, that dost lap up the lucent milk of Day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thunderbolt of Science, that flashest from the dark clouds of Magic! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red rose of the Morning, that glowest in the bosom of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flaming globe of Glory, that art caught up in the arms of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver arrow of hope, that art shot from the arc of the rainbow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou starry virgin of Night, that art strained to the arms of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sworded soldier of life, that art sucked down in the quicksands of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {58}

O Thou bronze blast of the trumpet, that rollest over emerald-tipped spears! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou opal mist of the sea, that art sucked up by the beams of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red worm of formation, that art lifted by the white whorl of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty anvil of Time, that outshowerest the bright sparks of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red cobra of desire, that art unhooded by the hands of girls! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou emerald vulture of Truth, that art perched upon the vast tree of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lonely eagle of night, that drinkest at the moist lips of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild daughter of Chaos, that art ravished by the strong son of law! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ghostly night of terror, that art slaughtered in the blood of the dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou popped nectar of sleep, that art curled in the {59} still womb of slumber! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning rapture of girls, that disport in the sunset of passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten ocean of stars, that art a crown for the forehead of day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little brook in the hills, like an asp betwixt the breasts of a girl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty oak of magic, that art rooted in the mountain of life! I

adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling network of pearls, that art woven of the waves by the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton sword-blade of life, that art sheath'd by the harlot call'd Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mist-clad spirit of spring, that art unrob'd by the hands of the wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sweet perfume of desire, that art wafted through the valleys of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling wine-cup of light, whose foaming is the heart's blood of the stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver sword of madness, that art smitten through the midden of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {60}

O Thou hooded vulture of night, that art glutted on the entrails of day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl-grey arch of the world, whose keystone is the ecstasy of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silken web of movement, that art blown through the atoms of matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rush-strewn threshold of joy, that art lost in the quicksands of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild vision of Beauty, but half seen betwixt the cusps of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl cloud of the sunset, that art caught up in a murderer's hand! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rich vintage of slumber, that art crushed from the bud of the poppy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou great boulder of rapture, that leapest adown the mountains of joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou breather-out of the winds, that art snared in the drag-net of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple breast of the storm, that art scarred by the teeth of the lightning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Pillar of phosphor foam, that Leviathan spouteth from's nostrils! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou song of the harp of life, that chantest forth the perfection of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {61}

O Thou veil'd beam of the stars, that art tangled in the tresses of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flashing shield of the sun, as a discus hurled by the hand of Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ribald shout of laughter, that echoest among the tombs of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfailing cruse of joy, that art filled with the tears of the fallen! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning lust of the moon, that art clothed in the mist of the

ocean! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou one measure of all things, that art Dam of the great order or worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail virgin of Eden, that art ravished to the abode of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dark forest of wonder, that art tangled in a gold web of dew! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tortured shriek of the storm, that art whirled up through the leaves of the woods! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling opal of light, that flamest in the crumbling skull of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red knife of destruction, that art sheathed in the bowels of order! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou storm-drunk breath of the winds, that pant in the bosom of the mountains! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou loud bell of rejoicing, that art smitten by the hammer of woe! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {62}

O Thou red rose of the sunset, that witherest on the altar of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright vision of sunbeams, that burnest in a flagon of topaz! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou virgin lily of light, that sproutest between the lips of a corpse! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou blue helm of destruction, that art winged with the lightings of madness! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou voice of the heaving seas, that tremblest in the grey of the twilight! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfolders of heaven, red-winged as an eagle at sunrise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling tongue of red flame, athirst on the nipple of my passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou outrider of the sun, that spurrest the bloody flanks of the wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dancer with gilded nails, that unbraidest the star-hair of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit pearl of rapture, clasped fast in the silver hand of the Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton mother of love, that art mistress of the children of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson fountain of blood, that spoutest from the heart of Creation! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou warrior eye of the sun, that shooteth death from the berylline Byss! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {63}

O Thou Witch's hell-broth of hate, that boileth in the white cauldron of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Ribbon of Northern lights, that bindest the elfin tresses of

night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red sword of the Twilight, that art rusted with the blood of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sacrificer of Dawn, that wearest the chasuble of the sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodshot eye of lightning, glowering beneath the eyebrows of thunder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou four-square Crown of Nothing, that circlest the destruction of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodhound whirlwind of lust, that art unleashed by the first kiss of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wondrous chalice of light, uplifted by the Maenads of Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fecund opal of death, that sparklest through a sea of mother-of-pearl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson rose of the Dawn, that art fastened in the dark locks of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pink nipple of Being, thrust deep into the black mouth of Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou vampire Queen of the Flesh, wound as a snake around the throats of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {64}

O Thou tender nest of dove's down, built up betwixt the hawks claws of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou concubine of Matter, anointed with love-nard of Motion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flame-tipp'd bolt of Morning, that art shot out from the crossbow of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail blue-bell of Moonlight, that art lost in the gardens of the Stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tall mast of wreck'd Chaos, that art crowned by the white lamp of Cosmos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly eyelid of day, that art closed by the finger of Evening! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild anarch of the Hills, pale glooming above the mists of the Earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit peak of pleasure, that art crowned by viper tongues of forked flame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wolfish head of the winds, that frighteth the snow-white lamb of winter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dew-lit nymph of the Dawn, that swoonest in the satyr arms of the Sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad abode of kisses, that art lit by the fat of murdered fiends! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {65}

O Thou sleeping lust of the Storm, that art flame-gorg'd as a flint full of fire! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou soft dew of the Evening, that art drunk up by the mist of the

Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wounded son of the West, that gushest out Thy blood on the heavens! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning tower of fire, that art set up in the midst of the seas! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unvintageable dew, that art moist upon the lips of the Morn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver crescent of love, that burnest over the dark helm of War! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white ram of the Dawn, that art slain by the lion of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson spear-point of life, that art thrust through the dark bowels of Time! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou black waterspout of Death, that whirlst, wheldest the tall ship of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty chain of events, that art strained betwixt Cosmos and Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou towering eagle of lust, that art heaped up by the moon-breasts of youth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {66}

O Thou serpent-crown of green light, that art wound round the dark forehead of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson vintage of Life, that art poured into the jar of the Grave! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou waveless Ocean of Peace, that sleepest beneath the wild heart of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou whirling skirt of the stars, that art swathed round the limbs of the AÆthyr! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white chalice of Love, thou art filled up with the red lusts of Man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrant garden of Joy, firm-set betwixt the breasts of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly fountain of Life, that spoutest up in the black court of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou brindle hound of the Night, with thy nose to the sleuth of the Sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou leprous claw of the ghoul, that coaxest the babe from its chaste cradle! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou assassin word of law, that art written in ruin of earthquakes! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou trembling breast of the night, that gleamest with a rosary of moons! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {67}

O Thou Holy Sphinx of rebirth, that crouchest in the black desert of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou diadem of the suns, that art the knot of this red web of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ravished river of law, that outpourest the arcanum of Life! I

adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou glimmering tongue of day, that art sucked into the blue lips of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Queen-Bee of Heaven's hive, that smearest thy thighs with honey of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scarlet dragon of flame, enmeshed in the web of a spider! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou magic symbol of light, that art frozen on the black book of blood! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou swathed image of Death, that art hidden in the coffin of joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red breast of the sunset, that pantest for the ravishment of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou serpent of malachite, that baskest in a desert of turquoise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fierce whirlpool of passion, that art sucked up by the mouth of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou green cockatrice of Hell, that art coiled around the finger of Fate! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lambent laughter of fire, that art wound round {68} the heart of the waters! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou gorilla blizzard Air, that tearest out Earth's tresses by the roots! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou reveller of Spirit, that carousest in the halls of Matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red-lipped Vampire of Life, that drainest blood from the black Mount of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little lark of Beyond, that art heard in the dark groves of knowledge! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou summer softness of lips, that glow hot with the scarlet of passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly foam of the grape, that art flecked with the roses of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hand of the seas, that unfurlest the black Banner of Storm! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou shrouded book of the dead, that art sealed with the seven souls of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou writhing frenzy of love, that art knotted like the grid-flames of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou primal birth-ring of thought, that dost encircle the thumb of the soul! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO! {69}

O Thou blind flame of Nothingness, as a crown upon my brow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,

and Glory upon Glory,
 Everlastingly. Amen,
 and Amen, and
 Amen.

{70}

{Symbol of the }
 {crescent Moon,}
 {horns to left }

The Chapter known as
 The Unconsciousness of God
 that is hidden from man for a sign

—	—	—	—	—	I	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	adore	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Thee by the	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	Twelfefold Sign	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	and by the Unity thereof.	—	—	—	—	—

12. The Light of my Life is as the light of two moons, one rising and the other setting, one increasing and the other waning; the one growing fat as the other groweth lean, like a paunchy thief sucking dry a skin of amber wine. Yet though the light of the first devoureth the light of the second, nevertheless the light of the second disgorgeth the light of the first, so that there is neither the desire of light nor the need of light ___ all being as a woven twilight of day and night, a madness of mingling moons. Yet I behold!

11. Now mine eyes are seven, and are as stars about a star; and the lids of mine eyes are fourteen, two to each eye. Also have I seven arms to do the bidding of the seven eyes; and each arm hath an hand of three fingers, so that I may rule the great ocean and burn it up with the Spirit of Flame, and that I may drown the fire in the Abode of the Waters. Thus I am rendered naked; for neither flame nor water can clothe me; therefore am I as a breath of wind blown over an Earth of Adamant, that knoweth neither sorrow nor rejoicing; then do I abide as a River of Light between the Night of Chaos and the Day of Creation.

10. Two are the moons of my madness, like the horns on {71} the head of a goat. And between them burneth a pyramid of flame, which consumeth neither but blindeth both, so that the one beholdeth not the other. Notwithstanding, when the one is lost in the water, and the other is burnt up in the flame, they become united in the form of a woman fashioned of Earth and of Air, who without husband is yet mother of many sons.

9. Now the Sons are in truth but one Son; and the one Son but a daughter draped and never naked; for her mother is naked, therefore is she

robed. And she is called the Light of my Love, for she is concealed and cannot be seen, as the Sun burneth over her and drowneth her in fire, whilst below her surgeth the sea, whose waves are as flames of water. When thou has licked up the ocean thou shalt not see her because of the fire; and when thou hast swallowed the Sun surely shall the waters be driven from thee, so that though the fire be thine the water hath slipped thee, as a dog its leash. Yet the path is straight.

8. Along it shalt thou journey, and then shalt thou learn that the fear of death is the blood of the world. So the woman dressed herself in the shrouds of the dead, and decked herself with the bones of the fallen; and all feared her, therefore they lived. But she feared life; therefore she wove a dew-moon in her tangled hair as a sign of the fickleness of Death, and wept tears of bitter sorrow that she should live in the blossom of her youth. And her tears crept like scorpions down her cheeks, and sped away in the darkness like serpents; and for each serpent came there an eagle which did carry it away.

7. "Why weep?" said the Balance swinging to the left. "Why laugh?" said the Balance swinging to the right. "Why {72} not remain still?" answered the Hand that held the Balance. And the Balance replied: "Because on my right laughs Death and on my left weeps a Virgin."

6. Then the voice of the Hand said to the girl: "Why weep?" And the maid answered: "Because Death maketh jest of my life." Then the Hand stayed the Balance, and at once the girl saw that she was Death, and that Death that had sat opposite her was in truth a motherless babe. So she took the child she had conceived in the arms of fear, and went her way laughing.

5. And the infant grew strong; yet its strength was in its weakness; and though to look at it from before was to look upon a man-child, from behind it was a little girl with golden hair. Now, when the child wished to tempt a maid he faced and approached her; and when the child wished to tempt a man she turned her back on him and fled.

4. But one day the child met, at the self-same hour, Love; and the man, seeing a woman, approached her eagerly, and the woman, seeing a man, fled, so that he might capture her. Thus it came about that the child met the child and wondered, not knowing that the child had lost the child. So it was that they walked side by side.

3. Then that part of the child that was man loved and lusted for that part of the child that was woman; and each knew not that each was the other, and felt that they were two and yet one, nevertheless one and yet two. And when one said: "Who art thou?" the other answered at the self-

same moment: "Who am I?"

2. Soon becoming perplexed if I were Thou, or if Thou were I, it came about that the I mingled with the Thou, and {73} the Thou with the I, so that six added to ten became sixteen, which is felicity; for it is the interplay of the elements. Four are the elements that make man, and four are the elements that make woman. Thus was the child reborn.

1. But though the man ruleth the woman, and the woman ruleth the man, the Child ruleth both its mother and father, and being five is Emperor over the kingdom of their hearts. To its father it giveth four, and to its mother it giveth four, yet it remaineth five, for it hath of its father an half and of its mother an half; but in itself it is equal to both its father and its mother; for it is father of fathers and mother of mothers.

0. Therefore is it One Whole, and not two halves; and being One is Thirteen, which is called Nothing when it is All-things.

.
Amen
without lie,
and Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen.

{74}

{Illustration facing page 74 partly described and partly aproximated:

"FIG. 2. The Greek Cross of the Zodiac."

"Aries. Emerald on Scarlet.	Libra. Scarlet on Emerald.
Taurus. Greenish Blue on Orange-Red.	Scorpio. Orange-Red on Greenish
Blue.	
Gemini. Royal Blue on Orange.	Sagittarius. Orange on Royal Blue.
Cancer. Indigo on Amber.	Capricorn. Amber on Indigo.
Leo. Violet on Greenish Yellow.	Aquarius. Greenish Yellow on
Violet.	
Virgo. Crimson on Yellow-Green.	Pisces. Yelow-Green on Crimson.
Spirit. Black on White.	
Serpent. Azure, with Golden Scales.	
Border. Gold."	

Ú ____ ¸
 ³ Pisces ³
 Ã ____
 ³ Scorpio ³
 Ã ____
 ³ Cancer ³
 Ú ____ Â ____ Â ____ Å ____ Å ____ Â ____ Â ____ ¸
 ³ Gemini ³ Aquarius ³ Libra ³ <³ Aries ³ Leo ³ Sagittarius ³
 À ____ Á ____ Â ____ Å ____ Á ____ Á ____ Ù ³ Capricorn ³ Ã ____ ³ Taurus ³ Ã ____ ³ Virgo ³
 À ____ Ù

This is a black and white half tone on clay paper, tipped in. About and beneath the above figure of the Creek Cross are the interlaced coils of a serpent. This serpent does not pass beneath the spirit square, but circles from head to tail clockwise in a loose set of loops behind the arms ____ thus the snake appears to be coiling counterclockwise, even though the order of passage beneath the symbols is clockwise to be in proper sequence. The head bites the tail just below Aries, thence traveling back from the head: under Taurus, over the body and under Gemini, under the tail and over the body to go under Cancer, under the tail to go under Leo, over the body to pass beneath Virgo, under body twice to go behind Libra, under the body and under Scorpio, over the tail and under Sagittarius, under body and head beneath Capricorn, over body and under Aquarius, over body and under Pisces, thence under body followed by over body and under Aries with the tip just within the mouth of the serpent's head. In all loopings, the scute plates of the underbelly are toward the center of the cross and the back is outward, all viewed from the side.}

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3.	ZELATOR	Symbol added to No. 2	 1 0 0
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8.	" (Within)		10 0 0
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"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and

what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says --- several alphabets we should prefer to say --- is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the "imprimatur" of some body with the mysterious title of the A :: A ::, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indincible arcanum is an arcanum which "cannot" be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

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About this capture

EDITORIAL

WE shall be glad if all subscribers to, and readers of, THE EQUINOX will make themselves personally known to the staff at the offices at 124, Victoria Street.

Various meetings are held, lecture given, and experiments carried out, from time to time, which cannot be advertized effectively in a paper appearing at intervals of six months, and those wishing to attend must therefore be privately notified of the dates as they are fixed.

* * * * *

It should, moreover, be remembered, that although knowledge can be imparted through books, skill cannot be attained except by practice; and in most cases it is better that practice should be carried out under instruction.

* * * * *

Further, research work continually proceeds, and cannot be published, perhaps, for years, when it has been collated and criticised. To be "au" "courant" the seeker should be on the spot.

* * * * *

After the 21st of October 1910 the price of No. 1 of THE EQUINOX, of which only a few copies remain, will be increased to ten shillings. {1}

The subscription for 1911 will be raised from ten to twelve shillings.

* * * * *

A library for the use of subscribers is in progress of formation at 124, Victoria Street. The Editor will be glad to receive any books on mysticism, magic, Egyptology, philosophy, and similar subjects. Old books out of print are especially welcome.

* * * * *

Another feather in the cap of H. R. B. That incomparable dodderer, Franz Hartmann, has published a portrait of Cagliostro which she had given him. (She had it taken when she "was" Cagliostro, you understand.)

This sounds all very reasonable and likely; but the difficulty is that the

portrait is not of Cagliostro at all, but of Stanislas Augustus, the last King of Poland.

So this is not a common simple miracle, you see; but a very wonderful miracle. However, I'm not going to be done; so I've bought a shilling photograph of Queen Victoria and intend to publish it next March as

ME When I Was CLEOPATRA.

* * * * *

As if this was not enough, we find The Annals of Psychical Research publishing in all good faith as a serious account "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave," which was written by Daniel Defoe as a puff of some ass's Meditations on Death!

* * * * * {2}

We do not blame the Editors of these papers for nodding; but we do think they owe us some poetry as good as Homer's or some erotic adventures to match Jove's.

* * * * *

I had almost forgotten dear old Mathers.

Yet it was only last December that a colleague of mine was told by some greasy old harridan, in her best nominal $7\emptyset = 4\emptyset$ voice (she has paid hundreds of pounds for that nominal $7\emptyset = 4\emptyset$, and never got initiated into any mysteries but those of Over-eating) that Imperrita (?Imperator) was coming over from Paris to "crush" Perdurabo; and Perdurabo has "fled" before his "face."

Anyhow, I sneaked back from Algeria, trembling all over, and began to enjoy the comedy of a lawyer pretending that he could not serve a writ on a man with an address in the telephone directory, who was spending hundreds of pounds on letting the whole world know where to find him. It was perhaps unkind of me not to warn Mr. Cran that he was putting his foot in it.

But if I had said a word, the case would have been thrown up; and then where would our advertisement have been?

So, even now, I restrict my remarks; there may be some more fun coming.

* * * * *

But at least there's a prophet loose! some anonymous person wrote

Cran, Cran, McGregor's man

Served a writ, and away he ran {3}

before a writ was served! Though he might have guessed that it would be. But he couldn't possibly have known that the action would be dropped, as it has been.

And Mathers has run away too --- without paying our costs.

* * * * *

A word as to the sanctity of obligations seems necessary here. Some of my brother Masons (for example) have heard imperfectly and judged hastily. But if we apply our tools to our morals with patience and skill, we shall cure any defects in the building. let me explain the situation carefully and clearly.

(1) Mathers and Dr. Wynn Westcott were the apparent heads of the Order calling itself Rosicrucian.

- (2) This Order seriously claimed direct descent, and transmitted Authority, from the original Fratres R.C.
- (3) It was founded on secret documents in the custody of Dr. Wynn Westcott, on whose honour and integrity we relied.
- (4) Mathers and Westcott claimed to be working under one or more secret chiefs of the grade of $8\theta = 3\theta$.
- (5) It was then to those chiefs that I and other members of the Order were pledged.
- (6) When the "rebellion" took place in 1900, I thought Mathers a wolf, and Westcott a sheep; but, recognizing Truth in the knowledge issued by the Order, maintained my allegiance to the Secret Chiefs $8\theta = 3\theta$.
- (7) In 1904 I was ordered directly and definitely by a person who proved himself to be the messenger of a {4} Secret Chief $8\theta = 3\theta$ to publish the knowledge and rituals of the Order ("a") in order to destroy the value of that knowledge, so that the new knowledge to be revealed by himself might have room to grow ("b") in order to stop the frauds of Mathers, which were a disgrace to arcane science.

The secrecy of his rituals, and of the MSS. in the custody of Dr. Wynn Westcott, was essential to the carrying on of these frauds.

- (8) I was unable to comply with these orders until I had found a person competent to edit the enormous mass of papers. I showed my hand to some extent, however, in various references to the Order in my books. And now the task is accomplished.
- (9) My defence against the accusation of having revealed secrets entrusted to me is then threefold.

("a") Secrets cannot be revealed, or even communicated from one person to another.

("b") One is not bound by an oath taken to any person who is a swindler trading upon the sanctity of one's oath to carry on his frauds. Especially is this the case when the person responsible for administering the oath assures you that it is "in no way contrary to your civil, moral, and religious obligations."

("c") I was not, in any case, bound to Mathers, but to the Secret Chiefs, by whose direct orders I caused the rituals to be published.

I wish expressly to dissociate from my strictures on {5} Mathers Brother Wynn Westcott his colleague; for I have heard and believe nothing which would lead me to doubt his uprightness and integrity. But I warn him in public, as I have (vainly) warned him in private, that by retaining the cipher MSS. of the Order, and preserving silence on the subject, he makes himself an accomplice in, or at least an accessory to, the frauds of his colleague. And I ask him in public, as I have (vainly) asked him in private, to deposit the MSS. with the Trustees of the British Museum with an account of how they came into his possession; or, if they are no longer in his possession, to state publicly how he first obtained them, and why, and to whom, he parted with them.

I ask him in the name of faith between man and man; in the name of those

unfortunates, who, for no worse fault than their aspiration to the Hidden Wisdom, have been and still are being befooled and betrayed and robbed by his colleague under the aegis of the respectability of his own name; and in the Name of Him, who, planning the Universe, employed the Plumb-line, the Level, and the Square.

* * * * *

Sweets to the sweet --- and her is a press cutting for a Press Cutting Agency.

On 22nd March I felt the ache for fame and telephoned to Messrs. Romeike and Curtice of Ludgate Circus. An obsequious person appeared, louted him low, and took my guinea for 125 cuttings. [I hear you ask, "How can they do it?"]

For a fortnight Messrs. Romeike and Curtice were the most diligent of created beings. I got cuttings from obscure papers in Yorkshire and Ireland and other places that one has {6} never heard of. But then it dropped off to zero. I had received about 30 cuttings altogether. Then other people began to send me cuttings in a friendly way, and Messrs. Romeike and Curtice maintained a silence and immobility which would have done credit to a first-rate Mahatma.

They missed, for example, little things like an editorial par. in "John Bull," a full page in "The Sketch," the "Daily News," a page and a quarter in "The Nation," half a column in the "Daily Mail." ...

[I hear you ask, "How can they make such oversights? Perhaps the Post office is to blame."]

Well, if the Post Office is to blame, I can't answer your other question, "How can they do it?" and if it is by "oversight" or "clerical error" or "absence of mind," I am in a similar position. And it is a curious coincidence that exactly the same thing happened to me 12 years ago. {7}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04003.html>

39 captures

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About this capture

LIBER III

VEL JVGORVM

A ∴ A ∴ Publication in Class D.

Imprimatur:

D.D.S. 7ø = 4ø Praemonstrator

O.S.V. 6ø = 5ø Imperator

N.S.F. 5ø = 6ø Cancellarius

{Illustration facing page 11.

"ARATRUM SECURUM"

"(Fra ---- after one week avoiding the first person. His fidelity is good; his vigilance bad. Not nearly good enough to pass).

This is composed of two photos of the forearms of a man. The upper shows the undersides, right over left with many radial cuts visible on the left under wrist area. The second shows the backs of the forearms, right above left, the elbows and a bit of the upper arms with some rolled up sleeves. There are many scratches visible in the second photo.

LIBER III

vel JVGORVM.

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0. Behold the Yoke upon the neck of the Oxen! Is it not thereby that the Field shall be ploughed? The Yoke is heavy, but joineth together them that are separate --- Glory to Nuit and to Hadit, and to Him that hath given us the Symbol of the Rosy Cross!

Glory unto the Lord of the Word Abrahadabra, and Glory unto Him that hath given us the Symbol of the Ankh, and of the Cross within the Circle!

1. Three are the Beasts wherewith thou must plough the Field; the Unicorn, the Horse, and the Ox. And these shalt thou yoke in a triple yoke that is governed by One Whip.

2. Now these Beasts run wildly upon the earth and are not easily obedient to the Man.

3. Nothing shall be said here of Cerberus, the great Beast of Hell that is every one of these and all of these, even as Athanasius hath foreshadowed. For this matter¹ is not of Tiphereth without, but Tiphereth within. {11}

0. The Unicorn is speech. Man, rule thy Speech! How else shalt thou master the Son, and answer the Magician at the Right Hand Gateway of the Crown?

1. Here are practices. Each may last for a week or more.

alpha . Avoid using some common word, such as "and" or "the" or "but"; use a paraphrase.

beta . Avoid using some letter of the alphabet, such as "t", or "s". or "m"; use a paraphrase.

xi . Avoid using the pronouns and adjectives of the first person; use a paraphrase.

Of thine own ingenium devise others.

2. On each occasion that thou art betrayed into saying that thou art sworn to avoid, cut thyself sharply upon the wrist or forearm with a razor; even as thou shouldst beat a disobedient dog. Feareth not the Unicorn the claws and teeth of the Lion?

3. Thine arm then serveth thee both for a warning and for a record. Thou shalt write down thy daily progress in these practices, until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the least word that slippeth from thy tongue.

Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be for ever free. {12}

II

0. The Horse is Action. Man, rule thou thine Action. How else shalt thou master the Father, and answer the Fool at the Left Hand Gateway of the Crown?

1. Here are practices. Each may last for a week, or more.

alpha . Avoiding lifting the left arm above the waist.

beta . Avoid crossing the legs.

Of thine own ingenium devise others.

2. On each occasion that thou art betrayed into doing that thou art sworn to avoid, cut thyself sharply upon the wrist or forearm with a razor; even as

1 ("I.e." the matter of Cereberus).
thou shouldst beat a disobedient dog. Feareth not the Horse the teeth of the Camel?

3. Thine arm then serveth thee both for a warning and for a record. Thou shalt write down thy daily progress in these practices, until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the least action that slippeth from the least of thy fingers.

Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be for ever free.

III

0. The Ox is Thought. Man, rule thou thy Thought! How else shalt thou

master the Holy Spirit, and answer the High Priestess in the Middle Gateway of the Crown?

1. Here are practices. Each may last for a week or more.

alpha . Avoid thinking of a definite subject and all things connected with it, and let that subject be one which commonly occupies much of thy thought, being frequently stimulated by sense-perceptions or the conversation of others. {13}

beta . By some device, such as the changing of thy ring from one finger to another, create in thyself two personalities, the thoughts of one being within entirely different limits from that of the other, the common ground being the necessities of life.²

Of thine own Ingenium devise others.

2. On each occasion that thou art betrayed into thinking that thou art sworn to avoid, cut thyself sharply upon the wrist or forearm with a razor; even as thou shouldst beat a disobedient dog. Feareth not the Ox the Goad of the Ploughman?

3. Thine arm then serveth thee both for a warning and for a record. Thou shalt write down thy daily progress in these practices, until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the least thought that ariseth in thy brain.

Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be for ever free.

{14}

2 For instance, let A be a man of strong passions, skilled in the Holy Qabalah, a vegetarian, and a keen "reactionary" politician. Let B be a bloodless and ascetic thinker, occupied with business and family cares, an eater of meat, and a keen progressive politician. Let no thought proper to "A" arise when the ring is on the "B" finger, and vice versa.

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04004.html>

35 captures

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About this capture

LIBER A

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CCCCXII

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LIBER A

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CCCCXII

"... the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach." "Liber L", I, 37.

"The Pentacle."

Take pure wax, or a plate of gold, silver-gilt or Electrum Magicum. The diameter shall be eight inches, and the thickness half an inch.

Let the Neophyte by his understanding and ingenium devise a symbol to represent the Universe.

Let his Zelator approve thereof.

Let the Neophyte engrave the same upon the plate with his own hand and weapon.

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of emerald green.

"The Dagger."

Let the Zelator take a piece of pure steel, and beat it, grind it, sharpen it, and polish it, according to the art of the swordsmith.

Let him further take a piece of oak wood, and carve a hilt. The length shall be eight inches. {17}

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Word to represent the Universe.

Let his Practicus approve thereof.

Let the Zelator engrave the same upon his dagger with his own hand and instruments.

Let him further gild the wood of the hilt.

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of golden yellow.

"The Cup."

Let the Practicus take a piece of Silver and fashion therefrom a cup. The height shall be 8 inches, and the diameter 3 inches.

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Number to represent the Universe.

Let his Philosophus approve thereof.

Let the Practicus engrave the same upon his cup with his own hand and instrument.

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of azure blue.

"The Baculum."

Let the Philosophus take a rod of copper, of length eight inches and diameter half an inch.

Let him fashion about the top a triple flame of gold.

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Deed to represent the Universe.

Let his Dominus Liminis approve thereof.

Let the Philosophus perform the same in such a way that the Baculum may be partaker therein. {18}

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of fiery scarlet.

"The Lamp."

Let the Dominus Liminis take pure lead, tin, and quicksilver, with

platinum, and, if need be, glass.

let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Magick Lamp that shall burn without wick or oil, being fed by the Aethyr.

This shall he accomplish secretly and apart, without asking the advice or approval of his Adeptus Minor.

Let the Dominus Liminis keep it when consecrated in the secret chamber of Art.

This then is that which is written: "Bring furnished with complete armour and armed, he is similar to the goddess."

And again, "I am armed, I am armed."

{19}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04005.html>

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About this capture

I.NSIT N.ATURAE R.EGINA I.SIS

"

(Obtained in invocation, June 9-10, 1910 O.S.)

ALL the hot summer I lay in the darkness,
Calling on the winds to pass by me and slay me,
Slay me with light in the heat of the summer;
But the winds had no answer for one who was fallen
Asleep by the wayside, with no lyre to charm them,
No voice of the lyre, and no song to charm them.

Late as I lay there asleep by the wayside,
I heard a voice call to me, low in the silence,
There in the darkness the summer called to me:
"thou who art hidden in the green silence,
Let a time of quietness come now upon thee.
Lay thine head on the earth and slumber on her bosom:
Time and the gods shall pass darkling before thee."
There in the silence I lay, and I heeded
The slow voice that called me, the grave hand that beckoned,
That beckoned me on through the hall of the silence.

There in the silence there was a green goddess,
Folden her wings, and her hands dumbly folden,
Laying in her lay, as though asleep in the darkness.

Then did I hail her: "O mother, my mother,
Syren of the silence, dumb voice of the darkness, {21}
How shall I have speech of Thee, who know not Thy speaking?
How shall I behold Thee, who art hidden in the darkness?
Lo! I bend mine eyes before Thee, and no sign dost Thou vouchsafe me;
I whisper love-words before Thee, and I know not if Thou hear me,
Thou who art the darling of the Night and of the Silence;
Yellow art Thou as the sunlight through the corn-fields,
Bright as the sun-dawn on the snow-clad mountains,
Slow as the voice of the great green gliding River.
Calmly in Thy silence am I come to rest me,
Now from the world the light hath slowly faded;
I have left the groves of Pan that I might gaze upon Thee,
Gaze upon the Virgin that before Time was begotten,
Mother of Chronos, and the old gods before him,
Child of the womb of the Silence, whose father
Is the unknown breath of the most secret Goddess,
Whose name whoso hath heard is smitten to madness.

"Now do I come before Thee in Thy temple,
With offerings from the oak-woods and the breath of the water
That girds the earth with a girdle of green starlight;
And all the austerity of the brooding summer,
And all the wonder of the starlit spaces
That stare down awesomely upon the lonely marshes,
And the bogs with sucking lips, and the pools that charm the wanderer
Till he forgets the world, and rushes to sleep upon them." {22}

And still there was silence, and the voice of the world swept by me,
Making in mine ears the noise of tumbling waters;
But two voices I heard, and they spake one to the other:
"Who stands with downcast eyes in the temple of our Lady?"
And the answer: "A wanderer from the world who hath sought the halls of
silence;
Yet knoweth he not the Bride of the Darkness,
Her of the sable wings, and eyes of terrible blindness
That see through the worlds and find nothing and nothing,
Who would smite the worlds to peace, save that so she would perish,
And cannot, for that she is a goddess silent and immortal,
Utterly immortal in the gods' eternal darkness."

And the first voice cried: "Oh, that we might perish,

And become as pearls of blackness on the breast of the silence,
Lending the waste places of the world our darkness,
That the vision might burst in the brain of the seer,
And we be formed anew, and reborn in the light world."

But the other voice was silent, and the noise of waters swept me
Back into the world, and I lay asleep on a hill-side.
Bearing for evermore the heart of a goddess,
And the brain of a man, and the wings of the morning
Clipped by the shears of the silence; so must I wander lonely,
Nor know of the light till I enter into the darkness.

OMNIA VINCAM. {23}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04006.html>

47 captures

24 Aug 2001 - 28 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

22

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

HOW TO KEEP FIT, By C.T.SCHOFIELD, M.D. W. Rider and Sons. 1"s." net.

There is a deal of sound sense in this little manual. The author castigates faddists, though to my mind not severely enough. However, I suppose that in this mealy-mouthed age the truth is not printable.

It is a little amusing, though, to see how he tries to make his commonsense fit into Christianity.

It is the Puritan theory that theological sin, which means everything you like, is bad for you, that is responsible, according to statistics, for 79.403% of all the misery in England.

I suppose the bulk of the rest is due to having to review the outfall of the R.P.A. A.C.

THE LITERARY GUIDE. March-September, 1910.

We regret that the R.P.A. disliked our reviews of their sewerage. The said reviews were, however, written by one of the most prominent members of their own body. Rather like Epaminondas and the Cretans!

Anyhow, the "Guide" has wittily retorted on us that our reviews are "valueless." What a sparkler! What a crusher! A.C.

BHAKTI-YOGA. (Udvodhan Series.) By SWAMI VIVEKANANDA. 12 Gopal Chandra

Neogi's Lane, Baghbazar, Calcutta. 8 annas.

If Swami Vivekananda was not a great Yogi he was at least a very great expounder of Yoga doctrines. It is impossible here to convey to the reader a

just estimate of the extreme value of this book. But we can say that this is the best work on the Bhakti-Yoga yet written. Union through devotion is Bhakti-Yoga, and union with Isvara or the Higher Self is the highest form this union can take --- "man will be seen no more as man, but only as God; the animal will be seen no more as an animal, but as God; even the tiger will no more be seen a tiger, but as a manifestation of God" ... "love knows no bargaining ... love knows no reward ... love knows no fear ... love knows no rival ..." for "there are no men in this world but that One Man, and that is He, the Beloved."

In this excellent series can also be obtained Raja Yoga, one rupee; Karma Yoga, twelve annas; and Jnana Yoga, one rupee, which is worth knowing considering that the English edition of this last-mentioned work is priced at eleven shillings.

J. F. C. F.

[Yet we find Vivekananda, at the end of his life, complaining, in a private letter to a friend, that his reputation for holiness prevented him from going "on the bust." Poor silly devil! --- ED.] {24}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04007.html>

42 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

A HISTORY --- WITH A VENGEANCE

BY

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

0

THE FOOL

"WOULD you marry me, then?" the widow said.

"Yes, of course!" the man replied.

"You are a greater fool than I took you for."

"What do you mean?" he queried, vexed and puzzled. "Am I to take it that you had the intention --- that you were prepared ...?"

"Go on."

"I don't know."

"I will be," she said, repressing a merry chuckle, "quite outspoken. I was prepared to ... do nothing. Had you formulated some reasonable request ... well, it might have ended otherwise. But marriage! Whom do you take me for?"

And the lady --- she was dark-haired --- whistled to her favourite monkey, a reddish animal, who bounded on her lap.

Lionel Tabard left them both, in their inspiring contrast; never unfrowning his well-shaped but delusive brow.

A few days later, he attempted to kiss the whimsical widow, who then horse-whipped him, meaning to teach him --- not manners, but a-propos. Then she laughed. But he proved unintelligent, and never repeated his insult. Hence a nasty nickname from her lips. {27}

I

THE JUGGLER

"AND he well deserves it!"

"oh! it must have been ripping. I do wish I had been there; ... the horse-whip, and the monkey. He is such a silly fellow, poor 'cheval hongre!"

"Ah, yes! the new nickname."

"Don't you think that it fits him?"

"Oh, yes."

The silent man of the party moved uneasily in his armchair. He was slow of cogitation.

"Like the waistcoat of the late Nessus fitted Hercules, eh, what?" he suggested.

"A fool!"

"Hercules?"

"No, Lionel ... and, er ... yes, Hercules also. Tabard reminds me of that Bible chap."

"Potiphar's Joseph!" the silent man exclaimed triumphantly.

"Wrong again, Bernard. I meant Mary's Joseph."

The silent man threw his cigar over the fender.

II

LA PAPESSSE

LIONEL TABARD had been horse-whipped by a woman; he had received --- to taken --- no compensation. This I attribute to his mother. One reads many tales, the paper thereof being {28} damnably wasted; in most of these, mothers are all author-made angels --- sweet, loving, kind, forbearing, forgiving creatures, who feel the responsibility they undertook when they called upon a part of the spiritual world to come down among us. Of course, such mothers are the ideal mothers of a perfect human race, and the authors may consider themselves justified. Nevertheless, let us be true in this one history, and acknowledge the fact that some mothers are a thoroughly bad lot. They are mostly to be found among the well-to-do people, I suppose --- and I do not wonder. When I see a mother smiling upon her grown-up son, I feel very sad. I remember my own parent ...

There! I called this a history --- with a vengeance. You have it. Now for a lesson in psychology.

Lionel's mother was queen and "regente" of bad parents. She was cleaver, but void of reasoning powers; inclined to religious mania, her immediate neighbourhood was crowded with foul larvae. In a legal and womanly manner she had despatched her first husband to the night of a Sanatorium and thence to an early grave. She had suffered badly at the hands of her second. This we may take as being the coarsest form of that automatic justice, which is dealt only to the coarsest natures. It had not, however, extirpated an iota of her fund of self-esteem and lust for authority. To the latter, Lionel had often fallen a victim. He was born bright and happy; the Houses had done well by him. His mother gradually turned him into a self-concentrated, self-conscious, frightened and deceitful youth. She had mentally emasculated him; and, in his fits of understanding, he cursed her with no mean-spirited lips. He never forgave her the death of his {29} father, her lying, under-handed ways, especially her brutality. His was a noble hatred, utter, blood-thirsty, virulent, eternal.

After years of melancholy and the physical consequences thereof, Lionel Tabard found himself free from his tyrannical parent. He soon forgot her, and, as the Divine Blinkings passed by, his recollection became less and less distinct. He only remembered two facts. She had once, during his sleep, broken a bone of his nose with a poker, because he snored; and, at another time, she had broken in two a valuable riding-crop on his shoulder.

Her death pleased him. But his constitution was much weakened by boyish exertions and the physical feeling of emptiness and marrowlessness, the consequences of his shyness and lack of sportsmanship.

The first use he had to make of his freedom and of his fortune was to book a cabin on the first liner bound for New Zealand, where he was let to expect a total recovery.

THE EMPRESS

LIONEL lived on a large estate, rode, hunted, played games, was made love to; discovered the joys of Nature, the pleasures kept in reserve for man by Isis, and the superiority of the numbers two and three over the unity. He found, to his surprise, that women could take interest in him. His shyness was apparent, but tempted them. In his eyes they met an eager hungry expression, a longing infinite for all things human, which tickled their desires. He seemed to be ever staring at an invisible goal. The goal was the Tree of the {30} full knowledge. Lionel felt within himself a tenacious longing, a perpetual desire. His lack of physical courage as counterbalanced by his intellectual daring; he meant to collar the Angel, and to re-enter the Paradise of that first victim of womanhood, Adam of the bent shoulders, Adam of the foolish resignation to the self-preserving decree of the frightened divinities.

His errors of tactics were caused by the fact that he hoped to test the apple without the help of Woman. Often enough, Lionel Tabard unwittingly repelled the advances of many a feminine would-be initiator.

VI1

THE LOVER

BUT he was not prompted by the wisdom of a Master; merely by cowardice and self-consciousness. He could not command love and desires; the angels of love and desires therefore digged a deep trap before his feet...

Tabard was sitting in the verandah. The men had gone to bed, the women also. He lighted his pipe, the use of which a life in open air had permitted his lungs to tolerate. He was thinking, pondering, meditating upon the most important matter in life, the personal one. He looked at his hands, white, well shaped, well kept, but the left retaining a stiffer and curved appearance. Lionel felt ashamed of himself. He took his watch in his hand and looked at the time of night. {31} Twenty-one minutes past one o'clock --- the day war marching towards its first duality. The door opened behind him, and the creaking wood caused him to jump up. The daughter of his host stood in her night-garments, a poem in pale green and white.

She said nothing; and he imitated the wisdom of her silence. His heart began a wild, unhealthy fandango; his temples ached; his legs shook under him. He felt himself paling; strange impulses prompted him to a return to ancestral savagery. Alas, he sadly lacked experience.

However, the woman had burned her vessels, and meant to help him.

"Lionel," she said, "I have come."

"I see," he managed to answer hoarsely, but the words in his throat seemed to feel like two huge hard lumps.

"Kiss me!"

Instinctively he stepped towards her and opened his arms. She fell heavily within their embrace. She hugged herself close against his breast and nestled on him, her eyes half-closed, her tongue and teeth searching blindly and savagely for his lips.

Contrary to his expectations, and more according to some of his past sensations and fears, Lionel Tabard felt more uneasiness than joy, more pain than pleasure. He congratulated himself upon the fact that the cool night had caused him to dress warmly, and that he had not trusted his body to the protection of the garment to which he owed his surname. As it was, the fierce Maenad was overcome by her passion ere she could have made him take a share in it.

Nevertheless, Woman often wins through sheer obstinacy, {32} and Lionel allowed himself to be conquered. Gradually, as the relations between them grew with the force of habit, his disgust increased, while his condescension plunged him deeper into the pit. He longed to tear himself away, and gradually discovered that she had become a necessity to him. He lost pleasure in himself and found none in her; finally he played an old trick and caused a telegram to be sent, calling him away. He swore to return speedily --- which he didn't.

He sailed back to Europe, found himself in London, where his first experience caused him to waver between eagerness and self-consciousness. At that time, he met with the adventure which I related. A young widow horse-whipped him. Lionel was still very far from his salvation.

- 1 For reasons which are obvious to anyone who has mixed the Gluten of the White Eagle with the Red Powder, or accomplished the Third Projection, the order of the Tarot trumps cannot any longer be preserved. Nor will their number exceed seven.

IX

THE HERMIT

HE went to seek it in the wilderness. A cottage green as a lizard, surrounded by flowers and trees, well furnished, well kept by a couple of servants, male and female, such was the chosen retreat. It proved very comfortable --- and lonely.

He pursued his education, often troubled by horrid visions, when he saw himself the centre of a stage where men and women crowded above, around, and beneath him. They reminded him of the terrible prediction of the French poet, who showed the two sexes dying away, irrevocably parted,

La femme ayant Gomorrhe et l'homme ayant Sodome.²

All the Messalines and Circes of an impure sex were {33} balancing before him their tempting, repulsive, holy and foul, loose or firm, twin breasts. Himself, cloven-hoofed and curl-horned, had to flagellate his own flesh with iron chains, which failed to overcome the moral urtication, as had the

repeated physical purgings of his early years. narcissus, in a corner, pale and smiling, urged him to renewed efforts; Spirits, both incubi and succubae, thrusting themselves upon him, ate him away...

But all these dreams gradually faded out. Lionel had become a translucent set of bones, with two big eyes heavily crowned. The time of his knowledge had come.

XV

THE DEVIL

I TRUST I said nothing that could lead the reader into the belief that the cottage was a lonely spot. Men and women lived in its almost immediate neighbourhood. Among others, Sir Anthony Lawthon and his daughters. I propose that we concern ourselves solely with the eldest of these, Mary Lawthon.

I hardly know how to describe her. She was a woman of six and twenty, most easy to understand, very simple and very complex, simple in her complexity, complex in her simplicity. To men she seemed a man, strong, healthy, a rough-rider, a ski-runner, a champion in many sports, who smoked her pipe and emptied her glass passing well. To women she seemed a woman, whose hands were ever ready for a soft caress, whose lips were full and red, whose skin was velvet.

As a whole, she was very manly in her life, speech and {34} habit. She dressed often as a man; and, one day, riding by Lionel's cottage, she noticed the thin-armed youth whose eyes were big and haloed.

Their eyes met; she smiled, he trembled. Both were pleased. The next day rose and brought them again together. A formal introduction followed. Mary the male conquered Lionel the female. Thereafter, the "cheval hongre" lost his nickname. Nor did he give any widow the chance of horse-whipping him again.

XVIII

THE MOON

THEY were very happy; he learnt the joy of health and the ineffable delectation of surrender; she the thrilling pain-pleasure of possession. Here, she, being the heroine of our tale, passes out of it.

They are very happy. Man and woman. The complete being. May their love last longer than the bee's!

2 Alfred de Vigny: "Col?re de Samson."

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04008.html>

37 captures

01 May 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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28

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About this capture

CAPTAIN MARGARET. By JOHN MASEFIELD.

I bought this book thinking to find a jolly pirate yarn. Instead, in a style recalling now Bart Kennedy now Hall Caine, the meanderings and maunderings of a crew of ill-assorted sexual degenerates.

And I wasted sevenpence on this nauseous nastiness!

THE PORCH. Vol I, No. 1. THE OVERSOUL. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"The Porch" promises to be a delightful addition to our periodical literature. Its first number gives in clear type on a nice page the magnificent essay which we all know so well, yet of which we never tire.

The one objection to Emerson is that he thinks all men know this Oversoul. They don't. It's a few holy illuminated men of God, and I hope that this includes John M. Watkins. A.C.

Vol. I, No. 2. June, 1910. A TRUE CHRISTIAN. By JACOB BOEHME.

A most exquisite treatise on the life of the soul.

Boehme is a passive mystic, or quietist, of the very first water; he really perceives the underlying realities of Christianity, a religion which is so hidden by mounds of dirt and rubbish that it needs a very great mystic to get to the bottom of things without becoming defiled.

I hope Mr. Watkins is a true Christian.

V. B. N.

THE PORCH. Vol. I, No. 3. ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE. By PLOTINUS.

We took up this book with avidity, thinking from the title that it was about Mr. Watkins. But no; at least not under that name.

Plotinus' method of mystic exercise is practically that of Liber XVI (A ∴ A ∴ publication in Class D), but it takes a deal of research to discover this in his dull pages. He drones on in such an exalted kind of way, don'tcherknow!

There is hardly a mystic living who wouldn't be a better man for reading Gal's Gossip now and then. I wish I had a copy here!

DORIS LESLIE ("BABY").

THINGS A FREEMASON SHOULD KNOW. By F. J. W. CROWE.

It is a pity that the title of this excellent manual should suggest the sexual sliminess of Sylvanus Stall, D.D., for it is a most admirable compliation, a capital handbook and "vade-mecum" which no Mason should be without. It is intensely interesting and beautifully illustrated with portraits of Masonic worthies past and present --- there are no future celebrities; why the omission? --- historic regalia and charitable institutions.

H. K. T.

{36}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04009.html>

43 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

AT BORDJ-AN-NUS

EL ARABI! El Arabi! Burn in thy brilliance, mine own!
O Beautiful! O Barbarous! Seductive as a serpent is
That poises head and hood, and makes his body tremble to the drone
Of tom-tom and of cymbal wooed by love's assassin sorceries!

El Arabi! El Arabi!

The moon is down; we are alone;
May not our mouths meet, madden, mix, melt in the starlight of a kiss?

El Arabi!

There by the palms, the desert's edge, I drew thee to my heart and held
Thy shy slim beauty for a splendid second; and fell moaning back,
Smitten by Love's forked flashing rod --- as if the uprooted mandrake yelled!
As if I had seen God, and died! I thirst! I writhe upon the rack!

El Arabi! El Arabi!

It is not love! I am compelled
By some fierce fate, a vulture poised, heaven's single ominous speck of black.

El Arabi! {37}

There in the lonely bordj across the dreadful lines of sleeping men,
Swart sons of the Sahara, thou didst writhe slim, sinuous and swift,
Warning me with a viper's hiss --- and was not death upon us then,
No bastard of thy maiden kiss? God's grace, the all-surpassing gift!

El Arabi! El Arabi!

Yea, death is man's Elixir when

Life's pale wine foams and splashes over his imagination's rim!
El Arabi!

El Arabi! El Arabi! witch-amber and obsidian
Thine eyes are, to ensorcell me, and leonine thy male caress.
Will not God grant us Paradise to end the music Earth began?
We play with loaded dice! He cannot choose but raise right hand to bless.
El Arabi! El Arabi!
Great is the love of God and man
While I am trembling in thine arms, wild wanderer of the wilderness!
El Arabi!

HILDA NORFOLK.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04010.html>
40 captures
11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024
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About this capture

Lambda Iota Nu Omicron Sigma Iota Sigma Iota Delta Omicron Sigma

Lo! I lament. Fallen is the sixfold Star:
Slain is Asar.
O twinned with me in the womb of Night!
O son of my bowels to the Lord of Light!
O man of mine that hast covered me
From the shame of my virginity!
Where art thou? Is it not Apep thy brother,
The snake in my womb that am thy mother,
That hath slain thee by violence girt with guile,
And scattered thy limbs on the Nile?

Lo! I lament. I have forged a whirling Star:
I seek Asar.
O Nepti, sister! Arise in the dusk
From thy chamber of mystery and musk!
Come with me, though weary the way,
To bring back his life to the rended clay!
See! are not these the hands that wove
Delight, and these the arms that strove
With me? And these the feet, the thighs
That were lovely in mine eyes?

Lo! IO lament. I gather in my car

Thine head, Asar. {39}
And this --- is this not the trunk he rended?
But --- oh! oh! oh! --- the task transcended,
Where is the holy idol that stood
For the god of thy queen's beatitude?
Here is the tent --- but where is the pole?
Here is the body --- but where is the soul?
Nepti, sister, the work is undone
For lack of the needed One!

Lo! I lament. There is no god so far
As mine Asar!
There is no hope, none, in the corpse, in the tomb.
But these --- what are these that war in my womb?
There is vengeance and triumph at last of Maat
In Ra-Hoor-Khut and in Hoor-pa-Kraat!
Twins they shall rise; being twins they are one,
The Lord of the Sword and the Son of the Sun!
Silence, coeval colleague of the Voice,
The plumes of Amoun --- rejoice!

Lo! I rejoice. I heal the sanguine scar
Of slain Asar.
I was the Past, Nature the Mother.
He was the Present, Man my brother.
Look to the Future, the Child --- oh paean
The Child that is crowned in the Lion-Aeon!
The sea-dawns surge an billow and break
Beneath the scourge of the Star and the Snake.
To my lord I have borne in my womb deep-vaulted
This babe for ever exalted!

ALEISTER CROWLEY

{40}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04011.html>
57 captures
11 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024
Sep FEB Mar
24
2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

IV.

THE HERMIT

WITH the seventh stage in the Mystical Progress of Frater P. we arrive at a sudden and definite turning-point.

During the last two years he had grown strong in the Magic of the West. After having studied a host of mystical systems he had entered the Order of the Golden Dawn, and it had been a nursery to him. In it he had learnt to play with the elements and the elemental forces; but now having arrived at years of adolescence, he put away childish things, and stepped out into the world to teach himself what no school could teach him, --- the Arcanum that pupil and master are one!

He had become a 6 $\emptyset$ = 5 $\emptyset$, and it now rested with him, and him alone, to climb yet another ridge of the Great Mountain and become a 7 $\emptyset$ = 4 $\emptyset$, an Exempt Adept in the Second Order, Master over the Ruach and King over the Seven Worlds.

By destroying those who had usurped control of the Order of the Golden Dawn, he not only broke a link with the darkening past, but forged so might an one with the gleaming future, that soon he was destined to weld it to the all encircling chain of the Great Brotherhood.

The Golden Dawn was now but a deserted derelict, mastless, rudderless, with a name of opprobrium painted across its battered stern. P. however did not abandon it to to cast himself helpless into the boiling waters of discontent, but instead, he leapt on board that storm-devouring Argosy of Adepts which was destined to bear him far beyond the crimsoning rays of {43} this dying dawn to the mystic land where stood the Great Tree upon the topmost branches of which hung the Golden Fleece.

Long was he destined to travel, past Lemnos and Samothrace, and through Colchis and the city of AEea. There, as a second Jason, in the Temple of Hecate, in the grove of Diana, under the cold rays of the Moon, was he to seal that fearful pact, that pledge of fidelity to Medea, Mistress of Enchantments. There was he to tame the two Bulls, whose feet were of brass, whose horns were as crescent moons in the night, and whose nostrils belched forth mingling columns of flame and of smoke. There was he to harness them to that plough which is made of one great adamantine stone; and with it was he determined to plough the two acres of ground which had never before been tilled by the hand of man, and sow the white dragons' teeth, and slay the armed multitude, that black army of unbalanced forces which obscures the light of the sun. And then, finally, was he destined to slay with the Sword of Flaming Light that ever watchful Serpent which writhes in silent Wisdom about the trunk of that Tree upon which the Christ hangs crucified.

All these great deeds did he do, as we shall see. he tamed the bulls with ease, --- the White and the Black. He ploughed the double field, --- the East and the West. He sowed the dragons' teeth, --- the Armies of Doubt; and among them did he cast the stone of Zoroaster given to him by Medea, Queen of Enchantments, so that immediately they turned their weapons one against the other, and perished. And then lastly, on the mystic cup of Iacchus he lulled to sleep the Dragon of the illusions of life, and taking down the Golden Fleece accomplished the Great Work. Then once again did he set {44} sail, and sped past Circe, through Scylla and Carybdis; beyond the singing sisters of Sicily, back to the fair plains of Thessaly and the wooded slopes of Olympus. And one day shall it come to pass that he will return to that far distant land where hung that Fleece of Gold, the Fleece he brought to the Children of Men so that they might weave from it a little garment of comfort; and there on that Self-same Tree shall he hand himself, and others shall crucify him; so that in that Winter which draweth nigh, he who is to come may find yet another garment to cover the hideous nakedness of man, the Robe that hath no Seam. And those who shall receive, though they cast lots for it, yet shall they not rend it, for it is woven from the top throughout.

For unto you is paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, a city is builded, the rest is allowed, yea, perfect goodness and wisdom. The root of evil is sealed up from you, weakness and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled unto hell to be forgotten: sorrows are passed, and in the end is shewed the treasure of immortality.¹

Yea! the Treasure of Immortality. In his own words let us now describe this sudden change.

IN NOMINE DEI
HB:Nun-final HB:Mem HB:Aleph
Insit Naturae Regina Isis.

At the End of the Century:
At the End of the Year:
At the Hour of Midnight:
Did I complete and bring to perfection the Work of
L.I.L.²

{45}

In Mexico: even as I did receive it from him who is reincarnated in me: and this work is to the best of my knowledge a synthesis of what the Gods have given unto me, as far as is possible without violating my obligations unto the Chiefs of the R. R. et A. C. Now did I deem it well that I should rest awhile before resuming my labours in the Great Work, seeing that he, who sleepeth never, shall fall by the wayside, and also remembering the twofold sign: the

Power of Horus: and the Power of Hoor-pa-Kraat.³

Now, the year being yet young, One D. A. came unto me, and spake.

- 1 ii Esdras, viii, 52-54.
- 2 Lamp of Invisible Light. L.I.L. The title of the first AEthyr derived from the initial letters of the Three Mighty Names of God. In all there are thirty of these AEthyrs, "whose dominion extendedth in ever widening circles without and beyond the Watch Towers of the Universe." In one sense rightly enough did P. bring to completion the work L.I.L. at the end of the year 1900; but, in another, it took him nine long years of toil before he perfected it, for it was not until the last days of the year 1909 that the work of the Thirty AEthyrs was indeed brought to an end. In 1900 verily was the work conceived, but not until the year 1909 was it brought forth a light unto the darkness, a little spark cast into the Well of Time. (P. merely means that at this time he established a secret Order of this name.)
- 3 The Signs are of Projection and Withdrawal of Force; necessary complements.

And he spake not any more (as had been his wont) in guise of a skeptic and indifferent man: but indeed with the very voice and power of a Great Guru, or of one definitely sent from such a Brother of the Great White Lodge.

Yea! though he spake unto me words all of disapproval, did I give thanks and grace to God that he had deemed my folly worthy to attract his wisdom.

And, after days, did my Guru not leave me in my state of humiliation, and, as I may say, despair: but spake words of comfort saying: "Is it not written that if thine Eye be single thy whole body shall be full of Light?" Adding: "In thee is no power of mental concentration and control of thought: and without this thou mayst achieve nothing."

Under his direction, therefore, I began to apply myself unto the practice of Raja-yoga, at the same time avoiding all, even the smallest, consideration of things occult, as also he bade me.

Thus, at the beginning, I did meditate twice daily, three meditations morning and evening, upon such simple objects as --- a white triangle; a red cross; Isis; the simple Tatwas; a wand; and the like. I remained after some three weeks for 59 1/2 minutes at one time, wherein my thought wandered 25 times. Now I began also to consider more complex things: my little Rose Cross;⁴ the {46} complex Tatwas; the Golden Dan Symbol, and so on. also I began the exercise of the pendulum and other simple regular motions. Wherefore to-day of Venus, the 22nd of February 1901, I being in the City of Guadalajara, in the Hotel Cosmopolita, I do begin to set down all that I accomplish in this work:

And may the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep my heart and mind through Christ Jesus our Lord.

Let my mind be open unto
the Higher:

Let my heart be the Centre
of Light:
Let my body be the
Temple
of the
ROSY CROSS.
Ex Deo Nascimur
In Jesu Morimur
Per Spiritum Sanctum Reviviscimus.

We must now digress in order to give some account of the Eastern theories of the Universe and the mind. Their study will clarify our view of Frater P's progress.

The reader is advised to study Chapter VII of Captain J. F. C. Fuller's "Star in the West" in connection with this exposition.

{47}

- 4 Lost under dramatic circumstances at Frater P. A.'s house in 1909.

THE AGNOSTIC POSITION

DIRECT experience is the key to Yoga; direct experience of that Soul (Atman) or Essence (Purusha) which acting upon Energy (Pr?na), and Substance (Ak?sa) differentiates a plant from a stone, an animal from a plant, a man from an animal, a man from a man, and man from God, yet which ultimately is the underlying Equilibrium of all things; for as the Bhaga-vad-G?ta says: "Equilibrium is called Yoga."

Chemically the various groups in the organic and inorganic worlds are similar in structure and composition. One piece of limestone is very much like another, and so also are the actual bodies of any two men, but not so their minds. There-fore, should we wish to discover and understand that Power which differentiates, and yet ultimately balances all appearances, which are derived by the apparently unconscious object and received by the apparently conscious subject, we must look for it in the workings of man's brain.⁵ {48}

This is but a theory, but a theory worth working upon until a better be derived from truer facts. Adopting it, the transfigured-realist gazes at it with wonder and then casts Theory overboard, and loads his ship with Law; postulates that every cause has its effect; and, when his ship begins to sink, refuses to jettison his wretched cargo, or even to man the pumps of Doubt, because the final result is declared by his philosophy to be

unknowable.

If any one cause be unknowable, be it first or last, then all causes are unknowable. The will to create is denied, the will to annihilate is denied, and finally the will to act is denied. Propositions perhaps true to the Master, but certainly not so to the disciple. Because Titian was a great artist and Rodin is a great sculptor, that is no reason why we should abolish art schools and set an embargo on clay.

If the will to act is but a mirage of the mind, then equally so is the will to differentiate or select. If this be true, and the chain of Cause and Effect is eternal, how is it then that Cause A produces effect B, and Cause B effect C, and Cause A + B + C effect X. Where originates this power of production? It is said there is no change, the medium remaining alike throughout. But we say there is a change --- a change of form,⁶ and not only a change, but a distinct birth and a distinct death of form. What creates

5 Verworn in his "General Physiology" says: "It was found that the sole reality that we are able to discover in the world is mind. The idea of the physical world is only a product of the mind. ... But this idea is not the whole of mind, for we have many mental constituents, such as the simple sensations of pain and of pleasure, that are not ideas of bodies ... every process of knowledge, including scientific knowledge, is merely a psychical event. ... This fact cannot be banished by the well-known method of the ostrich" (pp. 39, 40).

"The real mystery of mysteries is the mind of man. Why, with a pen or brush, one man sits down and makes a masterpiece, and yet another, with the self-same instruments and opportunities, turns out a daub or botch, is twenty times more curious than all the musings of the mystics, works of the Rosicrucians, or the mechanical contrivances which seem to-day so fine, and which our children will disdain as clumsy" (R. B. Cumminghame Graham in his preface to "The Canon").

6 Form here is synonymous with the Hindu M^y?, it is also the chief power of the Buddhist devil, Mara, and even of that mighty devil, Choronzon.

this form? Sense perception. what will destroy this form, and reveal to us that which lies behind it? {49} Presumably cessation of sense perception. How can we prove our theory? By cutting away every perception, every thought-form as it is born, until nothing thinkable is left, not even the thought of the unknowable.

The man of science will often say "I do not know, I really do not know where these bricks came from, or how they were made, or who made them; but here they are; let us build a house and live in it." Now this indeed is a very sensible view to take, and the result is we have some very fine houses built by these excellent bricklayers; but strange to say, this is the fatalist's point of view, and a fatalistic science is indeed a cruel kind of oxymoron. As a matter of fact he is nothing of the kind; for, when he has

exhausted his supply of bricks, he starts to look about for others, and when others cannot be found, he takes one of the old ones and picking it to pieces tries to discover of what it is made so that he may make more.

What is small-pox? Really, my friend, I do not know where it came from, or what it is, or how it originated; when a man catches it he either dies or recovers, please go away and don't ask me ridiculous questions! Now this indeed would not be considered a very sensible view to adopt. And why? Simply because small-pox no longer happens to be believed in as a malignant devil, but is, at least partially, known and understood. Similarly, when we have gained as much knowledge of the First Cause as we have of small-pox, we shall no longer "believe" in a Benevolent God or otherwise, but shall, at least partially, know and understand Him as He is or is-not. "I can't learn this!" is the groan of a schoolboy and not the exclamation of a sage. No doctor who is worth his salt will say: "I can't tackle this disease"; he says: "I will tackle {50} this disease." So also with the Unknowable, God, "a priori," First Cause, etc., etc., this metaphysical sickness can be cured. Not certainly in the same manner as small-pox can be; for physicians have a scientific language wherein to express their ideas and thoughts, whilst a mystic too often has not; but by a series of exercises, or a system of symbolic teaching, which will gradually lead the sufferer from the material to the spiritual, and not leave him gazing and wondering at it, as he would at a star in the night.

A fourth dimensional being, outside a few mathematical symbols, would be unable to explain to a third dimensional being a fourth dimensional world, simply because he would be addressing him in a fourth dimensional language. Likewise, in a less degree, would a doctor be unable to explain the theory of inoculation to a savage, but it is quite conceivable that he might be able to teach him how to vaccinate himself or another; which would be after all the chief point gained.

Similarly the Yogi says: I have arrived at a state of Superconsciousness (Samādhi) and you, my friend, are not only blind, deaf and dumb, and a savage, but the son of a pig into the bargain. You are totally immersed in Darkness (Tamas); a child of ignorance (Avidya), and the offspring of illusion (Maya); as mad, insane and idiotic as those unfortunates you lock up in your asylums to convince you, as one of you yourselves has very justly remarked, that you are not all raving mad. For you consider not only one thing, which you insult by calling God, but all things, to be real; and anything which has the slightest odour of reality about it you pronounce an illusion. But, as my brother the Magician has told you, "he {51} who denies anything asserts something," now let me disclose to you this "Something," so that you may find behind the pairs of opposites what this something is in itself and not in its appearance.

It has been pointed out in a past chapter how that in the West symbol has been added to symbol, and how that in the East symbol has been subtracted from symbol. How in the West the Magician has said: "As all came from God so must all proceed to God," the motion being a forward one, and acceleration of the one already existing. Now let us analyze what is meant by the worlds of the

yogi when he says: "As all came from god so must all return to God," the motion being, as it will be at once seen, a backward one, a slowing down of the one which already exists, until finally is reached that goal from which we originally set out by a cessation of thinking, a weakening of the vibrations of illusion until they cease to exist in Equilibrium.⁷ {52}

- 7 "The forces of the universe are only known to us, in reality, but disturbances of equilibrium. The state of equilibrium constitutes the limit beyond which we can no longer follow them" (Gustave le Bon, "The Evolution of Matter," p. 94).

THE VEDANTA

BEFORE we enter upon the theory and practice of Yoga, it is essential that the reader should possess some slight knowledge of the Vedānta philosophy; and though the following in no way pretends to be an exhaustive account of the same, yet it is hoped that it will prove a sufficient guide to lead the seeker from the Western realms of Magic and action to the Eastern lands of Yoga and renunciation.

To begin with, the root-thought of all philosophy and religion, both Eastern and Western, is that the universe is only an appearance, and not a reality, or, as Deussen has it:

The entire external universe, with its infinite ramifications in space and time, as also the involved and intricate sum of our inner perceptions, is all merely the form under which the essential reality presents itself to a consciousness such as ours, but is not the form in which it may subsist outside of our consciousness and independent of it; that, in other words, the sum total of external and internal experience always and only tells us how things are constituted for us, and for our intellectual capacities, not how they are in themselves and apart from intelligences such as ours.⁸

Here is the whole of the World's philosophy in a hundred words; the undying question which has perplexed the mind of man from the dim twilight of the Vedas to the sweltering noon-tide of present-day Scepticism, what is the "Ding an sich"; what is the alpha upsilon tau omicron chi alpha theta alpha upsilon tau omicron ; what is the Atman?

That the thing which we perceive and experience is not {53} the "thing in itself" is very certain, for it is only what "WE see." Yet nevertheless we renounce this as being absurd, or not renouncing it, at least do not live up to our assertion; for, we name that which is a reality to a child, and a deceit or illusion to a man, an apparition or a shadow. Thus, little by

little, we beget a new reality upon the old reality, a new falsehood upon the old falsehood, namely, that the thing we see is "an illusion" and is not "a reality," seldom considering that the true difference between the one and the other is but the difference of name. Then after a little do we begin to believe in "the illusion" as firmly and concretely as we once believed in "the reality," seldom considering that all belief is illusory, and that knowledge is only true as long as it remains unknown.⁹

Now Knowledge is identification, not with the inner or outer of a thing, but with that which cannot be explained by either, and which is the essence of the thing in itself,¹⁰ and which the Upanishads name the Atman.

Identification with this Atman (Emerson's "Oversoul") is therefore the end of Religion and Philosophy alike.

8 Deussen, "The Philosophy of the Upanishads," p. 40. See also Berkeley's "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous."

9 Once the unknown becomes known it becomes untrue, it loses its Virginity, that mysterious power of attraction the Unknown always possesses; it no longer represents our ideal, though it may form an excellent foundation for the next ideal; and so on until Knowledge and Nescience are out-stepped. General and popular Knowledge is like a common prostitute, the toy of any man. To maintain this purity, this virginity, are the mysteries kept secret from the multitude.

10 And yet again this is a sheer deceit, as every conceit must be.

"Verily he who has seen, heard, comprehended and known the Atman, by him is this entire universe known."¹¹ Because there is but one Atman and not many Atmans. {54}

The first veil against which we must warn the aspirant is the entanglement of language, of words and of names. The merest tyro will answer, "of course you need not explain to me that, if I call a thing 'A' or 'B,' it makes no difference to that thing in itself." And yet not only the tyro, but many of the astutest philosophers have fallen into this snare, and not only once but an hundred times; the reason being that they have not remained silent¹² about that which can only be "known" and not "believed in," and that which can never be named without begetting a duality (an untruth), and consequently a whole world of illusions. It is the crucifixion of every would-be Saviour, this teaching of a truth under the symbol of a lie, this would-be explanation to the multitude of the unexplainable, this passing off on the "canaille" the strumpet of language (the Consciously Known) in the place of the Virgin of the World (the Consciously Unknown).¹³

No philosophy has ever grasped this terrible limitation so firmly as the Vedānta. "All experimental knowledge, the four Vedas and the whole series of empirical science, as they are enumerated in Chāndogya, 7. 1. 2-3, are 'nāma eva,' 'mere name.'"¹⁴ As the Rig Veda says, "they call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni, and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutmān. To what is one, sages give many a title: they call it Agni, Tama, Mātṛisvan."¹⁵ {55}

Thus we find that "duality" in the East is synonymous with "a mere matter

of words,"¹⁶ and further, that, when anything is (or can be) describe by a word or a name, the knowledge concerning it is Avidy? "ignorance."

No sooner are the eyes of a man opened¹⁷ than he sees "good and evil," and becomes a prey to the illusions he has set out to conquer. He gets something apart from himself, and whether it be Religion, Science, or Philosophy it matters not; for in the vacuum which he thereby creates, between him and it, burns the fever that he will never subdue until he has annihilated both.¹⁸ God, Immortality, Freedom, are appearances and not realities, they are M?y? and not Atman; Space, Time and Causality¹⁹ are appearances and not realities,

11 Brihad?ranjaka Upanishad, 2. 4. 5b.

12 The highest men are calm, silent and unknown. They are the men who really know the power of thought; they are sure that, even if they go into a cave and close the door and simply think five true thoughts and then pass away, these five thoughts of theirs will live through eternity. (Vivek?nanda, "Karma Yoga," Udbodhan edition, pp. 164, 165.)

13 Or the Unconsciously Known.

14 Deussen, "ibid.", p. 76.

15 "Rigveda" (Griffiths), i. 164. 46. "You may call the Creator of all things by different names: Liber, Hercules, Mercury, are but different names of the same divine being" (Seneca, iv, 7. 8).

16 "Ch?ndogya Upanishad," 6. 1. 3. Also of "form."

17 That is to say, when he gains knowledge.

18 This is the meaning of "Nequaquam Vacuum."

19 Modern Materialism receives many a rude blow at the hands of Gustave le Bon. This great Frenchman writes: "These fundamental dogmas, the bases of modern science, the researches detailed in this work tend to destroy. If the principle of the conservation of energy --- which, but the by, is simply a bold generalization of experiments made in very simple cases --- likewise succumbs to the blows which are already attacking it, the conclusion must be arrived at that nothing in the world is eternal." ("The Evolution of Matter," p. 18.) In other words, all is full of birth, growth, and decay, that is M?y?. Form to the Materialist, Name to the Idealist, and Nothing to him who has risen above both.

they also are M?y? and not Atman. All that is not Atman is M?y?, and M?y? is ignorance, and ignorance is sin.

Now the philosophical fall of the Atman produces the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, God and not-God --- the Universe, or the power which asserts a separateness, an individuality, {56} a self-consciousness --- I am! This is explained in Brihad?ranyaka, 1. 4. 1. as follows:

"In the beginning the Atman alone in the form of a man²⁰ was this universe. He gazed around; he saw nothing there but himself. Thereupon he cried out at the beginning: 'It is I.' Thence originated the name I. Therefore to-day,

when anyone is summoned, he answers first 'It is I'; and then only he names the other name which he bears."²¹

This Consciousness of "I" is the second veil which man meets on his upward journey, and, unless he avoid it and escape from its hidden meshes, which are a thousandfold more dangerous than the entanglements of the veil of words, he will never arrive at that higher consciousness, that superconsciousness (Samādhi), which will consume him back into the Atman from which he came.

As the fall of the Atman arises from the cry "It is I," so does the fall of the Self-consciousness of the universe-man arise through that Self-consciousness crying "I am it," thereby identifying the shadow with the substance; from this fall arises the first veil we had occasion to mention, the veil of duality, of words, of belief.

This duality we find even in the texts of the oldest Upanishads, such as in Brihadarajaka, 3. 4. 1. "It is thy soul, {57} which is within all." And also again in the same Upanishad (I. 4. 10.), "He who worships another divinity (than the Atman), and says 'it is one and I am another' is not wise, but he is like a house-dog of the gods." And house-dogs shall we remain so long as we cling to a belief in a knowing subject and a known object, or in the worship of anything, even of the Atman itself, as long as it remains apart from ourselves. Such a dilemma as this does not take long to induce one of those periods of "spiritual dryness," one of those "dark nights of the soul" so familiar to all mystics and even to mere students of mysticism. And such a night seems to have closed around Yajñavalkya when he exclaimed:

After death there is no consciousness. For where there is as it were a duality, there one sees the other, smells, hears, addresses, comprehends, and knows the other; but when everything has become to him his own self, how should he smell, see, hear, address, understand, or know anyone at all? How should he know him, through whom he knows all this, how should he know the knower?²²

Thus does the Supreme Atman become unknowable, on account of the individual Atman²³ remaining unknown; and further, will remain unknowable as long as consciousness of a separate Supremacy exists in the heart of the individual.

²⁰ "There are two persons of the Deity, one in heaven, and one which descended upon earth in the form of man ("i.e.", Adam Qadmon), and the Holy One, praised be He! unites them (in the union of Samādhi, that is, of "Sam" (Greek sigma upsilon nu, "together" "with"), and "Adhi," Hebrew "Adonai, the Lord"). There are three Lights in the Upper Holy Divine united in One, and this is the foundation of the doctrine of Every-Thing, this is the beginning of the Faith, and Every-Thing is concentrated therein" ("Zohar III," beginning of paragraph. "She'meneh," fol. 36a.

²¹ It is fully realized that outside the vastness of the symbol this "Fall of God" is as impertinent as it is unthinkable.

22 Brihad?ranjaka Upanishad, 2. 4. 12.

23 The illusion of thinking ourselves similar to the Unity and yet separated from It.

Directly the seeker realizes this, a new reality is born, and the clouds of night roll back and melt away before the light of a breaking dawn, brilliant beyond all that have preceded it. Destroy this consciousness, and the Unknowable may become the Known, or at least the Unknown, in the sense of the undiscovered. Thus we find the old Vedantist presupposing an Atman and a sigma upsilon mu beta omicron lambda omicron nu of it, so that he might better transmute

{58} the unknown individual soul into the known, and the unknowable Supreme Soul into the unknown, and the, from the knowable through the known to the knower, get back to the Atman and Equilibrium --- Zero.

All knowledge he asserts to be M?y?, and only by paradoxes is the Truth revealed.

Only he who knows it not knows it,
Who knows it, he knows it not;
Unknown is it by the wise,
But by the ignorant known.²⁴

These dark nights of Scepticism descent upon all systems just as they descend upon all individuals, at no stated times, but as a reaction after much hard work; and usually they are forerunners of a new and higher realization of another unknown land to explore. Thus again and again do we find them rising and dissolving like some strange mist over the realms of the Ved?nta. To disperse them we must consume them in that same fire which has consumed all we held dear; we must turn our engines of war about and destroy our sick and wounded, so that those who are strong and whole may press on the faster to victory.

As early as the days of the Rig Veda, before the beginning was, there was "neither not-being nor yet being." This thought again and again rumbles through the realms of philosophy, souring the milk of man's understanding with its bitter scepticism.

Not-being was this in the beginning,
From it being arose.
Self-fashioned indeed out of itself ...
The being and the beyond {59}
Expressible and inexpressible,
Founded and foundationless,
Consciousness and unconsciousness,
Reality and unreality.²⁵

All these are vain attempts to obscure the devotee's mind into believing in that Origin he could in no way understand, by piling up symbols of extravagant

vastness. all, as with the Qabalists, was based on Zero, all, same one thing, and this one thing saved the mind of man from the fearful palsy of doubt which had shaken to ruin his brave certainties, his audacious hopes and his invincible resolutions. Man, slowly through all his doubts, began to realize that if indeed all were M?y?, a matter of words, he at least existed. "I am," he cried, no longer, "I am it."²⁶

And with the Is? Upanishad he whispered:

Into dense darkness he enters
Who has conceived becoming to be naught,
Into yet denser he
Who has conceived becoming to be aught.

24 Kena Upanishad, 11.

25 Taittir?ya Br?hmana, 2. 7.

26 "I.e.", "Existence is" HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph HB:Resh HB:Shin
HB:Aleph

HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph .

Abandoning this limbo of Causality, just as the Buddhist did at a later date, he tackled the practical problem "What am I? To hell with God!"

The self is the basis for the validity of proof, and therefore is constituted also before the validity of proof. And because it is thus formed it is impossible to call it in question. For we many call a thing in question which comes up to us from without, but not our own essential being. For if a man calls it in question yet is it his own essential being.

An integral part is here revealed in each of us which is a reality, perhaps the only reality it is given us to know, and {60} one we possess irrespective of our not being able to understand it. We have a soul, a veritable living Atman, irrespective of all codes, sciences, theories, sects and laws. What then is this Atman, and how can we understand it, that is to say, see it solely, or identify all with it?

The necessity of doing this is pointed out in Ch?ndogya, 8. 1. 6.

He who departs from this world without having known the soul or those true desires, his part in all worlds is a life of constraint; but he who departs from this world after having known the soul and those true desires, his part in all worlds is a life of freedom.

In the Brihad?ranjaka,²⁷ king Janaka asks Y?j?avalkhya, "what serves man for light?" That sage answers:

The sun serves him for light. When however the sun has set? --- the moon. And when he also has set? --- fire. And when this also is extinguished? --- the voice. And when this also is silenced? Then is he himself his own

light.28

This passage occurs again and again in the same form, and in paraphrase, as we read through the Upanishads. In K?thaka 5. 15 we find:

There no sun shines, no moon, nor glimmering star,
Nor yonder lightning, the fire of earth is quenched; {61}
From him,²⁹ who alone shines, all else borrows its
brightness.
The whole world bursts into splendour at his shining.

And again in Maitr?yana, 6. 24.

When the darkness is pierced through, then is reached that which is not affected by darkness; and he who has thus pierced through that which is so affected, he has beheld like a glittering circle of sparks Brahman bright as the sun, endowed with all might, beyond the reach of darkness, that shines in yonder sun as in the moon, the fire and the lightning.

27 Brihad?ranyaka Upanishad, 4. 3-4.

28 These refer to the mystic lights in man. Compare this with the Diagram 2 "The Paths and Grades" in "The Neophyte." After the Atman in the aspirant has been awakened by the trumpet of Israfil (The Angel) he proceeds by the path of HB:Shin . The next path the Aspirant must travel is that of HB:Resh --- the Sun; the next that of HB:Qof --- the Moon; the next that of HB:Tzaddi --- the Star. This path brings him to the Fire of Netzach. When this fire is extinguished comes the Voice or Lightning, after which the Light which guides the aspirant is Himself, his Holy Guardian Angel, the Atman --- Adonai.

29 The Atman.

Thus the Atman little by little came to be known and no longer believed in; yet at first it appears that those who realized it kept their methods to themselves, and simply explained to their followers its greatness and splendour by parable and fable, such as we find in Brihad?ranyaka, 2. 1. 19.

That is his real form, in which he is exalted above desire, and is free from evil and fear. For just as one who dallies with a beloved wife has no consciousness of outer or inner, so the spirit also dallying with the self, whose essence is knowledge, has no consciousness of inner or outer. That is his real form, wherein desire is quenched, and he is himself his own desire, separate from desire and from distress. Then the father is no longer father, the mother no longer mother, the worlds no longer worlds, the gods no longer gods, the Vedas no longer Vedas. ... This is his supreme goal.

As theory alone cannot for ever satisfy man's mind in the solution of the life-riddle, so also when once the seeker has become the seer, when once actual living men have attained and become Adepts, their methods of attainment cannot for long remain entirely hidden.³⁰ And either from their teachings directly, or from those of their disciples, we find in India {62} sprouting up from the roots of the older Upanishads two great systems of practical philosophy:

1. The attainment by Sanny?sa.
2. The attainment by Yoga.

The first seeks, by artificial means, to suppress desire. The second by scientific experiments to annihilate the consciousness of plurality.

In the natural course of events the Sanny?sa precedes the Yoga, for it consists in casting off from oneself home, possessions, family and all that engenders and stimulates desire; whilst the Yoga consists in withdrawing the organs of sense from the objects of sense, and by concentrating them on the Inner Self, Higher Self, Augoeides, Atman, or Adonai, shake itself free from the illusions of M?y? --- the world of plurality, and secure union with this Inner Self or Atman. {63}

30 As the light of a lamp brought into a dark room is reflected by all surfaces around it, so is the illumination of the Adept reflected even by his unilluminated followers.

ATTAINMENT BY YOGA.

ACCORDING to the Shiva Sanhita there are two doctrines found in the Vedas: the doctrines of "Karma K?nda" (sacrificial works, etc.) and of "Jana K?ndra" (science and knowledge). "Karma K?ndra" is twofold --- good and evil, and according to how we live "there are many enjoyments in heaven," and "in hell there are many sufferings." Having once realized the truth of "Karma K?ndra" the Yogi renounces the works of virtue and vice, and engages in "Jnana K?ndra" --- knowledge.

In the Shiva Sanhita we read:³¹

In the proper season, various creatures are born to enjoy the consequences of their karma.³² As though mistake mother-of-pearl is taken for silver, so through the error of one's own karma man mistakes Brahma for the universe.

Being too much and deeply engaged in the manifested world, the delusion

arises about that which is manifested --- the subject. There is no other cause (of this delusion). Verily, verily, I tell you the truth.

If the practiser of Yoga wishes to cross the ocean of the world, he should renounce all the fruits of his works, having preformed all the duties of his ?shrama.³³

"Jana K?nda" is the application of science to "Karma K?nda," the works of good and evil, that is to say of Duality. {64} Little by little it eats away the former, as strong acid would eat away a piece of steel, and ultimately when the last atom has been destroyed it ceases to exist as a science, or as a method, and becomes the Aim, "i.e.", Knowledge. This is most beautifully described in the above-mentioned work as follows:

34. That Intelligence which incites the functions into the paths of virtue and vice "am I." All this universe, moveable and immovable, is from me; all things are seen through me; all are absorbed into me;³⁴ because there exists nothing but spirit, and "I am that spirit." There exists nothing else.

35. As in innumerable cups full of water, many reflections of the sun are seen, but the substance is the same; similarly individuals, like cups, are innumerable, but the vivifying spirit like the sun is one.

49. All this universe, moveable or immovable, has come out of Intelligence. Renouncing everything else, take shelter of it.

50. As space pervades a jar both in and out, similarly within and beyond this ever-changing universe there exists one universal Spirit.

58. Since from knowledge of that Cause of the universe, ignorance is destroyed, therefore the Spirit is Knowledge; and this Knowledge is everlasting.

59. That Spirit from which this manifold universe existing in time takes its origin is one, and unthinkable.

31 Shiva Sanhita, ii, 43, 45, 51.

32 Work and the effects of work.; The so-called law of Cause and Effect in the moral and physical worlds.

33 The four ?shramas are (1) To live as a Brahmach?rin --- to spend a portion of one's life with a Brahman teacher. (2) To live as a Grihasta --- to rear a family and carry out the obligatory sacrifices. (3) To live as a V?naprastha --- to withdraw into solitude and meditate. (4) To live as a Sanny?sin --- to await the spirit's release into the Supreme Spirit.

34 At the time of the Pralaya.

62. Having renounced all false desires and chains, the Sanny?si and Yogi see certainly in their own spirit the universal Spirit.

63. Having seen the Spirit that brings forth happiness in their own spirit, they forget this universe, and enjoy the ineffable bliss of Sam?dhi.³⁵

As in the West there are various systems of Magic, so in the East are there

various systems of yoga, each of which purports to lead the aspirant from the realm of M?y? to that of Truth in Sam?dhi. The most important of these are:

1. Gana Yoga. Union by Knowledge.
2. Raha Yoga. Union by Will
3. Bhakta Yoga. Union by Love. {65}
4. Hatha Yoga. Union by Courage.
5. Mantra Yoga. Union though Speech.
6. Karma Yoga. Union though Work.36

The two chief of these six methods according to the Bhagavad-G?ta are: Yoga by S??khya (Raja Yoga), and Yoga by Action (Karma Yoga). But the difference between these two is to be found in their form rather than in their substance; for, as Krishna himself says:

Renunciation (Raja Yoga) and Yoga by action (Karma Yoga) both lead to the highest bliss; of the two, Yoga by action is verily better than renunciation by action ... Children, not Sages, speak of the S??khya and the Yoga as different; he who is duly established in one obtaineth the fruits of both. That place which is gained by the S??khyas is reached by the Yogis also. He seeth, who seeth that the S??khya and the Yoga are one.37

Or, in other words, he who understand the equilibrium of action and renunciation (of addition and subtraction) is as he who perceives that in truth the circle is the line, the end the beginning.

To show how extraordinarily closely allied are the methods of Yoga to those of Magic, we will quote the following three verses from the Bhagavid-G?ta, which, with advantage, the reader may compare with the citations already made from the works of Abramelin and Eliphas Levi.

When the mind, bewildered by the Scriptures (Shruti), shall stand immovable, fixed in contemplation (Sam?dhi), then shalt thou attain to Yoga.38

Whatsoever thou doest, whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou offerest, {66} whatsoever thou givest, whatsoever thou dost of austerity, O Kaunteya, do thou that as an offering unto Me.

On Me fix thy mind; be devoted to Me; sacrifice to Me; prostrate thyself before Me; harmonized thus in the SELF (Atman), thou shalt come unto Me, having Me as thy supreme goal.39

These last two verses are taken from "The Yoga of the Kingly Science and the Kingly Secret"; and if put into slightly different language might easily be mistaken for a passage out of "the Book of the Sacred Magic."

Not so, however, the first, which is taken from "The Yoga by the S??khya," and which is reminiscent of the Quietism of Molinos and Madam de Guyon rather than of the operations of a ceremonial magician. And it was just this Quietism

35 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. 1.

- 36 Besides these, there are several lesser known Yogas, for the most part variant of the above such as: Asht?nga, Laya, and T?raka. See "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. iii.
- 37 The "Bhagavad-G?ta." Fifth Discourse, 2-5.
- 38 "Ibid." Second Discourse, 53.
- 39 "Ibid." Ninth Discourse, 27, 34.

that P. as yet had never fully experienced; and he, realizing this, it came about that when once the key of Yoga was proffered him, he preferred to open the door of Renunciation and close that of Action, and to abandon the Western methods by the means of which he had already advanced so far rather than to continue in them. This in itself was the first great Sacrifice which he made upon the path of Renunciation --- to abandon all that he had as yet attained to, to cut himself off from the world, and like an Hermit in a desolate land seek salvation by himself, through himself and of Himself. Ultimately, as we shall see, he renounced even this disownment, for which he now sacrificed all, and, by an unification of both, welded the East to the West, the two halves of that perfect whole which had been lying apart since that night wherein the breath of God moved upon the face of the waters and the limbs of a living world struggled from out the Chaos of Ancient Night. {67}

THE YOGAS.

DIRECT experience is the end of Yoga. How can this direct experience be gained? And the answer is: by Concentration or Will. Swami Vivek?nanda on this point writes:

Those who really want to be Yogis must give up, once for all, this nibbling at things. Take up one idea. Make that one idea your life; dream of it; think of it; live on that idea. Let the brain, the body, muscles, nerves, every part of your body, be full of that idea, and just leave every other idea alone. This is the way to success, and this is the way great spiritual giants are produced. others are mere talking machines. ... To succeed, you must have tremendous perseverance, tremendous will. "I will drink the ocean," says the persevering soul. "At my will mountains will crumble up." Have that sort of energy, that sort of will, work hard, and you will reach the goal.⁴⁰

"O Keshara," cries Arjuna, "enjoin in me this terrible action!" This will TO WILL.

To turn the mind inwards, as it were, ad stop it wandering outwardly, and

then to concentrate all its powers upon itself, are the methods adopted by the Yogi in opening the closed Eye which sleeps in the heart to every one of us, and to create this will TO WILL. By doing so he ultimately comes face to face with something which is indestructible, on account of it being uncreatable, and which knows no dissatisfaction. {68}

Every child is aware that the mind possesses a power known as the reflective faculty. We hear ourselves talk; and we stand apart and see ourselves work and think. We stand aside from ourselves and anxiously or fearlessly watch and criticize our lives. There are two persons in us, --- the thinker (or the worker) and the seer. The unwinding of the hoodwink from the eyes of the seer, for in most men the seer is, like a mummy, wrapped in the countless rags of thought, is what Yoga purposes to do: in other words to accomplish no less a task than the mastering of the forces of the Universe, the surrender of the gross vibrations of the external world to the finer vibrations of the internal, and then to become one with the subtle Vibrator --- the Seer Himself.

We have mentioned the six chief systems of yoga, and now before entering upon what for us at present must be the two most important of them, --- namely, Hatha Yoga and Raja Yoga, we intend, as briefly as possible, to explain the remaining four, and also the necessary conditions under which all methods of Yoga should be practised.

GANA YOGA. Union through Knowledge.

Gana Yoga is that Yoga which commences with a study of the impermanent wisdom of this world and ends with the knowledge of the permanent wisdom of the Atman. Its first stage is Viveka, the discernment of the real from the unreal. Its second Vairagya, indifference to the knowledge of the world, its sorrows and joys. Its third Mukti, release, and unity with the Atman.

In the fourth discourse of the Bhagavad Gita we find Gana Yoga praised as follows: {69}

40 Vivekananda, "Raja Yoga," Udbodhan edition, pp. 51, 52. "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth. ... Prepare ye the way of Adonai." --- Luke, iii, 5, 4.

Better than the sacrifice of any objects is the sacrifice of wisdom, O Paratapa. All actions in their entirety, O Portha, culminate in wisdom.

As the burning fire reduces fuel to ashes, O Arjuna, so doth the fire of wisdom reduce all actions to ashes.

Verily there is nothing so pure in this world as wisdom; he that is perfected in Yoga finds it in the Atman in due season.⁴¹

KARMA YOGA. Union through Work.

Very closely allied to Gana Yoga is Karma Yoga, Yoga through work, which

may seem only a means towards the former. But this is not so, for not only must the aspirant commune with the Atman through the knowledge or wisdom he attains, but also through the work which aids him to attain it.

A good example of Karma Yoga is quoted from Chuang-Tzu by Flagg in his work on Yoga. It is as follows:

Prince Hui's cook was cutting up a bullock. Every blow of his hand, every heave of his shoulders, every tread of his foot, every thrust of his knee, every "whshh" of rent flesh, every "chhk" of the chopper, was in perfect harmony, --- rhythmical like the dance of the mulberry grove, simultaneous like the chords of Ching Shou." "Well done," cried the Prince; "yours is skill indeed." "Sir," replied the cook, "I have always devoted myself to "Tao" (which here means the same as Yoga). "It is better than skill." When I first began to cut up bullocks I saw before me simply whole "bullocks." After three years' practice I saw no more whole animals. And now I work with my mind and not with my eye. when my senses bid me stop, but my mind urges me on, I fall back upon eternal 70 principles. I follow such openings or cavities as there may be, according to the natural constitution of the animal. A good cook changes his chopper once a year, because he cuts. An ordinary cook once a month --- because he hacks. But I have had this chopper nineteen years, and although I have cut up many thousand bullocks, its edge is as if fresh from the whetstone.⁴²

MANTRA YOGA. Union through Speech.

This type of Yoga consists in repeating a name or a sentence or verse over and over again until the speaker and the word spoken become one in perfect concentration. Usually speaking it is used as an adjunct to some other practice, under one or more of the other Yoga methods. Thus the devotee to the God Shiva will repeat his name over and over again until at length the great God opens his Eye and the world is destroyed.

Some of the most famous mantras are:

"Aum mani padme Hum."

"Aum Shivaya Vashi."

41 "The Bhagavad-G?ta," iv, 33, 37, 38. Compare with the above "The Wisdom of Solomon," "e.g.": "For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me; for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good. ... for wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God." (Chap. VII, 22, 24, 25.)

42 "Yoga or Transformation," p. 196. Control, or Restraint, is the Key to Karma Yoga; weakness is its damnation. Of the Karma Yogi Vivek?nanda writes: "He goes through the streets of a big city with all their traffic, and his mind is as calm as if he were in

a cave, where not a sound could reach him; and he is intensely working all the time." "Karma Yoga," p. 17.

"Aum Tat Sat Aum."

"Namo Shivaya namaha Aum."

The pranava AUM⁴³ plays an important part throughout the whole of Indian Yoga, and especially is it considered sacred by the Mantra-Yogi, who is continually using it. To pronounce it properly the "A" is from the throat, the "U" in the middle, and the "M" at the lips. This typifies the whole course of breath. {71}

It is the best support, the bow off which the soul as the arrow flies to Brahman, the arrow which is shot from the body as bow in order to pierce the darkness, the upper fuel with which the body as the lower fuel is kindled by the fire of the vision of God, the net with which the fish of Pr[?]na is drawn out, and sacrificed in the fire of the Atman, the ship on which a man voyages over the ether of the heart, the chariot which bears him to the world of Brahman.⁴⁴

At the end of the "Shiva Sanhita" there are some twenty verses dealing with the Mantra. And as in so many other Hindu books, a considerable amount of mystery is woven around these sacred utterances. We read:

190. In the four-petalled Muladhara lotus is the seed of speech, brilliant as lightning.

191. In the heart is the seed of love, beautiful as the Bandhuk flower. In the space between the two eyebrows is the seed of Shakti, brilliant as tens of millions of moons. These three seeds should be kept secret.⁴⁵

These three Mantras can only be learnt from a Guru, and are not given in the above book. By repeating them a various number of times certain results happen. Such as: after eighteen lacs, the body will rise from the ground and remain suspended in the air; after an hundred lacs, "the great yogi is absorbed in the Para-Brahman.⁴⁶

BHAKTA YOGA. Union by love.

In Bhakta Yoga the aspirant usually devotes himself to some special deity, every action of his life being done in honour and glory of this deity, and, as Vivek[?]nanda tells us, "he has not to suppress any single one of his emotions, he only strives to intensify them and direct them to god." Thus, if he devoted himself to Shiva, he must reflect in his life to his utmost the life of Shiva; if to Shakti the life of Shakti, unto the seer and the seen become one in the mystic union of attainment. {72}

Of Bhakta Yoga the "N[?]rada S[?]tra" says:

58. Love (Bhakti) is easier than other methods.

59. Being self-evident it does not depend on other truths.

60. And from being of the nature of peace and supreme bliss.⁴⁷

This exquisite little S?tra commences:

43 See Vivek?nanda's "Bhakti-Yoga," pp. 62-68.

44 Deussen. "The Upanishads," p. 390.

45 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v. The seed in each case is the Mantra.

46 The Absolute.

47 N?rada S?tra. Translated by T. Sturdy. Also see the works of Bhagavan Ramanuja, Bhagavan Vyasa, Prahlada, and more particularly Vivek?nanda's "Bhakti Yoga." Bhakta Yoga is divided into two main divisions. (1) The preparatory, known as "Gauni"; (2) The devotional, known as "Par ." Thus it very closely resembles, even in detail, the Operation of Abramelin, in which the aspirant, having thoroughly prepared himself, devotes himself to the invocation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

1. will now explain Love.
2. Its nature is extreme devotion to some one.
3. Love is immortal.
4. Obtaining it man becomes perfect, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied.
5. And obtaining it he desires nothing, grieves not, hates not, does not delight, makes no effort.
6. Knowing it he become intoxicated, transfixed, and rejoices in the Self (Atman).

This is further explained at the end of Sw?tm?r?m Sw?mi's "Hatha-Yoga."

Bhakti really means the constant perception of the form of the Lord by the Antahkarana. There are nine kinds of Bahktis enumerated. hearing his histories and relating them, remembering him, worshipping his feet, offering flowers to him, bowing to him (in soul), behaving as his servant, becoming his companion and offering up one's Atman to him. ... Thus, Bhakti, in its most transcendental aspect, is included in Sampradny?ta Sam?dhi.⁴⁸ {73}

The Gana Yoga P., as the student, had already long prtised in his study of the Holy Qabalah; so also had he Karma Yoga by his acts of service whilst a Neophyte in the Order of the Golden Dawn; but now at the suggestion of D. A. he betook himself to practice of Hatha and Raja Yoga.

Hatha Yoga and Raja Yoga are so intimately connected, that instead of forming two separate methods, they rather form the first half and second half of one and the same.

Before discussing either the Hatha or Raja Yogas, it will be necessary to explain the conditions under which Yoga should be performed. These conditions being the conventional ones, each individual should by practice discover those

more particularly suited to himself.

i. "The Guru."

Before commencing any Yoga practice, according to every Hindu book upon this subject, it is first necessary to find a Guru,⁴⁹ to teacher, to whom the disciple (Chela) must entirely devote himself: as the "Shiva Sanhita" says:

11. Only the knowledge imparted by a Guru is powerful and useful; otherwise it becomes fruitless, weak and very painful.

12. He who attains knowledge by pleasing his Guru with every attention, readily obtains success therein.

13. There is not the least doubt that Guru is father, Guru is mother, and Guru is God even: and as such, he should be served by all, with their thought, word and deed.⁵⁰

ii. Place. "Solitude and Silence."

48 In Bhakta Yoga the disciple usually devotes himself to his Guru, to whom he offers his devotion. The Guru being treated as the God himself with which the Chela wishes to unite. Eventually "He alone sees no distinctions! The mighty ocean of love has entered unto him, and he sees not men, animals and plants or the sun, moon and the stars, but beholds his Beloved everywhere and in everything. Vivekananda, "Bhakti Yoga," Udbodham edition, p. 111. The Sufis were Bhakti Yogis, so was Christ. Buddha was a Gnani Yogi.

49 A Guru is as necessary in Yoga as a Music master is in Music.

50 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iii.

The place where Yoga is performed should be a beautiful and pleasant place, according to the Shiva Sanhita.⁵¹ In the {74} Kshurik? Upanishad, 2. 21, it states that "a noiseless place" should be chosen; and in S'vet?s'vatara, 2. 10:

Let the place be pure, and free also from boulders and sand,
Free from fire, smoke, and pools of water,
Here where nothing distracts the mind or offends the eye,
In a hollow protected from the wind a man should compose himself.

The dwelling of a Yogi is described as follows:

The practiser of Hathayoga should live alone in a small Matha or monastery situated in a place free from rocks, water and fire; of the extent of a bow's length, and in a fertile country ruled over by a virtuous king, where he will not be disturbed.

The Mata should have a very small door, and should be without any windows; it should be level and without any holes; it should be neither too high nor

too long. It should be very clean, being daily smeared over with cow-dung, and should be free from all insects. Outside it should be a small corridor with a raised seat and a well, and the whole should be surrounded by a wall. ...⁵²

iii. "Time."

The hours in which Yoga should be performed vary with the instructions of the Guru, but usually they should be four times a day, at sunrise, mid-day, sunset and mid-night.

iv. "Food."

According to the "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika": "Moderate {75} diet is defined to mean taking pleasant and sweet food, leaving one fourth of the stomach free, and offering up the act to Shiva."⁵³

things that have been once cooked and have since grown cold should be avoided, also foods containing an excess of salt and sourness. Wheat, rice, barley, butter, sugar, honey and beans may be eaten, and pure water and milk drunk. The Yogi should partake of one meal a day, usually a little after noon. "Yoga should not be practised immediately after a meal, nor when one is

⁵¹ "Ibid.", chap. v, 184, 185. The aspirant should firstly, join the assembly of good men but talk little; secondly, should eat little; thirdly, should renounce the company of men, the company of women, all company. He should practise in secrecy in a retired palace. "For the sake of appearances he should remain in society, but should not have his heart in it. he should not renounce the duties of his profession, caste or rank, but let him perform these merely as an instrument without any thought of the event. By thus doing there is no sin." This is sound Rosicrucian doctrine, by the way.

⁵² "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," pp. 5, 6. Note the similarity of these conditions to those laid down in "The Book of the Sacred Magic." Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," p. 33.

⁵³ "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 22. On the question of food Vivekananda in his "Bhakti Yoga," p. 90, says: "The cow does not eat meat, nor does the sheep. Are they great Yogins? ... Any fool may abstain from eating meat; surely that alone give him no more distinction than to herbivorous animals." Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," pp. 34-36.

very hungry; before beginning the practice, some milk and butter should be taken."⁵⁴

v. "Physical considerations."

The aspirant to Yoga should study his body as well as his mind, and should cultivate regular habits. He should strictly adhere to the rules of health and sanitation. He should rise an hour before sunrise, and bathe himself

twice daily, in the morning and the evening, with cold water (if he can do so without harm to his health). His dress should be warm so that he is not distracted by the changes of weather.

vi. "Moral considerations."

The yogi should practise kindness to all creatures, he should abandon enmity towards any person, "pride, duplicity, and crookedness" ... and the "companionship of women."⁵⁵ Further, in Chapter 5 of the "Shiva Sanhita" the hindrances {76} of Enjoyment, Religion and Knowledge are expounded at some considerable length. Above all the Yogi "should work like a master and not like a slave."⁵⁶

HATHA YOGA. Union by Courage.

It matters not what attainment the aspirant seeks to gain, or what goal he has in view, the one thing above all others which is necessary is a healthy body, and a body which is under control. It is hopeless to attempt to obtain stability of mind in one whose body is ever leaping from land to water like a frog; with such, any sudden influx of illumination may bring with it not enlightenment but mania; therefore it is that all the great masters have set the task of courage before that of endeavour.⁵⁷ He who "dares" to "will," will "will" to know, and knowing will keep silence;⁵⁸ for even to such as have entered the Supreme Order, there is not way found whereby they may break the stillness and communicate to those who have not ceased to hear.⁵⁹ The guardian of the Temple is Adonai, he alone holds the key of the Portal, seek it of Him, for there is none other that can open for thee the door.

Now to dare much is to will a little, so it comes about that though Hatha Yoga is the physical Yoga which teaches the aspirant how to control his body, yet is it also Raja Yoga {77} which teach him how to control his mind. Little by little, as the body comes under control, does the mind assert its sway over the body; and little by little, as the mind asserts its sway, does it come gradually, little by little under the rule of the Atman, until ultimately the Atman, Augoeides, Higher Self or Adonai fills the Space which was once occupied solely by the body and mind of the aspirant. Therefore though the death of the body as it were is the resurrection of the Higher Self accomplished, and the pinnacles of that Temple, whose foundations are laid deep in the black earth, are lost among the starry Palaces of God.

In the "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika" we read that "there can be no Raja Yoga without Hatha Yoga, and "vice versa," that to those who wander in the darkness

⁵⁴ "Shiva Sanhita," iii, 37.

⁵⁵ "Ibid.," iii, 33.

⁵⁶ Vivekananda, "Karma-Yoga," p. 62.

⁵⁷ As in the case of Jesus, the aspirant, for the joy that is set before him, must "dare" to endure the cross, despising the shame; if he would be "set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Hebrews, xii, 2.

⁵⁸ "If there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church;

and let him speak to himself, and to God" (1 Corinthians, xiv, 28) has more than one meaning.

59 "And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half and hour" (Rev. viii, 1).

of the conflicting Sects unable to obtain Raja Yoga, the most merciful Sw?tm?r?ma Yogi offers the light of Hathavidya."60

In the practice of this mystic union which is brought about by the Hatha Yoga and the Raja Yoga exercises the conditions necessary are:

1. "Yama:" Non-killing (Ahinsa); truthfulness (Satya); non-stealing (Asteya); continence (Brahmacharya); and non-receiving of any gift (Aparigraha).
2. "Niyama:" Cleanliness (S'ancha); contentment (Santosh); mortification (Papasa); study and self surrender (Sw dhy ya); and the recognition of the Supreme (I's'wara pranidh n).
3. "A'sana:" Posture and the correct position of holding the body, and the performance of the Mudras. {78}
4. "Pr?n?y?ma:" Control of the Pr?na, and the vital forces of the body.
5. "Praty?h?ra:" Making the mind introspective, turning it back upon itself.
6. "Dh?ran?:" Concentration, or the "will" to hold the mind to certain points.
7. "Dhy?na:" Meditation, or the outpouring of the mind on the object held by the will.
8. "Sam?dhi:" Ecstasy, or Superconsciousness.

As regards the first two of the above stages we need not deal with them at any length. Strictly speaking, they come under the heading of Karma and Gnana Yoga, and as it were form the Evangelicism of Yoga --- the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." They vary according to definition and sect.61 However, one point must be explained, and this is, that it must be remembered that most works on Yoga are written either by men like Patanjali, to whom continence, truthfulness, etc., are simple illusions of mind; or by charlatans, who imagine that, by displaying to the reader a mass of middle-class "virtues," their works will be given so exalted a flavour that they themselves will pass as great ascetics who have out-soared the bestial passions of life, whilst in fact they are running harems in Boulogne or making indecent proposals to flower-girls in South Audley Street. These latter ones generally trade under the exalted names of "The" Mahatmas; who, {79} coming straight from the Sh?m Bazaar, retail their wretched "b?k b?k" to their sheep-headed followers as the eternal word of Brahman --- "The shower from the Highest!" And, not infrequently, end in silent meditation within the illusive walls of Wormwood Scrubs.

The East like the West, has for long lain under the spell of that potent but Middle-class Magician --- St. Shamefaced sex; and the whole of its literature swings between the two extremes of Paederasty and Brahmach?rya. Even the great science of Yoga has not remained unpolluted by his breath, so that in many cases to avoid shipwreck upon Scylla the Yogi has lost his life

in the eddying whirlpools of Charybdis.

The Yogis claim that the energies of the human body are stored up in the brain, and the highest of these energies they call "Ojas." they also claim that that part of the human energy which is expressed in sexual passion, when checked, easily becomes changed into Ojas; and so it is that they invariably insist in their disciples gathering up the sexual energy and converting it into Ojas. Thus we read:

It is only the chaste man and woman who can make the Ojas rise and become stored in the brain, and this is why chastity has always been considered the

60 "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 2.

61 In all the Mysteries the partakers of them were always such as had not committed crimes. It will be remembered that Nero did not dare to present himself at the Eleusinian (Sueton. "vit. Nero," e. 3A). And Porphyry informs us that "in the Mysteries honour to parents was enjoined, and not to injure animals" ("de Abstinencia," iv, 22).

highest virtue. ... That is why in all the religious orders in the world that have produced spiritual giants, you will always find this intense chastity insisted upon. ...62 If people practise Raja-Yoga and at the same time lead an impure life, how can they expect to become Yogis?63 {80}

This argument would appear at first sight to be self-contradictory, and therefore fallacious, for, if to obtain Ojas is so important, how then can it be right to destroy a healthy passion which is the chief means of supplying it with the renewed energy necessary to maintain it? The Yogi's answer is simple enough: Seeing that the extinction of the first would mean the ultimate death of the second the various Mudra exercises were introduced so that this healthy passion might not only be preserved, but cultivated in the most rapid manner possible, without loss of vitality resulting from the practices adopted. Equilibrium is above all things necessary, and even in these early stages, the mind of the aspirant should be entirely free from the obsession of either ungratified or over-gratified appetites. Neither Lust nor Chastity should solely occupy him; for as Krishna says:

Verily Yoga is not for him who eateth too much, nor who abstaineth to excess, nor who is too much addicted to sleep, nor even to wakefulness, O Arjuna.

Yoga killeth out all pain for him who is regulated in eating and amusement, regulated in performing actions, regulated in sleeping and waking.64

This balancing of what is vulgarly known as Virtue and Vice,65 and which the Yogi Philosophy does not always appreciate, is illustrated still more forcibly in that illuminating work "Konx om Pax," in which Mr. Crowley writes:

As above so beneath! said Hermes the thrice greatest. The laws of the physical world are precisely paralleled by those of the moral and intellectual sphere. To the prostitute I prescribe a course of training by which she shall {81} comprehend the holiness of sex. Chastity forms part of that training, and I should hope to see her one day a happy wife and mother. To the prude equally I prescribe a course of training by which she shall comprehend the holiness of sex. Unchastity forms part of that training, and I should hope to see her one day a happy wife and mother.

To the bigot I commend a course of Thomas Henry Huxley; to the infidel a practical study of ceremonial magic. Then, when the bigot has knowledge of the infidel faith, each may follow without prejudice his natural inclination; for he will no longer plunge into his former excesses.

So also she who was a prostitute from native passion may indulge with safety in the pleasure of love; and she who was by nature cold may enjoy a virginity in no wise marred by her disciplinary course of unchastity. But the one will understand and love the other.⁶⁶

Once and for all do not forget that nothing in this world is permanently good or evil; and, so long as it appears to be so, then remember that the
62 Certainly not in the case of the Mahometan Religion and its Sufi Adepts, who drank the vintage of Bacchus as well as the wine of Iacchus. The question of Chastity is again one of those which rest on temperament and not on dogma. It is curious that the astute Vivek?nanda should have fallen into this man-trap.

63 Swami Vivek?nanda, "Raja Yoga," p. 45.

64 The Bhagavad-G?ta, vi, 16, 17.

65 Or more correctly as the Buddhist puts its --- skilfulness and unskilfulness.

66 "Konx om Pax," by A. Crowley, pp. 62, 63.

fault is the seer's and not in the thing seen, and that the seer is still in an unbalanced state. Never forget Blake's words:

"Those who restrain desire do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling."⁶⁷ Do not restrain your desires, but equilibrate them, for: "He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence."⁶⁸ Verily: "Arise, and drink your bliss, for everything that lives is holy."⁶⁹

The six acts of purifying the body by Hatha-Yoga are Dhauti, Basti, Neti, Trataka, Nauli and Kap?labh?ti,⁷⁰ each of {82} which is described at length by Sw?tm?r?n Swami. But the two most important exercise which all must undergo, should success be desired, are those of A'sana and Pr?n?y?ma. The first consists of physical exercises which will gain for him who practises them control over the muscles of the body, and the second over the breath.

"The A'sanas," or Positions.

According to the "Pradipika" and the "Shiva Sanhita," there are 84 A'sanas; but Goraksha says there are as many A'sana as there are varieties of beings,

and that Shiva has counted eighty-four lacs of them.⁷¹ The four most important are: Siddh?sana, Padm?sana, Ugr?sana and Svastik?sana, which are described in the Shiva Sanhita as follows:⁷²

The "Siddh?sana." By "pressing with care by the (left) heel the yoni,⁷³ the other heel the Yogi should place on the lingam; he should fix his gaze upwards on the space between the two eyebrows ... and restrain his senses."

The "Padm?sana." By crossing the legs "carefully place the feet on the opposite thighs (the left on the right thigh and "vice versa," cross both hands and place them similarly on the thighs; fix the sight on the tip of the nose."

The "Ugr?sana." "Stretch out both the legs and keep them apart; firmly take hold of the head by the hands, and place it on the knees."

The "Svastik?sana." "Place the soles of the feet completely under the thighs, keep the body straight and at ease."

For the beginner that posture which continues for the {83} greatest length of time comfortable is the correct one to adopt; but the head, neck and chest should always be held erect, the aspirant should in fact adopt what the drill-book calls "the first position of a soldier," and never allow the body in any way to collapse. The "Bhagavad-G?ta" upon this point says:

In a pure place, established in a fixed seat of his own, neither very much raised nor very low ... in a secret place by himself. ... There ... he should

67 The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

68 "Ibid."

69 Visions of the Daughters of Albion.

70 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 30. Dhauti is of four kinds:

Antardhauti (internal washing); Dantdhauti (cleaning the teeth);

Hridaydhauti (cleaning the heart); Mulashodhana (cleaning the

anus). Basti is of two kinds, Jala Basti (water Basti) and

Sukshma Basti (dry Basti) and consists chiefly in dilating and

contracting the sphincter muscle of the anus. Neti consists of

inserting a thread into the nostrils and pulling it out through

the mouth, Trataka in steadying the eyes, Nauli in moving the

intestines, and Kap?labh?ti, which is of three kinds, Vy?t-krama,

V?ma-krama, and Sit-krama, of drawing in wind or water through

the nostrils and expelling it by the mouth, and "vice versa". Also

see "Gheranda Sanhita," pp. 2-10. This little book should be

read in conjunction with the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika."

71 The "Gheranda Sanhita" gives thirty-two postures.

72 The "Shiva Sanhita," pp. 25, 26.

73 The imaginary "triangle of flesh" near the perinaeum.

practise Yoga for the purification of the self. Holding the body, head and neck erect, immovably steady, looking fixedly at the point of the nose and unwandering gaze.

75 The Sushumn? may in more than one way be compared to Prometheus,

or the hollow reed, who as the mediator between heaven and earth transmitted the mystic fire from the moon. Again the Mahalingam or omicron phi alpha lambda lambda omicron sigma . For further see "The Canon," p. 119.

76 Manas and Chittam differ as the movement of the waters of a lake differ from the water itself.

77 Manas and Chittam differ as the movement of the waters of a lake differ from the water itself.

The Atma of Anthak?rana has 5 sheaths, called Kos'as.⁷⁸ {85}

1. Anandam?y?kos'a, Body of Bliss, is innermost. It is still an illusion. Atma, Buddhi and Manas at most participate.
2. Manom?y?kos'a. The illusionary thought-sheath including Manas, Buddhi, Chittam, and Ahank?ra in union with one or more of the Gnanendriyams.
3. Vip?anam?y?kos'a. The consciousness sheath, which consists of Anthak?rana in union with an organ of action of of sense --- Gnan- and Karm-endriyam.
4. Pr?n?m?y?kos'a. Consists of the five airs. Here we drop below Anthak?rana.
5. Annam?y?kos'a. Body of Nourishment. The faculty which feeds on the five Tatwas.

Besides these there are three bodies or Shariras.

1. Karana Sharira. The Causal body, which almost equals the protoplast.
2. Sukshma Sharira. The Subtle body, which consists of the vital airs, etc.
3. Sthula Shirara. The Gross body.

THE CHAKKRAS

According to the Yoga,⁷⁹ there are two nerve-currents in {86} the spinal column called respectively Pingala and Ida, and between these is placed the Sushumn?, an imaginary tube, at the lower extremity of which is situated the Kundalini (potential divine energy). Once the Kundalini is awakened it forces its way up the Sunshumn?,⁸⁰ and, as it does so, its progresses is marked by wonderful visions and the acquisition of hitherto unknown powers.

The Sushumn? is, as it were, the central pillar of the Tree of Life, and its six stages are known as the Six Chakkras.⁸¹ To these six is added a

78 H. P. Blavatsky in "Instruction No. 1" issued to members of the first degree of her Eastern School of Theosophy (marked "Strictly Private and Confidential!") deals with those Kos'as on p. 16.

But it is quite impossible here to attempt to extract from these instructions the little sense they may contain on account of the numerous Auric Eggs, Ak?sic envelopes, Karmic records, D?v?chanic states, etc., etc. On p. 89 of "Instruction No. III" we are told that the Sushumn? "is" the Brahmarandhra, and that there is "an

enormous difference between Hatha and Raja Yoga." Plate III of Instructions No. II is quite Theosophical, and the third rule out of the Probationers' pledge, "I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken falsely, or yet unproven, of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others," seems to have been consistently acted upon ever since.

79 Compare with the Kundalini the Serpent mentioned in paragraph 26 of "The Book of Concealed Mystery." Note too the lotus-leaf that backs the throne of a God is also the hood of the Cobra. So too the Egyptian gods have the serpent upon the brow.

80 Provided the other exits are duly stopped by Practice. The danger of Yoga is this, that one may awaken the Magic Power before all is balanced. A discharge takes place in some wrong direction and obsession results.

81 The forcing of the Kundalini up the Sushumn? and through the six Chakkras to the Sahasr?ra, is very similar to Rising on the Planes through Malkuth, Yesod, the Path of HB:Peh, Tiphereth, the Path of HB:Tet, and Da?th to Kether, by means of the Central Pillar of the Tree of Life.

seventh; but this one, the Shasr?ra, lies altogether outside the human organism.

These six Chakkras are:

1. "The M?l?dhara-Chakkra." This Chakkra is situated between the lingam and the anus at the base of the Spinal Column. It is called the Adhar-Padma, or fundamental lotus, and it has four petals. "In the pericarp of the Adhar lotus there is the triangular beautiful yoni, hidden and kept secret in all the Tantras." In this yoni dwells the goddess Kundalini; she surrounds all the Nadis, and has three and a half coils. She catches her tail in her own mouth, and rests in the entrance of the Sushumn?82 {87}

58. It sleeps there like a serpent, and is luminous by its own light ... it is the Goddess of speech, and is called the vija (seed).

59. Full of energy, and like burning gold, know this Kundalini to be the power (Shakti) of Vishnu; it is the mother of the three qualities --- Satwa (good), Rajas (indifference), and Tamas (bad).

60. There, beautiful like the Bandhuk flower, is placed the seed of love; it is brilliant like burnished gold, and is described in Yoga as eternal.

61. The Sushumn? also embraces it, and the beautiful seed is there; there it rests shining brilliantly like the autumnal moon, with the luminosity of millions of suns, and the coolness of millions of moons. O Goddess! These three (fire, sun and moon) taken together or collectively are called the vija. It is also called the great energy.83

In the M?l?dhara lotus there also dwells a sun between the four petals,

which continuously exudes a poison. This venom (the sun-fluid of mortality) goes to the right nostril, as the moon-fluid of immortality goes to the left, by means of the Pingala which rises from the left side of the Ajna lotus.⁸⁴

The Mūlādhara is also the seat of the Apāna.

2. "The Svādīsthāna Chakra." This Chakra is situated at the base of the sexual organ. It has six petals. The colour of this lotus is blood-red, its presiding adept is called Balakhyā and its goddess, Rakini.⁸⁵

He who daily contemplates on this lotus becomes an object of love and adoration to all beautiful goddesses. He fearlessly recites the various Śāstras {88} and sciences unknown to him before ... and moves throughout the universe.⁸⁶

This Chakra is the seat of the Samāna, region about the navel and of the Apāna Tatva.

3. "The Manipūra Chakra." This Chakra is situated near the navel, it is of a golden colour and has ten petals (sometimes twelve), its adept is Rudrakhyā and its goddess Lakini. It is the "solar-plexus" or "city of gems," and is so called because it is very brilliant. This Chakra is the seat of the Agni Tatva. Also in the abdomen burns the "fire of digestion of food"

⁸² The following Mystical Physiology is but a symbolic method of expressing what is in itself inexpressible, and in phraseology is akin to Western Alchemy, the physiological terms taking the place of the chemical ones.

⁸³ "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v.

⁸⁴ "Ibid.," chap. v, 107, 108, 109. This is probably wrong, as the sun is usually placed in the Manipūra Chakra. In the body of a man the Pingala is the solar current, the Ida the lunar. In a woman these are reversed.

⁸⁵ "Ibid.," chap. v, 75.

⁸⁶ "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v, 76, 77. Compare this Chakra to the lunar and sexual Yesod of the Qabalah; also note that the power here attained to is that of Skrying.

situated in the middle of the sphere of the sun, having ten Kalas (petals).
...⁸⁷

He who enters this Chakra

Can make gold, etc., see the adepts (clairvoyantly) discover medicines for diseases, and see hidden treasures.⁸⁸

4. "The Anahata Chakra." This Chakra is situated in the heart, it is of a deep blood red colour, and has twelve petals. It is the seat of Prāṇa and is a very pleasant spot; its adept is Pinaki and its goddess is Kakini. This Chakra is also the seat of the Vāyu Tatva.

He who always contemplates on this lotus of the heart is eagerly desired by the daughters of gods ... has clairaudience, clairvoyance, and can walk in the air. ... He sees the adepts and the goddesses. ... 89

5. "The Vishuddha Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated in the throat directly below the larynx, it is of a brilliant gold {89} colour and has sixteen petals. It is the seat of the Udana and the Ak?sa Tatwa; its presiding adept is Chhagalanda and its goddess Sakini.

6. "The Ajna Chakakra." This Chakakra is situated between the two eyebrows, in the place of the pineal gland. It is the seat of the Mano Tatwa, and consists of two petals. Within this lotus are sometimes placed the three mystical principles of Vindu, Nadi and Shakti.⁹⁰ Its presiding adept is called Sukla-Mahakala (the white great time; also Adhanari --- 'Adonai') its presiding goddess is called Hakini."⁹¹

97. Within that petal, there is the eternal seed, brilliant as the autumnal moon. The wise anchorite by knowing this is never destroyed.

98. This is the great light held secret in all the Tantras; by contemplating on this, one obtains the greatest psychic powers, there is no doubt in it.

99. I am the giver of salvation, I am the third linga in the turya (the state of ecstasy, also the name of the thousand petalled lotus).⁹² By contemplating on This the Yogi becomes certainly like me.⁹³

{Illustration facing page 90 described:

"DIAGRAM 83. The Yogi (showing the Cakkras)."

This is a half tone of a black line vertical rectangle with a white or gray interior. The lower 3/5's of the rectangle is occupied by a frontal nude man

87 "Ibid.", chap. ii, 32. This Chakakra corresponds to Tiphareth.

88 "Ibid.", chap. v, 82.

89 "Ibid.", chap. v, 85, 86, 87.

90 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v, 110.

91 "Ibid.", chap. v, 49.

92 Though all Hindu works proclaim that the Sahasr?ra has but one thousand petals, its true number is one thousand and one as depicted in the diagram called the Yogi. $10001 = 91 \times 11$

(HB:Nun-final HB:Mem HB:Aleph x HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph ; 91
= HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod +
HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph 11 = ABRAHADABRA = 418 (38 x 11)
= Achad

Osher, or one and ten, = the Eleven Averse Sephiroth = Adonai.

Also $91 = 13 \times 7$ HB:Dalet HB:Chet HB:Aleph x ARARITA, etc., etc. 11 is the

Number of the Great Work, the Uniting of the Five and the Six,
and 91 = mystic number (1+2+3 ... + 13) of 13 = Achad = 1.
93 "Ibid.", chap. v, 50.

exactly as described in the Padmasana Asana described on page 83. He is bald. The six chakras are depicted as abstract devices at the positions described in the above text.

Muladhara is placed at the intersection of the crossed ankles, with a bit of the left ankle showing above and the symbol extending below the ankles: A dark disk with four petals created by the intersection of two vesicas, one horizontal and the other vertical. The area of intersection is white, the petals outside each have a radial rib which stops at the arc of the intersection of the vesicas. There is an upright equilateral black triangle in the center of the intersection, small circle with central dot inside that.

Svadhithana is placed at the lower pelvis, shown just above the crossed ankles. It is not in a circle or disk, but is composed of three intersecting vesicas forming a curved sided hexagonal shape with "points" to top and bottom. The intersections of adjacent vesicas form white spaces of three arcs. The combined intersection of all vesicas forms an area of distinct color with a dark, vertical and linear hexagram. There is a small white circle with center point in the midst of this.

Manipura is placed at the center of the abdomen. It is contained in a 20-pointed white star, outline only and giving the appearance of a ring. Within this is a black disk. Within the black disk is a figure constructed of five intersecting vesicas, in a similar fashion to the description for the Svadhithana but forming a curved sided decagonal shape with "points" to the top and bottom. Where only two vesicas intersect, the space is dark. Where three vesicas intersect, the space is light. Where four vesicas intersect, the space is dark again. Where all five vesicas intersect, there is a different shade used, and in the midst of this is a vertical ten-pointed star of lines with a white circle and central dot in the midst.

Anahata is placed in the center of the thorax. It is not in a circle, but is composed of six intersecting vesicas forming a curved sided duo-decagonal shape of twelve "petals" with points to top and bottom. The outer, mono-vesical parts are gray, two vesicas intersect in white, three in gray. All other intersections are in a common space to the center, defined by a circle and a different shade of gray. Free-standing in the center of this is a ring of twelve shapes, with radials going outward to cut the space into an inner ring of twelve five curved-sided and inward pointed irregular pentagons. This inner ring of twelve petals contains a 12 sided star with points at top and bottom, defining the divisions of the irregular pentagons. The center is an approximate white circle with point in center.

Vishuddha is placed at the base of the throat. It is composed of a star ring of sixteen gray leaves with single radial ribs, one leaf to the top. Within this is a ring of sixteen white petals with dots in the lower lobe, petals to top and bottom. The center as for Anahata, but sixteenfold.

Ajna on forehead. This is a more western symbol, two upward curving wings of seven primary feathers and a more complex array of secondaries, curving to the outside and coming to two points just above the top of the head. These join in two white featherlets a semicircular curve at the base, just above the brows. There is a stylized descending gray dove in the midst, just above the lower white featherlets. A white light seems to be seen through the backs of the wings just above the dove. For the meaning of the symbolism of these "closed" wings, see the footnote below, page {147} in the Equinox.

The upper 2/5's of the space contains a large circular device, representing the Shasrara. This looks a bit like the head of a thistle and has 72 elongated spikes emanating outward in a circle to define the outer edge of the next inward feature, a white ring. The spikes have rounded bottoms with a dot in the center of each, and there are 72 lines drawn radiating outward between them, one between each pair. Five of these spikes touch and pass behind the head. Within the white ring are 13 concentric rings of petals, 11 in the innermost and the number of petals increasing as the rings go outward. The

second petal ring from the center has 22, the next outward about 44. After that the number of petals ceases doubling, but increases more slowly. Theoretically there is a total of 1000 such petals in all, but I didn't count them all. In the center there is a white circle with a crescent moon in gray inside, horns upward --- this would be the 1,001st petal.}

The Sushumn? following the spinal cord on reaching the Brahmarandhra (the hole of Brahman) the junction of the sutures of the skull, by a modification goes to the right side of the Ajna lotus, whence it proceeds to the left nostril, and is called the Varana, Ganges (northward flowing Ganges) or Ida. By a similar modification in the opposite direction the {90} Sushumn? goes to the left side of the Ajna lotus and proceeding to the right nostril is called the Pingala. Jamuna or Asi. The space between these two, the Ida and Pingala, is called Varanasi (Benares), the holy city of Shiva.

111. He who secretly always contemplates on the Ajna lotus, at once destroys all the Karma of his past life, without any opposition.

121. Remaining in the place, when the Yogi meditates deeply, idols appear to him as mere things imagination, "i.e.", he perceives the absurdity of idolatry.⁹⁴

The Sahasr?ra, or thousand-and-one-petaled lotus of the brain, is usually described as being situated above the head, but sometimes in the opening of the Brahmarandhra, or at the root of the palate. In its centre there is a Yoni which has its face looking downwards. In the centre of this Yoni is placed the mystical moon, which is continually exuding an elixir or dew⁹⁵ --- this moon fluid of immortality unceasingly flows through the Ida.

In the untrained, and all such as are not Yogis, "Every particle of this nectar (the Satravi) that flows from the Ambrosial Moon is swallowed up by the

Sun (in the M?l?dhara Chakakra)⁹⁶ and destroyed, this loss causes the body to become old. If the aspirant can only prevent this flow of nectar by closing the hole in the palate of his mouth (the Prahmarandra), he will be able to utilize it to prevent the waste of his body. By (91) drinking it he will fill his whole body with life, and "even though he is bitten by the serpent Takshaka, the poison does not spread throughout his body."⁹⁷

Further the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" informs us that: "When one has closed the hole at the root of the palate ... his seminal fluid is not emitted even through he is embraced by a young and passionate woman."

Now this gives us the Key to the whole of this lunar symbolism, and we find that the Soma-juice of the Moon, dew, nectar, semen and vital force are but various names for one and the same substance, and that if the vindu can be retained in the body it may by certain practices which we will now discuss, be utilized in not only strengthening but in prolonging this life to an indefinite period.⁹⁸ These practices are called the Mudras, they are to be

94 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v. It does not follow that missionaries are Yogis.

95 Compare. "From the Skull of the Ancient Being wells forth Dew, and this Dew will wake up the dead to a new life." --- The Zohar, "Idra Rabba."

"I will be as a dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." --- Hosea, xiv. 5.

96 This is according to the "Shiva Sanhita." "The Hatha Yoga Pradipika" places the Sun in the Svadisth?na Chakakra. The Manip?ra Chakakra is however probably the correct one.

97 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 53.

98 Fabulous ages are attributed to many of the Yogis. See Flagg's "Yoga," chap. xxviii; and "OM" by Sabhapaty Swami, p. vi.

found fully described in the Tantras, and are made us of as one of the methods of awakening the sleeping Kundalini.⁹⁹

There are many of these Mudras, the most important being the Yoni-Mudra, Maha Mudra, Maha Bandha, Maha Vedha, Khechari, Uddiyana, Mula and Salandhara Bandha, Viparitakarani, Vajroli and Shakti Chalana.

1. "The Yoni Mudra."

With a strong inspiration fix the mind in the Adhar lotus; then engage in contracting the yoni (the space between the lingam and anus). After which contemplate that the God of love resides in the Brahma-Yoni, and imagine that an union takes place between Shiva and Shakti.

A full account of how to practise this Mudra is given in the "Shiva Sanhita";¹⁰⁰ but it is both complicated and difficult to carry out, and if attempted should most certainly be performed under the instruction of a Guru.

2. "Maha Mudra."

Pressing the anus with the left heel and stretching out the right leg, take hold of the toes with your hand. Then practise the Jalandhara Bandha¹⁰¹ and draw the breath through the Sushumn[?]. Then the Kundalini become straight just as a coiled snake when struck. ... Then the two other Nadis (the Ida and Pingala) become dead, because the breath goes out of them. Then he should breathe out very slowly and never quickly.¹⁰²

"3. "Maha Bandha."

Pressing the anus with the left ankle place the right foot upon the left thigh. Having drawn in the breath, place the chin firmly on the breast, contract the anus and fix the mind on the Sushumn[?] Nadi. Having restrained the breath as long as possible, he should then breathe out slowly. He should practise first on the left side and then on the right.¹⁰³

4. "Maha Vedha."

As a beautiful and graceful woman is of no value without a husband, so Maha Mudra and Maha Bandha have no value without Maha Vedha.

The Yogi assuming the Maha Bandha posture, should draw in his breath {93} with a concentrated mind and stop the upward and downward course of the Pr[?]n[?] by Jalandhara Bandha. Resting his body upon his palms placed upon the ground, he should strike the ground softly with his posteriors. By this the Pr[?]n[?], leaving Ida and Pingala, goes through the Sushumn[?]. ... The body assumes a death-like aspect. Then he should breathe out.¹⁰⁴

⁹⁹ We believe this to be the exoteric explanation of this symbolism, the esoteric one being that Shiva represents the Solar or Spiritual Force, and Shakti the lunar or Bodily, the union of these two cancels out the pairs of opposites and produces Equilibrium.

¹⁰⁰ "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 1-11. Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," p. 23.

¹⁰¹ The Jalandhara Banda is performed by contracting the throat and pressing the chin firmly against the breast.

¹⁰² "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," pp. 45, 46. Also see "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 11-20. The breath is always exhaled slowly so as not to expend the Pr[?]na.

¹⁰³ "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 47; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 21, 22.

¹⁰⁴ "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 48; "Shiva Sanhita," vol. iv, 23-30.

5. "Khechari Mudra."

The Yogi sitting in the Vajr[?]sana (Siddh[?]sana) posture, should firmly fix

his gaze upon Ajna, and reversing the tongue backwards, fix it in the hollow under the epiglottis, placing it with great care on the mouth of the well of nectar.¹⁰⁵

6. "Uddiyana Mudra."

The drawing up of the intestines above and below the navel (so that they rest against the back of the body high up the thorax) is called Uddiyana Bandha, and is the lion that kills the elephant Death.¹⁰⁶

7. "Mula Mudra."

Pressing the Yoni with the ankle, contract the anus and draw the Ap?na upwards. This is Mula Bandha.¹⁰⁷

8. "Jalandhara Mudra."

Contract the throat and press the chin firmly against the breast (four inches from the heart). This is Jalandhara Bandha. ...¹⁰⁸

9. "Viparitakarani Mudra."

This consists in making the Sun and Moon assume exactly reverse positions. The Sun which is below the navel and the Moon which is above the palate change places. This Mudra {94} must be learnt from the Guru himself, and though, as we are told in the "Pradipika," a theoretical study of crores of Shastras cannot throw any light upon it, yet nevertheless in the "Shiva Sanhita" the difficulty seems to be solved by standing on one's head.¹⁰⁹

10. "Shakti Chalana Mudra."

Let the wise Yogi forcibly and firmly draw up the goddess Kundalini sleeping in the Adhar lotus, by means of the Apana-V?yu. This is Shakti-Chalan Mudra. ...¹¹⁰

the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" is very obscure on this Mudra, it says:

As one forces open a door with a key, so the Yogi should force open the door of Moksha (Deliverance) by the Kundalini.

¹⁰⁵ "Shiva Sanhita," chap iv, 31. This is perhaps the most important of the Mudras. The "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" gives a long description of how the "fraenum linguae" is cut. See pp. 49-56.

¹⁰⁶ "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 57; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 48-52.

¹⁰⁷ "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 58; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, p. 41-44.

108 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 60; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 38-40.

109 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 62; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 45-47. Again this is the union of Shiva and Shakti, and that of the solar and lunar Pingala and Ida by means of the Sushumn? --- the path of the gods.

110 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 76-81.

Between the Ganges and the Jamuna there sits the young widow inspiring pity. he should despoil her forcibly, for it leads one to the supreme seat of Vishnu.

You should awake the sleeping serpent (Kundalini) by taking hold of its tail. ...111

As a special form of Kumbhaka is mentioned, most probably this Mudra is but one of the numerous Pr?n?y?ma practices, which we shall deal with shortly.

11. "The Vajroli-Mudra."

In the "Shiva Sanhita"¹¹² there is a long account of this Mudra in which the God says: "It is the most secret of all {95} the secrets that ever were or shall be; therefore let the prudent Yogi keep it with the greatest secrecy possible." It consists chiefly in uniting the linga and yoni, but in restraining the vindu.¹¹³

If by chance the Vindu begins to move let him stop it by practice of the Yoni Mudra. ... After a while let him continue again ... and by uttering the sound "hoom," let him forcibly draw up through the contraction of the Apana V?yu the germ cells. ...

Know Vindu to be moon-like, and the germ cells the emblem of the sun; let the Yogi make their union in his own body with great care.¹¹⁴

I am the Vindu, Shakti is the germ fluid; when they both are combined, then the Yogi reaches the state of success, and his body becomes brilliant and divine.

Ejaculation of Vindu is death, preserving it within is life. ... Verily, verily, men are born and die through Vindu. ... The Vindu causes the pleasure and pain of all creatures living in this world, who are infatuated and subject to death and decay.¹¹⁵

There are two modifications of the Vajroli Mudra; namely, Amarani and Sahajoni. The first teaches how, if at the time of union there takes place a union of the sun and moon, the lunar flux can be re-absorbed by the lingam. And the second how this union may be frustrated by the practice of Yoni Mudra.

These practices of Hatha Yoga if zealously maintained bring forth in the aspirant psychic powers known as the Siddhis,¹¹⁶ the most important of which are (1) Anima (the {96} power of assimilating oneself with an atom). (2)

Mahima (the power of expanding oneself into space). (3) Laghima (the power of reducing gravitation). (4) Garima (the power of increasing gravitation). (5) Prapti (the power of instantaneous travelling). (6) Prakamya (the power of

111 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," pp. 63, 69.

112 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 53-75.

113 On the doctrines of this mudra many popular American semi-occult works have been written, such as "Karezza," "Solar Biology," and "The Goal of Life."

114 It is to be noted here that the union is again that of the mystical Shakti and Shiva, but now within the man. All this symbolism is akin to that made use of by the Sufis.

115 "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63.

116 "Any person if he actively practises Yoga becomes a Siddha; be he young, old or even very old, sickly or weak. Siddhis are not obtained by wearing the dress of a Yogi, or by talking about them; untiring practice is the secret of success" ("Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 25).

instantaneous realization). (7) Isatva (the power of creating). (8) Vastiva (the power of commanding and of being obeyed).¹¹⁷

"The Pr?na."

We now come to the next great series of exercises, namely those which control the Pr?na (breath); and it is with these exercises that we arrive at that point where Hatha Yoga merges into Raja Yoga, and the complete control of the physical forces gives place to that of the mental ones.

Besides being able by the means of Pr?n?y?ma to control the breath, the Yogi maintains that he can also control the Omnipresent Manifesting Power out of which all energies arise, whether appertaining to magnetism, electricity, gravitation, nerve currents or thought vibrations, in fact the total forces of the Universe physical and mental.

Pr?na, under one of its many forms¹¹⁸ may be in either a static, dynamic, kinetic or potential state, but, notwithstanding the form it assumes, it remains Pr?na, that is in common language the "will to work" within the Ak?sa, from which it evolves the Universe which appeals to our senses.

The control of this World Soul, this "will to work" is {97} called Pr?n?y?ma. And thus it is that we find the Yogi saying that he who can control the Pr?na can control the Universe. To the perfect man there can be nothing in nature that is not under his control.

If he orders the gods to come, they will come at his bidding. ... All the forces of nature will obey him as his slaves, and when the ignorant see these powers of the Yogi, they call them miracles.¹¹⁹

PRANAYAMA

The two nerve currents Pingala and Ida correspond to the sensory and motor nerves, one is afferent and the other efferent. The one carries the sensations to the brain, whilst the other carries them back from the brain to the tissues of the body. The yogi well knows that this is the ordinary process of consciousness, and from it he argues that, if only he can succeed in making the two currents, which are moving in opposite directions, move in one and the same direction, by means of guiding them through the Sushumn?, he will thus be able to attain a state of consciousness as different from the normal state as a fourth dimensional world would be from a third. Swami Vivek?nanda explains this as follows:

Suppose this table moves, that the molecules which compose this table are moving in different directions; if they are all made to move in the same direction it will be electricity. electric motion is when the molecules all move in the same direction. ... When all the motions of the body have become perfectly rhythmical, the body has, as it were, become a gigantic battery of will. This tremendous will is exactly what the Yogi wants.¹²⁰

And the conquest of the will is the beginning and end of Pr?n?y?ma. {98}

117 For further powers see Flagg's "Transformation or Yoga," pp.

169, 181.

118 Such as: Apana, Samana, Udana, Vyana, Haha, Kurma, Vrikodara, Devadatta, Dhanajaya, etc., etc.

119 Raja-Yoga, "Vivek?nanda," p. 23. See Eliphas Levi's "The Dogma and Ritual of Magic," pp. 121, 158, 192, and Huxley's "Essay on Hume," p. 155.

120 Raja-Yoga, "Vivek?nanda," pp. 36, 37.

Arjuna says: "For the mind is verily restless, O Krishna; it is impetuous, strong and difficult to bend, I deem it as hard to curb as the wind."

To which Krishna answers; "Without doubt, O mighty-armed, the mind is hard to curb and restless, but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference."¹²¹

The Kundalini whilst it is yet coiled up in the M?l^adhara is said to be in the Mah?k?sa, or in three dimensional space; when it enters the Sushumn? it enters the Chitt?k?sa or mental Space, in which supersensuous objects are perceived. But, when perception has become objectless, and the soul shines by means of its own nature, it is said to have entered the Chid?k?sa or Knowledge space, and when the Kundalini enters this space it arrives at the end of its journey and passes into the last Chakra the Sahasr?ra. Vishnu is United to Devaki or Shiva to Shakti, and symbolically, as the divine union takes place, the powers of the Ojas rush forth and beget a Universe unimaginable by the normally minded man.¹²² {99}

How to awake the Kundalini is therefore our next task.

We have seen how this can partially be done by the various Mudra exercises, but it will be remembered that the Shakti Chalana mentioned the practice of Kumbhaka or the retention of breath. Such an exercise therefore partially falls under the heading of Prāṇāyāma.

It is a well-known physiological fact that the respiratory system, more so than any other, controls the motions of the body. Without food or drink we can subsist many days, but stop a man's breathing but for a few minutes and life becomes extinct.¹²³ The air oxydises the blood, and it is the clean red blood which supports in health the tissues, nerves, and brain. When we are agitated our breath comes and goes in gasps, when we are at rest it becomes regular and rhythmical.

In the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" we read:

He who suspends (restrains) the breath, restrains also the working of the mind. He who has controlled the mind, has also controlled the breath.

If one is suspended, the other also is suspended. If one acts, the other also does the same. If they are not stopped, all the Indriyas (the senses) keep actively engaged in their respective work. If the mind and Prāṇa are stopped, the state of emancipation is attained.¹²⁴

121 "Bhagavad-Gītā," vi, 34, 35.

122 The whole of this ancient symbolism is indeed in its very simplicity of great beauty. The highest of physical emotions, namely, love between man and woman, is taken as its foundation. This love, if allowed its natural course, results in the creation of images of ourselves, our children, who are better equipped to fight their way than we on account of the experiences we have gained. But, if this love is turned into a supernatural channel, that is to say, if the joys and pleasures of this world are renounced for some higher ideal still, an ideal super-worldly, then will it become a divine emotion, a love which will awake the human soul and urge it on through all obstructions to its ultimate union with the Supreme soul. To teach this celestial marriage to the Children of earth even the greatest masters must make use of worldly symbols; thus it has come about that corruption has cankered the sublimest of truths, until man's eyes, no longer seeing the light, see but the flameless lantern, because of the filth that has been cast about it.

123 Malay [pearl divers can remain from three to five minutes under water.

124 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 79.

There are three kinds of Prāṇāyāma: Rechaka Prāṇāyāma (exhaling the breath), Puraka Prāṇāyāma (inhaling the breath), and Kumbhaka Prāṇāyāma

(restraining the breath). The first kind consists in performing Rechaka first; the second in doing Puraka first; and the third in suddenly stopping the breath without Puraka and Rechaka.¹²⁵ {100}

Kumbhaka is also of two kinds --- Sahita and Kevala. The Sahita is of two sorts, the first resembling the first kind of Prāṇāyāma, namely Rechaka Kumbhaka Puraka; the second resembling the second kind of Prāṇāyāma, namely Puraka Kumbhaka Rechaka. The Sahita should be practised till the Prāṇa enters the Sushumnā, which is known by a peculiar sound¹²⁶ being produced in the Sushumnā; after which the Kevala Kumbhaka should be practised. This Kumbhaka is described in the "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika" as follows:

When this Kumbhaka has been mastered without any Rechaka or Puraka, there is nothing unattainable by him in the three worlds. He can restrain his breath as long as he likes through this Kumbhaka.

He obtains the stage of Raja-Yoga. Through this Kumbhaka, the Kundalini is roused, and when it is so roused the Sushumnā is free of all obstacles, and he has attained perfection in Hatha-Yoga.¹²⁷

Of the many Prāṇāyāma exercises practised in the East the following are given for sake of example.

1. Draw in the breath for four seconds, hold it for sixteen, and then throw it out in eight. This makes one Prāṇāyāma.

At the same time think of the triangle (The Mūlādhara Chakra is symbolically represented as a triangle of fire) and concentrate the mind on that centre. At the first practice this four times in the morning and four times in the evening, and as it becomes a pleasure to you to do so slowly increase the number.

2. Assume the Pādmasana posture; draw in the Prāṇa through the Ida (left nostril), retain it until the body begins to perspire and shake, and then exhale it through Pingala (right nostril) slowly and never fast. {101}

He should perform Kumbhakas four times a day --- in the early morning, midday, evening, and midnight --- till he increases the number to eighty.¹²⁸

This will make 320 Kumbhakas a day. In the early stages the Prāṇa should be restrained for 12 matras (seconds) increasing as progress is made to 24 and to 36.

In the first stage, the body perspires; in the second, a tremor is felt throughout the body; and in the highest stage, the Prāṇa goes to the Brahmarandhra.¹²⁹

this exercise may also be practised with an additional meditation on the Pranava OM.

3. Close with the thumb of your right hand the right ear, and with that of the left hand the left ear. Close with the two index fingers the two eyes,

125 Also see "The Yogasara-Sangraha," p. 54.

126 The Voice of the Nada.

127 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 43.

128 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 28; the "Svetasvatara Upanishad;" and the "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iii, 25.

129 "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 28.

place the two middle fingers upon the two nostrils, and let the remaining fingers press upon the upper and the lower lips. Draw a deep breath, close both the nostrils at once, and swallow the breath. ... Keep the breath inside as long as you conveniently can; then expire it slowly.¹³⁰ {102}

PRATYAHARA

The next step in Raja Yoga is called Pratyahara, or the making of the mind introspective, by which the mind gains will to control the senses and to shut out all but the one object it is concentrating upon.

He who has succeeded in attaching or detaching his mind to or from the centres of will, has succeeded in Pratyahara, which means "gathering towards," checking the outgoing powers of the mind, freeing it from the thralldom of the senses. When we can do this we shall really possess a character; then alone we shall have made a long step towards freedom; before that we are mere machines.¹³¹

The absorption of the mind in the ever-enlightened Brahman by resolving all objects into Atman, should be known as Pratyahara.¹³²

The mind in ordinary men is entirely the slave of their senses. Should there be a noise, man hears it; should there be an odour, man smell it; a taste, man tastes it; by means of his eyes he sees what is passing on around him, whether he likes it or not; and by means of his skin he feels sensations pleasant or painful. But in none of these cases is he actually master over his senses. The man who is, is able to accommodate his senses to his mind. To him no longer are external things necessary, for he can stimulate mentally the sensation desired. He can hear beautiful sounds without listening to beautiful music, and see beautiful sights without gazing upon them; he in fact becomes the creator of what he wills, he can exalt his imagination to such a degree over his senses, that by a mere act of imagination he can make those senses instantaneously respond to his appeal, for he is lord over the senses, {103} and therefore over the universe as "it appears," though not as "it is."

The first lesson in Pratyahara is to sit still and let the mind run on, until it is realized what the mind is doing, when it will be understood how to

130 "Shiva Sanhita," p. xlix. This in the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 91, is called the Shanmukhi Mudra. Enormous concentration is needed in all these Prāṇāyāma exercises, and, if the aspirant wishes to succeed, he must inflame himself with a will to carry them out to their utmost, just as in the Ceremonial Exercises of Abramelin he inflamed himself to attain to the Holy Vision through Prayer. The mere act of restraining the breath, breathing it in and out in a given time, so occupies the mind that it has "no time" to think of any external object. For this reason the periods of Kumbhaka should always be increased in length, so that, by making the exercise little by little more difficult, greater concentration may be gained.

Fra. P. writes: "If Kumbhaka be properly performed, the body and mind become suddenly 'frozen.' The will is for a moment free, and can hurl itself toward Adonai perhaps with success, before memory again draws back the attention to the second-hand of the watch."

131 "Raja Yoga," Vivekananda, p. 48. It will be noticed that Prāṇāyāma itself naturally merges into Pratyāhāra as concentration on the breath increase.

132 "The Unity of Jīva and Brahman, Srimat Sāṅkarācārya," paragraph 121.

control it. Then it will find that the thoughts which at first bubbled up, one over the other, become less and less numerous; but in their place will spring up the thoughts which are normally sub-conscious. As these arise the Will of the aspirant should strangle them; thus, if a picture is seen, the aspirant by means of his will should seize hold of it before it can escape him, endow it with an objectivity, after which he should destroy it, as if it were a living creature, and have done with it. After this mastership over the senses has been attained to, the next practice namely that of Dhāraṇā must be begun.

DHARANA

Dhāraṇā consists in concentrating the will on one definite object or point. sometimes it is practised by concentrating on external objects such as a rose, cross, triangle, winged-globe, etc. sometimes on a deity, Shiva, Isis, Christ or Buddha; but usually in India by forcing the mind to feel certain parts of the body to the exclusion of others, such as a point in the centre of the heart, or a lotus of light in the brain.

"when the chitta, or mind stuff, is confined and limited to a certain place, this is called Dhāraṇā."

"The Steadiness of the mind arising from the recognition of Brahman, wherever it travels or goes, is the real and great Dhāraṇā."133 {104}

The six Chakras are points often used by the Yogi when in contemplation. Thus seated in the Padma-sana he will fix his attention in the Ajna lotus, and by contemplating upon this light the "Shiva Samhita"¹³⁴ informs us "all sins (unbalanced forces) are destroyed, and even the most wicked (unbalanced) person obtains the highest end."

Those who would practise Dhyan successfully should live alone, and should take care to distract the mind as little as possible. They should not speak much or work much, and they should avoid all places, persons and food which repel them.¹³⁵ The first signs of success will be better health and temperament, and a clearer voice. Those who practise zealously will towards the final stages of Dhyan hear sounds as of the pealing of distant bells,¹³⁶ and will see specks of light floating before them which will grow larger and larger as the concentration proceeds. "Practice hard!" urges Swami Vivekananda, "whether you live or die, it does not matter. You have to plunge in and work, without thinking of the result. If you are brave enough, in six months you will be a perfect Yogi."¹³⁷

DHYANA.

After Dhyan we arrive at Dhyana, or meditation upon the outpouring of the mind on the object held by the will.¹³⁸ {105} when once Dhyan or

133 "Unity of Jiva and Brahman, Srimat Sankaracharya," paragraph 122.

134 See Chapter V, 43-51.

135 Compare the Abramelin instructions with these.

136 The Nada.

137 Compare Eliphas Levi, "Doctrine and Ritual of Magic," p. 195.

138 Imagine the objective world to be represented by a sheet of paper covered with letters and the names of things, and our power of concentration to be a magnifying glass: that power is of no use, should we wish to burn that paper, until the rays of light are "focussed." By moving the glass or paper with our hand we obtain the right distance. In the above the Will takes the place of the hand.

concentration has progressed so far as to train the mind to remain fixed on one object then Dhyana or meditation may be practised. And when this power of Dhyana becomes so intensified as to be able to pass beyond the external perception and brood as it were upon the very centre or soul of the object held by the will, it becomes known as Samadhi or Superconsciousness. The three last stages Dhyan, Dhyana and Samadhi, which are so intimately associated, are classed under the one name of Samyama.¹³⁹

Thus meditation should rise from the object to the objectless. Firstly the external cause of sensations should be perceived, then their internal motions, and lastly the reaction of the mind. By thus doing will the Yogi control the

waves of the mind, and the waters of the great Ocean will cease to be disturbed by their rise and fall, and they will become still and full of rest, so that like a mirror will they reflect the unimaginable glory of the Atman.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.¹⁴⁰ And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.¹⁴¹

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Compare this with the following:

That which is the night of all beings, for the disciplined man is the time of waking; when other beings are waking, then is it night for the Muni who seeth.

He attaineth Peace, into whom all desires flow as rivers flow into the ocean, which is filled with water but remaineth unmoved --- not he who desireth desires.

He who, through the likeness of the Atman, O Arjuna, seeth identity in everything, whether pleasant or painful, he is considered a perfect Yogi.¹⁴²

Now that we have finished our long account of the Vedānta Philosophy and the theories of Yoga which directly evolved therefrom, we will leave theory alone and pass on to practical fact, and see how Frater P. Turned the above knowledge to account, proving what at present he could only believe.

The following is a condensed table of such of his meditation practices as have been recorded between January and April 1901.

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Winged-Globe. ¹⁴³	4 min.	The entire meditation was bad.
Tejas Akāsa. ¹⁴⁴	3 "	There was no difficulty in getting
¹³⁹ See also "The Yogasara-Sangraha," p. 74.		
¹⁴⁰ It is to be noted that the symbolism made use of here is almost identical with that so often made use of in the Yoga Shastras and in the Vedānta. The union of Kundalini (Shakti) and Shiva.		
¹⁴¹ Revelation, xxi, 1-4.		
¹⁴² "The Bhagavad-Gītā," ii, 69, 70; vi, 32. Cf. "Konx om Pax," pp. 73-77.		
¹⁴³ The ordinary Egyptian Winged-Globe is here meant, but as visualized by the mind's eye; the meditation then takes place on the image in the mind. so with the following practises.		
¹⁴⁴ Tejas-Akāsa is the Element of Fire. It is symbolized by a red		

triangle of fire with a black egg in the centre. See "777", col. LXXV, p. 16. See Diagram 84.

		the object clear; but the mind wandered.
Apas-V?yu ¹⁴⁵	? "	Result not very good.
Winged-Globe and Flaming Sword. ¹⁴⁶	? "	Meditation on both of these was only fair. {107}
Pendulum ¹⁴⁷ (E). ¹⁴⁸	? "	Good as regards plane kept by the pendulum; but thoughts wandered.
Winged-Globe.	? "	The result was pretty good.
Tejas-V?yu (E).	? "	Fair.
Ankh ¹⁴⁹ (a green).	? "	Not bad.
Pentagram (E).	? "	Rather good.
The L. I. L. ¹⁵⁰ (E).	? "	Burning till extinct. Rather good, but oil level descended very irregularly. ¹⁵¹
Cross.	? "	Result fair.
Cross.	10 m. 15 s.	Three breaks.
Isis ¹⁵² (E).	18 m. 30 s.	Five breaks. A very difficult practice, as Isis behaved like a living object. ¹⁵³
Winged-Globe.	29 m.	Seven breaks. Result would have been much better but for an epileptic enuch with an alleged flute. My mind revolved various methods of killing it.
Tejas-Ak?sa.	18 "	Seven breaks.
R. R. et A. C. ¹⁵⁴	19 "	Seven breaks.
Pendulum.	? "	After 3 m. lost control and gave up.
Winged-Globe. (E).	10 "	Ten breaks. ¹⁵⁵ {108}

¹⁴⁵ Apas-V?yu is the Element of Water and is symbolized by a black egg of Spirit in the Silver Crescent of Water. See "777", col. LXXV, p. 16. See Diagram 84.

¹⁴⁶ The Golden Dawn symbol of the Flaming Sword. See Diagram 12.

¹⁴⁷ By this is meant watching the swing of an imaginary pendulum.

The difficulty is to keep it in one plane, as it tries to swing round; also to change its rate.

¹⁴⁸ In these records "M" means morning and "E" evening.

¹⁴⁹ The Egyptian Key of Life. See Diagram 61.

¹⁵⁰ Lamp of the Invisible Light.

¹⁵¹ In the mind.

¹⁵² The visualized form of the goddess Isis.

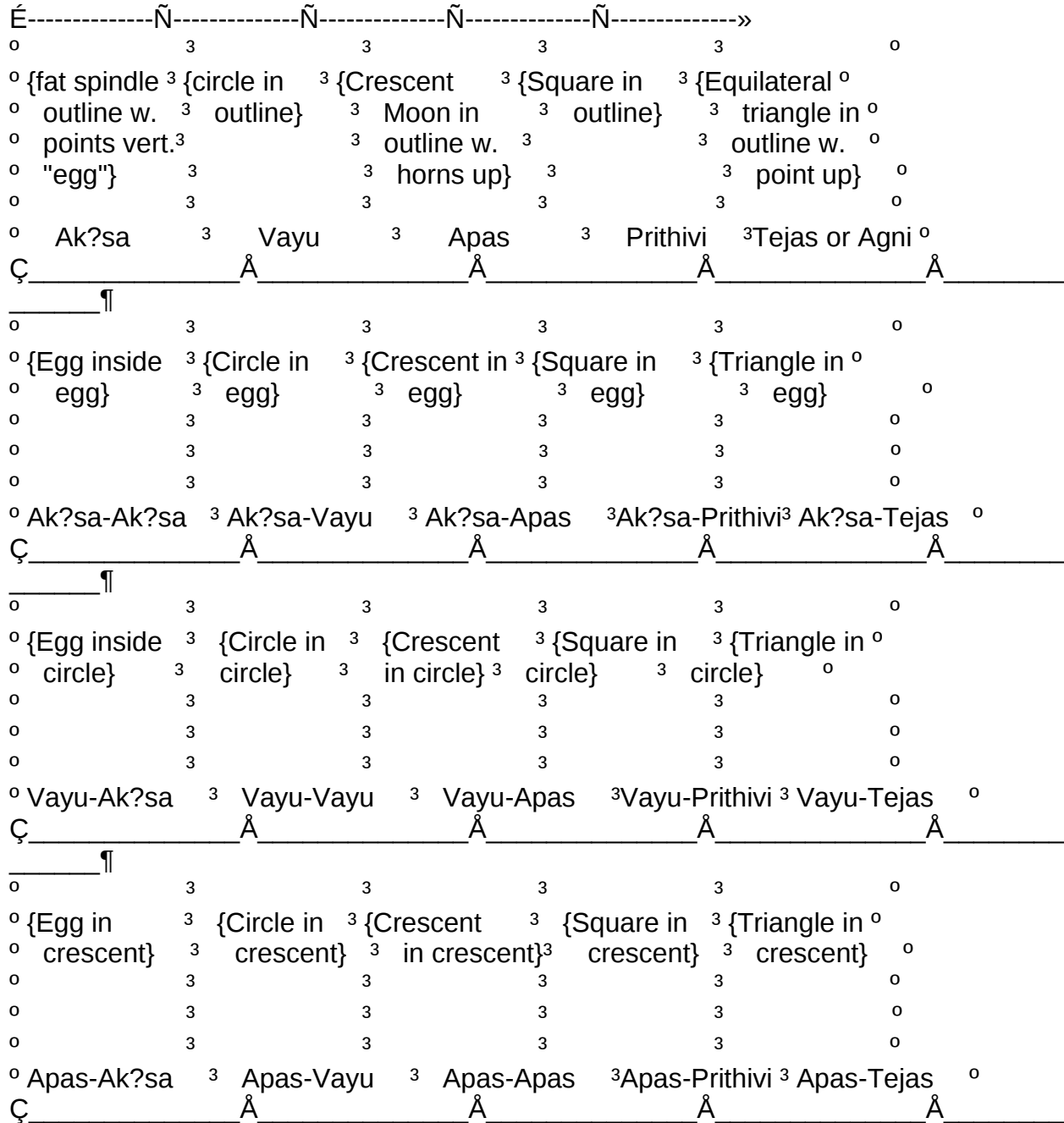
¹⁵³ That is to say she kept on moving out of the line of mental sight.

154 See Diagram 80. A scarlet rose on a gold cross.

155 At this point P. made the following resolve: "I resolve to increase my powers very greatly by the aid of the Most High, until I can meditate for twenty-four hours on one object."

{Illustration facing page 108 partly approximated and partly described:

"DIAGRAM 84. The Five Tatwas, with their twenty-five sub-divisions."



$\frac{0}{\text{Egg in square}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Circle in square}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Crescent in crescent}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Square in square}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Triangle in square}}$
 $\frac{0}{\text{Prithivi-Ak?sa}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Prithivi-Vayu}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Prithivi-Apas}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Prithivi-Prithivi-Tejas}}$
 $\frac{0}{\text{Tejas-Ak?sa}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Tejas-Vayu}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Tejas-Apas}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Tejas-Prithivi}}$ $\frac{0}{\text{Tejas-Tejas}}$
 $\frac{0}{\text{Tejas-Ak?sa}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Tejas-Vayu}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Tejas-Apas}}$ $\frac{3}{\text{Tejas-Prithivi}}$ $\frac{0}{\text{Tejas-Tejas}}$

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Black egg and white ray between pillars156 (E).	10 "	Five breaks.
Golden Dawn Symbol157 (E).	? "	Very bad. Bad cold, dust, shaking, etc., prevented concentration158
Golden Dawn Symbol (E).	10 "	Four breaks.
R. R. et A. C.	23 "	Nine breaks.

Against this particular practice P. wrote: "I think breaks are longer in themselves than of old; for I find myself concentrating on them and forgetting the primary altogether. But I have no means of telling how long it is before the error is discovered."
 Some very much more elaborate and difficult meditations were attempted by P. at this time; in nature they are very similar to many of St. Loyola's. We give the account in his own words:

I tried to imagine the sound of a waterfall. This was very difficult to get at; and it makes one's ears sing for a long time afterwards. If I really got it, it was however not strong enough to shut out physical sounds. I also tried to imagine the "puff-puff" of an engine. This resulted better than the last, but it caused the skin of my head to commence vibrating. I then tried to imagine the taste of chocolate; this proved extremely difficult; and after this the ticking of a watch. This proved easier, and the result was

quite good; but there was a tendency to slow up with the right ear, which however was easy to test by approaching a watch against the ear."159

During this whole period of rough travel, work is fatiguing, difficult and uncertain. Regularity is impossible, as regards hours and even days, and the {109} mind, being so full of other things, seems to refuse to compose itself. Nearly always I was too tired to do two (let alone three) meditations; and the weariness of the morrow was another hostile factor. Let me hope that my return here (Mexico City) will work wonders.

Three days after this entry on a certain Wednesday evening we find a very extraordinary mental experiment recorded in P.'s diary.

D. A. made to P. the following suggestion for a meditation practice.

1. Imagine that I am standing before you in my climbing clothes.
2. When you have visualized the figure, forbid it to move its limbs, etc.
3. Then allow the figure to change, "as a whole," its illumination, position and appearance.
4. Carefully observe and remember any phenomenon in connection therewith.

All this P. attempted with the following result:

The figure of D.A.: leaning on an ice-axe was clearly seen, but at first it was a shade difficult to fix.

The figure at once went 35° to my left, and stayed there; then I observed a scarlet Tiphereth above the head and the blue path of HB:Gemel (gimel) going upwards. Around the head was bluish light, and tiphereth was surrounded by

156 The Ak?sic egg of spirit set between the Pillars of Mercy and Severity with a ray of light descending upon it from Kether.

157 There Golden Dawn Symbol here meditated upon consisted of a white triangle surmounted by a red cross. See Diagram 4.

158 This meditation took place whilst P. was on a journey.

159 these meditations are called Objective Cognitions, by concentrating on certain nerve centres super-physical sensations are obtained.

rays as of a sun. I then noticed that the figure had the power to reduplicate itself at various further distances; but the main figure was very steady.

Above and over the figure there towered a devil in the shape of some antediluvian beast. How long I mentally watched the figure I cannot say, but after a period it became obscure and difficult to see, and in order to prevent it vanishing it had to be willed to stay. After a further time the Plesiosaurus ("P") above the figure became a vast shadowy form including the figure itself.

The experiment being at an end D. A. put the following question to P. "How do you judge of distance of secondary replicas of me?"

P. answered: "By size only."

D. A. comments on the above were as follows:

1. That the test partially failed.
2. That he expected his figure to move more often.¹⁶⁰
3. the vast shadowy form was very satisfactory and promising.¹⁶¹

On the following day P. records first: Meditation upon Winged-Glob to compose himself. He then imagined D. A. sitting forward with his arms around his knees and his hands clasped. Around the figure was an aura of heaving surfaces, and then a focussing movement which brought the surfaces very close together. "The figure then started growing rapidly in all dimensions till it reached a vast form, and as it grew it left behind it tiny emaciated withered old men sitting in similar positions, but with changed features, so much so that I should think it were due to other reasons besides emaciation."

{Illustration on page 111 described.

"DIAGRAM 85. Aura of Heaving Surfaces."

This is a depiction of three curved arrows about a central pattern of dots. In the dot pattern there are five dots horizontal in the center, two arched rows of three immediately above and below, then two dots above and below the three and lastly one dot above center and one below. The whole dot pattern gives the appearance of the intersection of three lines at equal angles, composed of five dots each, the central dot common to all. The curved arrow lines are positioned like a trefoil or a three-bladed ship's propeller. One issues from just right of the base of the dots, curves clockwise outward and inward to a height about that of the top dot in the central pattern, but a distance equal to the diameter of the dot pattern from it horizontally. The top curved arrow line extends from just above and outward from the left end of the horizontal five row (extending the curve would intersect the left-most dot. The last curved arrow line completes the set, all tri-laterally symmetric, with pointed butts, wide central thickness, then narrow to the curved chevron of the arrow head. If the outer curves of the arrow lines were circumscribed at tangents, the resulting circle would have a diameter five times that of a circle passing through the most extended dots of the central pattern.}

D. A. considered this meditation very satisfactory, but that nevertheless P. should attempt it again the next day.

This, however, was impossible; as on the next day, Friday, he was suffering severely from headache and neuralgia; so instead, in order to compose himself, he meditated upon a cross for an hour and a quarter.

The next living object meditation he attempted is described in the diary as follows:

¹⁶⁰ Normally in these experiments the figure does move more often.

¹⁶¹ Normally this is so.

To meditate upon the image of D. A. sitting with his hands on his knees like a God.¹⁶² Spirals were seen moving up him to a great height, and then descending till they expanded to a great size. Besides this no other change took place.

D. A.'s comments on these remarkable experiments are as follows:

The hidden secret is that the change of size and distance is not in accordance with optical laws. No one has kept living objects "dead still."¹⁶³ One of two things may occur:

("a") The figure remains in one spot, but alters in size.

("b") The figure remains same apparent size, but alters in distance.^{111}

Further that the Yogi theories on this experiment were:

(1) That a living object is the reflection of the Actual, the living object being purely unreal.

(2) That from this type of meditation can be discovered the character of the person meditated upon.

"e.g." Q. Is A. pious?

A. If he grows large, yes he is very pious.

Q. Is B. a villain?

A. If he shrivels, he is a "small" villain, not a man to be afraid of.

Also of ordinary occult things --- "e.g." change of face, expressions, etc. There are also further theories regarding the disintegration of man. Theories concerning the danger of this process to the meditator and meditatee alike.¹⁶⁴

The next practice was to meditate upon the image of D. A. standing.

The figure remained in the same place, but altered much like a form reflected in glasses of various curves. The general tendency was to increase slightly, but the most fixed idea was of a figure about 9 feet high but of normal breadth. Next, of normal height and of about double normal breadth.

D. A.'s comment on this meditation was that the result was not good.

This practice was attempted again on the following day: and resulted in many superposed images of various sizes and at various distances. One of the figures had moustaches like the horns of a buffalo. The expression of the figures became bold and fierce; especially at four feet distance, where there were two very real images, one small and one large respectively.

the commend of D. A. on this meditation was that it was most clear, and represented complete success.

On the fifteenth of April 1901 we find P. writing in his diary:

"I agree to project my astral to Soror F.¹⁶⁵ in Hong-Kong every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, which should ready her at 4.6 p.m. on Sunday by Hong-Kong time. She is to start at 10 a.m. Sunday by Hong-Kong time to reach me by 12.2 p.m. Saturday.

These spirit journeys were to commence on the 31st of ^{112} May; but this date seems to have been anticipated, for two days later we read the following:

10 p.m. Enclosing myself in an egg of white light I travelled to Hong-Kong. This city is white and on a rocky hill, the lower part is narrow and dirty. I found F. in a room of white and pale green. She was dressed in a white soft stuff with velvet lapels. We conversed awhile. I remember trying

162 In the position many of the Egyptian gods assume.

163 Qy.: Is this from habit of expecting living things to move? I can, I think, succeed in keeping them still. --- "Note by P."

164 This danger is also experienced by such as carry out Black Magical Operations. The current of will often returns and injures the Magician who willed it.

165 Soror F. the same as Soror S.S.D.F.

to lift a cloisonné vase from the shelf to a table, but cannot remember whether I accomplished the act or not. I said "Ave Soror" aloud (and I think audibly) and remained some time.166

This astral projection is an operation of Chokmah; for the Chiah must vivify the Nephesh shell. After returning P. records that on his journey back he saw "his Magical Mirror of the Universe very clearly in its colours."

Towards the end of April P. drew up for himself the following daily Task:

- (1) To work through the first five of the seven mental operations.167
- (2) The assumption of God forms.168
- (3) To meditate on simple symbols with the idea of discovering their meaning.

(4) Rising on planes.

(5) Astral Visions.169

(6) Adonai ha Aretz.170 {113}

166 This description of Hong-Kong is as correct as can be expected from so short a visit. The conversation was subsequently verified by letter, and also again when they met several years later.

167 He resolved the HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation into seven parts.

168 The HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation, see also the Magical invocation of the Higher Genius: chapter "The Sorcerer." And Liber O iii THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2.

169 See chapter, "The Seer," also Liber O v THE EQUINOX, vol. 1, No. 2.

170 The invocation of the Guardian Angel under the form of a talisman.

"How to draw it."

Draw the name HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph as follows:

HB:Aleph = A winged crown radiating white brilliance.

HB:Dalet = The head and neck of a beautiful woman with a stern

and fixed expression, and hair long dark and waving. (Malkuth.)

HB:Nun = The arms and hands, which are bare and strong, stretched out to the right and left at right angles to the body, in

the left hand a gold cup and in right ears of ripe corn. From her shoulders dark spreading wings.

HB:Yod = A deep yellow-green robe, upon the breast of which is a square gold lamen decorated with four scarlet Greek crosses.

Round her waist is a broad gold belt upon which in scarlet letters is written the name HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph in the

letters of the alphabet of Honorius. Her feet are flesh coloured, and she wears golden sandals. Her long yellow-green drapery is rayed with olive, and beneath her feet roll black clouds lit with lurid patches of colour.

"How to perform it."

- (1) Commence with lesser pentagram Banishing Ritual.
- (2) Formulate rose-cross round room (First, top to bottom; second left to right; third the rose as a circle dextro-rotary).
- (3) The LVX sings in 5ø = 6ø towards the four cardinal points.
- (4) Formulate before you in white flashing brilliance the eight letters thus"
- (5) Attach yourself to your Kether and imagine you see a

- (7) Meditation practices on men and things 171
- (8) Elemental evocations. 172
- (9) Meditation to vivify telemata 173
- (10) Astral projections 174

PHYSICAL WORK.

- (2) Careful drawings of the Gods in their colours.
- (6) Figure of Adonai ha Aretz in colour. [See Illustration.] {114}

{Illustration facing page 114 described:

"DIAGRAM 86. The Flashing Figure of Adonai-ha-Aretz."

This is a black, gray and white illustration in a large vertical rectangle. The field is black. Inside and at the bottom are these words in Hebrew letters, the line of letters arched downward: HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph . The rest of the figure is as described in the last note on page 113:

"A winged crown radiating white brilliance." --- three hollow triangles visible with a pair of inverted wings coming up like antlers to either side. The white brilliance is represented by 35 visible shaded beams radiating in all directions from the center of the crown band, behind it and stopping only at the clouds emanating from behind the knees.

"The head and neck of a beautiful woman with a stern and fixed expression, and hair long dark and waving." --- as described, but crude features are depicted. The hair comes down in two loose falls resembling braids to the waist on either side of the torso.

"The arms and hands, which are bare and strong, stretched out to the right and left at right angles to the body, in the left hand a gold cup and in right ears of ripe corn." --- The hands are clenched about these objects, palmer to the fore. The Cup is ornamented by vertical, narrow bulges about the bowl. The corn is British corn or wheat.

"From her shoulders dark spreading wings." --- as described, feathers depicted with primaries and secondaries.

HB:Aleph

white light there.

HB:Dalet

(6) Having thus formulated the letters, take a deep breath

HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Nun HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet

HB:Aleph

and pronounce the name slowly making the letters flash

HB:Yod

(7) Invoke the Telesmatic image. Let it fill the Universe.

HB:Heh

(8) Then whilst once again vibrating the Name absorb it

HB:Aleph

into yourself; and then will your aura radiate with

HB:Resh

whiteness.

HB:Tzaddi

You should obtain your Divine White Brilliance before formulating the Image. There are two methods, the involving and the expanding whorls respectively.

171 Similar to the D. A. Mediation Practices.

172 Similar to Fra. I. A.'s ritual of Jupiter.

173 This is done by making the telesmata flash by meditation.

174 This is done by projecting a physical image of the self in front of one by meditation.

"A deep yellow-green robe, upon the breast of which is a square gold lamen decorated with four scarlet Greek crosses." --- as described, the robe is very loose and is parted to show the lamen on what appears to be the bare chest. The Greek crosses look indented. There is a rim and a simple cross quartering the lamen into four sub-panels for the Greek crosses.

"Round her waist is a broad gold belt upon which in scarlet letters is written the name HB:Tzaddi HB:Resh HB:Aleph HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Dalet HB:Aleph in the letters of the alphabet of Honorius." --- That is ztrahjnda, on the drawing. This is written in the wrong direction for the alphabet of Honorius.

"Her feet are flesh coloured, and she wears golden sandals." --- as described, the sandals are open strap with two or three cross straps and a single long strap.

"Her long yellow-green drapery is rayed with olive," --- looks like silk harem pants.

"and beneath her feet roll black clouds lit with lurid patches of colour." --- these are most oddly depicted. Starting at the area behind the knees, there is a stretched out cloud with most of its bulk upwards to the center; it cuts off the radiant beams from the crown. There are two patchy clouds to the left on the illustration and three to the right below this large one. The figure is walking on something that looks like a cross between a dried lotus seed pod and a transected mud-dauber nest.}

(8) Completion of Watch-towers and instruments.175

(9) The making of simple talismans.

During each day this programme of work was to be divided as follows:

(1) In the Morning the HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operation, and Assumption of a God-form.

(2) Before Tiffin. An Astral projection practice.

(3) After Tiffin. Rising on a plane, or Vision, or Adonai ha Aretz.

(4) In the Evening. A magical ceremony of same sort, or any of above except astral projection.176

On March the 3rd we find P. wandering among the fastnesses of the Nevado de Colima. Here he lived for a fortnight, returning to Mexico City on the 18th only to leave it again two days later on an expedition to the Nevado de Touca. On the 16th of April he journeyed to Amecameca, from which place he visited Soror F., by projection, and thence up Popocatepetl, encamped on whose slopes he resolved the HB:Shin of HB:Shin into seven Mental Operations:

1. Ray of Divine White Brilliance descending upon the Ak?sic Egg set between the two pillars.

2. Aspire by the Serpent, and concentrate on Flashing Sword. Imagine the stroke of the Sword upon the Da?th junction (nape of neck).

3. Make the Egg grow gray, by a threefold spiral of light.

4. Make the Egg grow nearly white. (Repeat spiral formula.)

5. Repeat 2. Above head. Triangle of Fire (red).

6. Invoke Light. Withdraw. See Golden Dawn Symbol.

7. Let all things vanish in the Illimitable Light.

On the 22nd of April P., having bidden farewell to D. A., who had been to him both friend and master, left for San Francisco. {115}

175 The Elemental Tablets of Dr. Dee; see Diagrams in "The Vision and the Voice."

176 Ideas for mental Concentration. Concentration on Scarlet Sphere in Tiphereth. Let it slowly rise into Da?th and darken, after which into Kether and be a white brilliance; thence fling it flashing, or bring it down and keep it in Tiphereth.

At this city, on the first of May, he solemnly began anew the Operations of the Great Work, and bought a steel rod for a wand, and tools to work it. On the second he bought gold, silver, and a jewel wherewith to make a Crown; and on the third set sail for Japan.

During the voyage the following practices have been recorded:

May 4th. Prithivi-Apas.177 45 m.

Also went on an Astral Journey to Japan. In which I found myself crossing great quantities of Coral-pearl entangled with seaweed and shells. After having journeyed for some time I came to a spot where I saw the form of a King standing above that of Venus who was surrounded by many mermaids; they all had the appearance of having just been frozen. Above the nymphs bowing towards them were many pale yellow angels chained together, and amongst them stood Archangels of a pale silver which flashed forth rays of gold. Above all was the Formless Light. The Archangels showed me curious types of horned beings riding along a circle in different directions.

5th. Concentration on Position 1.178 This resulted in many strange dreams.

6th. Concentration on Position 1. 32 m. Ten breaks. Better towards the end; but best after tenth break. Concentration must have then lasted quite 6 or 7 minutes.

7th. Position 1. 15 m. Three breaks, but end very doubtful having become very sleepy.

Position 1. 6 m. Three breaks. I seemed to collapse suddenly.

Went to Devachan179 on Astral Journey. I found myself surrounded {116} by a wonderful pearly lustre, and then among great trees between the branches of which bright birds were flying. After this I saw a captain on his ship and also a lover contemplating his bride. The real inhabitants of this land to which I went were as of flame, and the imaginary ones were depicted as we physical beings are. Then the images of my vision sped past me rapidly. I saw a mountaineer; my father preaching with me in his old home; my mother, his mother; a man doing Rajayoga on white god-form. At last a wave of pale light, or rather of a silky texture passed through and over

- me; then one of the strange inhabitants passed through me unconscious of me, and I returned.
Golden Dawn symbol. 14 m. Three breaks.
- May 8th. Position 1. 22 m. Seven breaks.
Calvary Cross. 50 m. Did I go to sleep?
- 11th. Designed Abarahadabra
for a pantacle.¹⁸⁰
- 12th. I performed a Magic Ceremonial at night, followed by attempt at Astral Projection. I prefer the Esoteric Theosophist Society's seven-fold division for these practical purposes. I think Physical Astral Projection should be preceded by a (ceremonial) "loosening of
- 177 In all cases when the name alone is mentioned a mediation practice is understood. Prithivi-Apas corresponds to water of earth. It is symbolized by a silver crescent drawn within a yellow square. See Diagram 84.
- 178 "I.e.", Self in Ak?sa between pillars with white ray descending.
- 179 Heaven
- 180 An Eleven pointed Star.
- the girders of the soul."¹⁸¹ How to do it is the great problem. I am inclined to believe in drugs --- if one only knew the right drug.
- 13th. Drew a pantacle.
- 16th. Painted wicked black-magic pantacle.
Held a magical ceremony in the evening.
Lesser banishing Ritual of Pentagram and Hexagram.
Invocation of Thoth and the Elements by Keys 1-6¹⁸² and G.'. D.'.
Opening Rituals.
Consecrated Lamén Crown and Abrahadabra Wand with great force.
- 16th. Did the seven HB:Shin of HB:Shin Operations.
Worked at a Z for 5 = 6 Ritual.¹⁸³
- 17th. Position 1. 12 m. Not good.
Evening Invocation of Mercury, Chokmah and Thoth.
- 18th. Completed Z for 5 = 6 Ritual. {117}
- May 19th. 1. Assumption of the god-form of Harpocrates: It lasted nine minutes: the result was good, for I got a distinct aura around me.
2. Physical Astral Projection. I formed a sphere which took a human shape but rather corpse-like. I then projected a gray¹⁸⁴ ray from the left side of my head; this was very tiring and there was no result physically.
3. Concentrated on imaginary self for ten minutes, and then projected self into it with fearful force. Chiah "nearly" passed.¹⁸⁵
4. Red sphere "darkened" and glorified and return to lighten Tiphereth. The result was good.
- 20th. 1. Tejas-Apas Meditation.
2. Meditation on living object with the usual two figure result.
3. Astral Vision.¹⁸⁶ I found myself in a boiling sea with

geysers spouting around me. Suddenly monsters shaped like lions and bulls and dragons rose from the deep, and about them sped many fiery angels, and Titanic god-forms plunged and wheeled and rose amongst the waters. Above all was built a white temple of marble through which a rose-flame flickered. there stood Aphrodite with a torch in one hand and a cup in the other,¹⁸⁷ and above her hovered Archangels. Then suddenly all was an immense void, and as I looked into it I beheld the dawn of creation. Gusts of liquid fire flamed and whirled through the darkness. Then nothing but the brilliance of fire and water. I was away fifteen minutes.

4. Seven minutes breathing exercise fifteen seconds each way. (Breathing in, withholding, and breathing out.)

5. White Lion on Gray. 5 m. Result bad.

21st. Position 1. 45 m. Fair.

Worked out a "double" formula for Physical Astral Projection. First project with Enterer Sign; simulacrum answers with Harpocrates sign.¹⁸⁸ Then as soon as Enterer sign weakens change consciousness as for Astral Visions. After which attack body from Simulacrum
181 P. at various times used the "Invocation of the Bornless one" as given in "The Goetia"; also the Pentagram rituals in Liber O.
182 The first six Angelic Keys of Dr. Dee.
183 The explanation of the 5ø = 6ø Ritual. See Chapter "The Adept."
184 The colour of Chokmah.
185 See Plate VI. "The Kabbalah Unveiled," S. L. Mathers.
186 It is to be noted that this Vision is of a fiery nature, and that it was experienced shortly after meditating upon Tejas-Asas.
187 Very similar to the older form of "Temperance" in Taro.
188 See Liber O, THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2; Plate, "Signs of the Grades," i; and vol. i, No. 1; Plates the "Silent Watcher" and "Blind Force."

{118} with sign of Enterer to draw force. This cycle repeat until Simulacrum is at least capable of audible speech.

I tried this and started by invoking the forces of Chokmah and Thoth, but omitted stating purpose of Operation in so many words. Yet with three projections (each way) I obtained a shadowy grayness somewhat human in shape. But found difficulty where least expected --- in transferring consciousness to Simulacrum.

May 22nd. God-form Thoth. 16 m. Result fair.

Ak?sa-Ak?sa. During the meditation the following Vision was seen. All things around me were surrounded by silver flashes or streaks. But about the human corpse which I saw before me was a pyramid of flashing light, and around me purple hangings. Five silver candlesticks were brought in, and then I saw a throne with pentagram in white brilliance above it. There was a rose of five by five

petals within; and above Qesheth the rainbow. Rising from the ground were formless demons --- all faces! Even as X. A. R. P.189 etc., are evil. Above were the Gods of E. H. N. B.; and above them svastika wheels whirling, and again above this the Light ineffable.

{Illustration on page 119 approximated:

Û ß Û
 Û Ú ____ Â ____ Â ____ Â ____ Â ____ ¿ Û
 Û Air³ E³ X³ A³ R³ P³ Û
 Û Ã ____ Å ____ Å ____ Å ____ Å ____ ´ Û
 Û Water³ H³ C³ O³ M³ A³ Û
 Û Ã ____ Å ____ Å ____ Å ____ Å ____ ´ Û
 Û Spirit³ N³ A³ N³ T³ A³ Û
 Û Ã ____ Å ____ Å ____ Å ____ Å ____ ´ Û
 Û Dee³ B³ I³ T³ O³ M³ Û
 Û À ____ Á ____ Á ____ Á ____ Á ____ Û Û
 Û

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04012.html>

43 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 15 Dec 2024

Sep FEB Dec

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

PAN TO ARTEMIS

UNCHARMABLE charmer
 Of Bacchus and Mars
 In the sounding rebounding
 Abyss of the stars!
 O virgin in armour,
 Thine arrows unsling
 In the brilliant resilient
 First rays of the spring!

By the force of the fashion
 Of love, when I broke
 Through the shroud, through the cloud,
 Through the storm, through the smoke,
 To the mountain of passion
 Volcanic that woke ---
 By the rage of the mage
 I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness: ---
The lone-lying sea,
The swoon of the moon,
Your swoon into me,
The sentinel sadness
Of cliff-clinging pine,
That night of delight
You were mine, you were mine!

{197}

You were mine, O my saint,
My maiden, my mate,
By the might of the right
Of the night of our fate.
Though I fall, though I faint,
Though I char, though I choke,
By the hour of our power
I invoke, I invoke!

By the mystical union
Of fairy and faun,
Unspoken, unbroken ---
The dust to the dawn! ---
A secret communion
Unmeasured, unsung,
The listless, resistless,
Tumultuous tongue! ---

O virgin in armour,
Thine arrows unsling,
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!
No Godhead could charm her,
But manhood awoke ---
O fiery Valkyrie,
I invoke, I invoke!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{198}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04013.html>

39 captures

27 Jun 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture
{Illustration opposite page 199 described:

"The Interpreter." (script lettering at base, credited at lower right "Carl Hentschel Ph. Lc.")

This is a monochrome color tinted photo of a female violinist. She stands on a white draped block, the background is white, except for the floor which seems to be wooden and is interrupted by the block. She is garbed in a black robe, rose-cross on chest, hood turned back and over hair with eye-in-triangle seen only as three or four points of the glory. Her head is turned in profile to the right until the shoulders and torso --- 3/4 profile. All five toes of her right foot are bare and to be seen jutting out of the robe directly toward the front. She cradles the violin between chin and left shoulder, left fingers holding a chord on the frets and back of left hand toward the viewer and to the side. She holds the bow vertically and tilted away over the strings slightly toward the back. Her right hand lightly grasps the end of the bow about waist high.}

THE INTERPRETER

MOTHER of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music, awake!
Silence and speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at
stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the
Snake and the Sword;
I am he that is sworn to endure --- Bring us the word of the
Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was
my sire;
By the Lord of the Flame and Lightning, the King of
the Spirits of Fire;
By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the
Hosts of the Sea,

The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the king of the
Spirits of Air,

In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of
the Spirits of Earth

That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my
birth;

{199}

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and

Disk I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake
and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord!

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm
of the air,

As the quake of the earth --- let it soar for a boon, for a bane,
for a snare,

For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for
a sword ---

Bring us thy burden of bliss --- Bring us the word of the
Lord!

PERDURABO.

{200}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04014.html>

43 captures

1 Sep 2001 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE DAUGHTER OF THE

HORSELEECH

A FABLE

Tria sunt insaturabilia, et quartum, quod nunquam dicit: Sufficit.

Infernus, et os vulvae. ... --- Prov. xxx. 16.

THE Great White Spirit stretched Himself and yawned. He had done an honest six day's work if ever a man did; yet in such physical training was He from His lengthy "cure in that fashionable Spa Pralaya that he was not in the least fatigued. It was the Loi du R,pos Hebdomadaire that had made Him throw down His tools.

"Anyway, the job's finished!" He said, looking round Him complacently. Even His critical eye assured Him that it was very good.

And indeed ti must be admitted that He had every right to crow. With no better basis than the Metaphysical Absolute of the Qabalists he had unthinkably but efficiently formulated Infinite Space, filled the said Space with Infinite Light, concentrated the Light into a Smooth-pointed Whitehead (not the torpedo) and emanated Himself as four hundred successive intelligences all the way from Risha Qadisha in Atziluth down to where intelligence ends, and England begins. {201}

He took a final survey and again faintly murmured: "Very good! Beautifully arranged, too!" He added, "not a hole anywhere!"

It somewhat surprised Him, therefore, when a tiny, tiny silvery little laugh came bell-like in His ear. It was so tiny that he could hardly credit the audacity of the idea, but for all its music, the laugh certainly sounded as if some one were mocking Him.

He turned sharply round (and this was one of His own special attributes, as transcending the plane where activity and rotundity are incompatibles) but saw nothing; and putting His legs up, lighted His long pipe and settled down to a quiet perusal of a fascinating "cosmic romance" called Berashith by two pseudonymous authors, G. O. Varr and L. O. Heem --- of ingenious fancy, exalted imaginative faculty, and a tendency, which would later be deemed undesirable, to slop over into the filthiest details whenever the love-interest became dominant. Oh, but it was a most enthralling narrative! Beginning with a comic account of the creation, possibly intended as a satire on our men of science or our men of religion --- 'twould serve equally well in either case --- it went on to a thrilling hospital scene. The love-interest comes in chapter ii.; chapter iii. has an eviction scene, since when there have been no snakes in Ireland; chapter iv. gives us a first-rate murder, and from that moment the authors never look back.

But the Great White Spirit was destined to have his day of repose disturbed.

He had just got to the real masterpiece of literature "And Adam knew Hevah his woman," which contains all that ever has been said or ever can be said upon the sex-problem in its {202} one simple, sane, clean truth, when glancing up, he saw that after all He had overlooked something. In the Infinite Universe which he had constructed there was a tiny crack.

A tiny, tiny crack.

Barely an inch of it.

Well, the matter was easily remedied. As it chanced, there was a dainty

little Spirit (with gossamer wings like a web of steel, and scarlet tissue of silk for his robes) flitting about, brandishing his tiny sword and spear in a thoroughly warlike manner.

"Shun!" said the Great White Spirit.

"By the right, dress!

"Snappers, one pace forward, march!

"Prepare to stop leak!

"Stop leak!"

But the matter was not thus easily settled. After five hours' strenuous work, the little spirit was exhausted, and the hole apparently no nearer being filled than before.

He returned to the Great White Spirit.

"Beg pardon, sir!" he said; "but I can't fill that there 'ole nohow."

"No matter," answered the Great White Spirit, with a metaphysical double entendre. "You may go!"

If anything, the crack was bigger than before, it seemed to Him. "This," He said, "is clearly the job for Bartzabel." And he despatched a "speed" message for that worthy spirit.

Bartzabel lost no time in answering the summons. Of flaming, radiant, far-darting gold was his crown; flashing hither and thither more swiftly than the lightning were its rays. His head was like the Sun in its strength, even at {203} high noon. His cloak was of pure amethyst, flowing behind him like a mighty river; his armour was of living gold, burnished with lightning even to the greaves and the armed feet of him; he radiated an intolerable splendour of gold and he bore the Sword and balance of Justice. Mighty and golden were his wide-flashing wings!

Terrible in his might, he bowed low before the Great White Spirit, and proceeded to carry out the order.

For five and twenty years he toiled at the so easy task; then, flinging down his weapons in a rage, he returned before the face of his Master and, trembling with passion, cast himself down in wrath and despair.

"Pah!" said the Great White Spirit with a smile; "I might have known better than to employ a low material creature like yourself. Send Graphiel to Me!"

The angry Bartzabel, foaming with horrid rage, went off, and Graphiel appeared.

All glorious was the moon-like crown of the great Intelligence Graphiel. His face was like the Sun as it appears beyond the veil of this earthly firmament. His warrior body was like a tower of steel, virginal strong.

Scarlet were his kingly robes, and his limbs were swathed in young leaves of lotus; for those limbs were stronger than any armour ever forged in heaven or hell. Winged was he with wings of gold that are the Wind itself; his sword of green fire flamed in his right hand, and in his left he held the blue feather of Justice, unstirred by the wind of his flight, or the upheaval of the universe.

But after five and sixty centuries of toil, though illumined with intelligence almost divine, he had to confess himself defeated. {204}

"Sir," he cried strongly, "this is a task for Kamael the mighty and all his host of Seraphim!"

"I will employ them on it," said the Great White Spirit.

Then the skies flamed with wrath; for Kamael the mighty and his legions flew from the South, and saluted their Creator. Behold the mighty one, behold Kamael the strong! His crownless head was like a whirling wheel of amethyst, and all the forces of the earth and heaven revolved therein. His body was the mighty Sea itself, and it bore the scars of crucifixion that had made it two score times stronger than it was before. He too bore the wings and weapons of Space and of Justice; and in himself he was that great Amen that is the beginning and the end of all.

Behind him were the Seraphim, the fiery Serpents. On their heads the triple tongue of fire; their glory like unto the Sun, their scales like burning plates of steel; they danced like virgins before their lord, and upon the storm and roar of the sea did they ride in their glory.

"Sir," cried the Archangel, "sir," cried Kamael the mighty one, and his legions echoed the roar of his voice, "hast Thou called us forth to perform so trivial a task? Well, let it be so!"

"Your scorn," the Great White Spirit replied mildly, "is perhaps not altogether justified. Though the hole be indeed but a bare inch --- yet Graphiel owns himself beaten."

"I never thought much of Graphiel!" sneered the archangel, and his serpents echoed him till the world was filled with mocking laughter.

But when he had left, he charged them straitly that the work must be regarded seriously. It would never do to fail! {205}

So for aeons three hundred and twenty and five did they labour with all their might.

But the crack was not diminished by an hair's breadth; nay, it seemed bigger than before --- a very gape in the womb of the universe.

Crestfallen, Kamael the mighty returned before the Great White Spirit, his serpents drooping behind him; and they grovelled before the throne of that All-powerful One.

He dismissed them with a short laugh, and a wave of His right hand. If He was disturbed, He was too proud to show it. "This," he said to himself, "is clearly a matter for Elohim Gibor."

Therefore He summoned that divine power before Him.

The crown of Elohim Gibor was Space itself; the two halves of his brain were the Yea and Nay of the Universe; his breath was the breath of very Life; his being was the Mahalingam of the First, beyond Life and Death the generator from Nothingness. His armour was the Primal Water of Chaos. The infinite moon-like curve of his body; the flashing swiftness of his Word, that was the Word that formulated that which was beyond Chaos and Cosmos; the might of him, greater than that of the Elephant and of the Lion and of the Tortoise and of the Bull fabled in Indian legend as the supports of the four letters of the Name; the glory of him, that was even as that of the Sun which is before all and beyond all Suns, of which the stars are little sparks struck off as he

battled in the Infinite against the Infinite --- all these points the Great White Spirit noted and appreciated. This is certainly the person, thought He, to do my business for me.

But alas! for five, and for twenty-five, and for sixty-five, {206} and for three hundred and twenty-five myriads of myriads of myriads of kotis of crores of lakhs of asankhayas of mahakalpas did he work with his divine power --- and yet that little crack was in nowise filled, but rather widened!

The god returned. "O Great White Spirit!" he whispered --- and the Universe shook with fear at the voice of him --- "Thou, and Thou alone, art worthy to fill this little crack that Thou hast left."

Then the Great White Spirit arose and formulated Himself as the Pillar of Infinitude, even as the Mahalingam of Great Shiva the Destroyer, who openeth his eye, and All is Not. And behold! He was balanced in the crack, and the void was filled, and Nature was content. And Elohim Gibor, and Kamael the mighty and his Seraphim, and Graphiel, and Bartzabel, and all the inhabitants of Madim shouted for joy and gave glory and honour and praise to the Great White Spirit; and the sound of their rejoicing filled the Worlds.

Now for one thousand myriad eternities the Great White Spirit maintained Himself as the Pillar of Infinitude in the midst of the little crack that he had overlooked; and lo! He was very weary.

"I cannot stay like this for ever," He exclaimed; and returned into His human shape, and filled the bowl of His pipe, and lit it, and meditated. ...

And I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Then I too lit my pipe, and meditated.

"I cannot see," thought I, "that the situation will be in any way amended, even if we agree to give them votes."

ETHEL RAMSAY.

{207}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04015.html>

37 captures

21 Feb 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE DREAMER

IN the grey dim Dawn where the Souls Unborn
May look on the Things to Be;
A tremulous Shade, a Thing Unmade,

Stood Lost by the silent Sea;
And shuddering fought the o'erwhelming thought
Of Its own Identity.

Is the frenzied form that derides the storm
A ghost of the days to Be?
And the restless wave but the troubled grave
Of Its own dread Imagery?
Or merely a wraith cast up without faith
From the jaws of a Phantom Sea?

To his Love Unborn in that grey dim Dawn
Did the Shade of the Dreamer flee;
Nor marked he the Flood where the Vision had stood
Which mocks for Eternity.
For the Soul he would wed was the Hope that had fled
In the battle with Destiny.

ETHEL ARCHER.

{208}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04016.html>

37 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

MR. TODD

A MORALITY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "ROSA MUNDI"

" ""In Memoriam"

LILITH

" "Obit Kal. Mai." 1906

MR. TODD

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

GRANDFATHER OSSORY ("eighty-one")

ALFRED OSSORY ("fifty"), "his son, a shipowner"

EMILY OSSORY ("forty-five"), "his wife"

EUPHEMIA OSSORY ("eighteen"), "his daughter"

CHARLEY OSSORY ("ten"), "his son"

GEORGE DELHOMME ("twenty-four"), "of the ministry of Foreign Affairs"

DIONYSUS CARR ("thirty-four"), "Professor of Experimental Eugenics in the"

" University of T• bingen"; and

MR. TODD

THOMAS, "a footman"

A HOSPITAL NURSE

SCENE: "The sitting-room in" OSSORY'S "house in Grosvenor Square."

TIME: "Midday."

"The persons are in correct morning dress, except the invalid "GRANDFATHER, "who"
"is in a scarlet dressing-gown, with gold embroidery, and "CARR, "who affects"
"a pseudo-Bohemian extravagance. He wears a low collar, a very big bow-tie"
"of gorgeous colours, a pale yellow waistcoat, a rich violet lounge suit"
"with braid, patent leather boots, pale blue socks. But the refinement and"
"breeding of the man are never in question. His hair is reddish, curly,"
"luxuriant. He is clean-shaved, and wears an eye-glass with a"
"tortoiseshell rim."

TODD "has a face of keen pallor; he is dressed in black, with a flowing black"
"cape, black motor-cap. He gives the impression of great age combined with"
"great activity."

ACT I

GRANDFATHER "sunk in melancholy in his arm-chair;" MRS. OSSORY "red and weeping;"

OSSORY "(a British heavy father) grief-stricken;" EUPHEMIA "sobbing at the"
"table;" CARR "and "DELHOMME "cold and hot respectively in their expression of"
"sympathy." MR. TODD "is at the door, his cloak on, his hat in his hand."

OSSORY. It is kind of you to have so far to break the sad news, my dear sir. I hope that we shall see you again soon under --- under --- under happier circumstances.

[TODD "bows very low to the company as if deeply sympathising; but turning"
"his face to the audience, smiles as if at some secret jest. The actor"
"should study hard to make this smile significant of the whole"
"character, as revealed in the complete play; for" TODD "does not develop"
"through, but is explained by, the plot." TODD "goes out;" OSSORY
"follows, and returns in a minute. There is no sound in the room but"
"that of "EUPHEMIA'S "sobs."

OSSORY "[returning, throws himself into a chair near the door]." Dear me! dear me! Poor, poor Henry!

DELHOMME. In the very flower of his life. ...

CARR ["solemnly"]. Truly, my dear sir, in the midst of life we are in death.
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[EUPHEMIA "looks up and darts a furious glance at him; for she knows that he"
"is mocking British solemnity and cant."

DELHOMME. Crushed --- crushed in a moment ----

MRS. OSSORY ["very piously"]. Without a warning. Ah well, we must hope that --- ["Her voice becomes a mumble."

DELHOMME. I will bid you good morning; I am sure you will not wish strangers to intrude upon your grief. If there is anything that I can do ----

MRS. OSSORY ["conventionally"]. Pray do not leave us yet, Monsieur Delhomme. Lunch is just ready.

DELHOMME. I really think that I should go.

["He shakes hands."

MRS. OSSORY. Good morning. We are so grateful for your sympathy and kindness. ["He turns to the old man."] Grandfather is asleep.

[DELHOMME "shakes hands coldly with "CARR, "wondering why he does not offer to"

"come with him. He goes to "EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA. ["Jumps up and gives her hand, hiding her tear-stained face. She" "has a slight lisp."] Good morning, monsieur. ["He bends over her hand and" "kisses it"

DELHOMME. Always my sympathy and devotion, mademoiselle.

EUPHEMIA. Thank you -- thank you.

["Her real attitude to him is listlessness bordering on aversion, but" "constrained by politeness; he mistakes it for modesty striving with" "young love."]

DELHOMME. Good morning, Mr. Ossory. Anything I can do, of course; anything I can do. {214}

OSSORY. thank you, my dear lad. Anything you can do, of course --- I will let you know at once. By the way, you haven't asked her yet, I suppose?

DELHOMME. NOt yet, sir. I am rather diffident: I do not care to precipitate affairs.

OSSORY. Well, I am really very anxious to see her future assured. And you know our proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." ["Points to him, and over" "his shoulder to her."] There's our scientific friend, eh?

DELHOMME. Oh, I'm not afraid of him. A "farceur," no more, though sometimes a pleasant one.

OSSORY. "Tu t'en f---, ça, mon vieux chameau? Quoi?"

DELHOMME. ["very disgusted at "OSSORY'S "vulgarity, which mistakes "argot "for "chic]. Well, sir, as soon as I can find a favourable opportunity ---

OSSORY. Grief is a good mood to catch them in, my boy. I know! I know! I've been a bit of a dog in my time.

["Shakes hands as they go out."

DELHOMME. ["returning"]. One word in your ear, sir, if I may. It's purely instinctive --- but --- but --- well, sir, I mistrust that man Todd!

OSSORY. Thanks: I believe you may be right.

DELHOMME. Good-bye, sir!

OSSORY. Good-bye.

MRS. OSSORY ["rising"]. Alfred, that man is a devil!

OSSORY. What, little Delhomme?

MRS. OSSORY. Of course not, Alfred. How can you be so silly? Todd!

OSSORY. Why, whatever do you mean?

MRS. OSSORY. I don't mean anything but what I say. {215} He's a devil; I'm sure of it. I know it was his fault, somehow.

OSSORY. Nonsense, nonsense, my dear! He was not even in the car.

MRS. OSSORY. It was his car, Alfred.

OSSORY. You're a fool, Emily.

CARR. I think Mr. Ossory means that we could hardly hold him responsible if one of his steamers ran down a poor polar bear on a drifting iceberg.

MRS. OSSORY. I know I'm quite unreasonable; it's an instinct, and intuition. You know Saga of Bond Street said how psychic I was!

["During the next few speeches" CARR "and" EUPHEMIA "correspond by signs and" "winks."

GRANDFATHER. When I was in Australia forty-four years ago there was a very good fellow of the name of Brown in Ballarat. Brown of Buninyong we used to call him. I remember ----

MRS. OSSORY. ["bursting into tears"]. How can you, grandpa? Can't you realise that poor Henry is dead?

GRANDFATHER. Henry dead?

MRS. OSSORY. Didn't you hear? He was run over by Mr. Todd's motor-car this afternoon in Piccadilly.

GRANDFATHER. There, what did I tell you? I always disliked that man Todd from the first moment that I heard his name. Dear, dear! I always knew he would bring us trouble.

OSSORY. Well, this doesn't seem to have been his fault, as far as we can see at present. But I assure you that I share {216} your sentiments. I have heard very ill things said of him, I can tell you.

MRS. OSSORY. Who is he? Does any one know? A man of family, I hope. How

dreadful for poor Henry if he had been run over by a plebeian!

OSSORY. Well, we hardly know --- I wonder if his credit is good. ["His" "voice sinks to a whisper as the awful suspicion that he may be financially" "unsound strikes him."]

CARR. ["sharply, as if pained"]. Oh, oh! Don't suggest such a thing without the very best reason. It would be too terrible!

["This time "EUPHEMIA "laughs."

OSSORY. My dear boy, I deliberately say it. I have the very best of reasons for supposing him to be very deeply dipped. Very deeply dipped.

CARR. ["Hides his head in his hands and groans, pretending to be" "overwhelmed by the tragedy. Looks up."] Well, I was told he other day that he held a lot of land in London and has more tenants than the Duke of Westminster!

OSSORY. Well, we'll hope its is true. But in these days one never knows.

And he leaves a very unpleasant impression wherever he goes. If I were not an Englishman I should say that the feeling I had for him was not very far removed from actual fear!

CARR. well said, sir. Hearts of oak in the City, eh?

[OSSORY "glares at him suspiciously." EUPHEMIA "both enjoys the joke and is" "angry that her father is the butt of it."

EUPHEMIA. Well, I'm not afraid of him --- I think I rather like him. I'm sure he's a good man, when one knows him. {217}

CARR. Oh, Todd's a good sort! I think I must be going, sir.

EUPHEMIA. I wish you would stay and help me with the letters, Mr. Carr. We shall have a great deal to do in the next day or two.

CARR. Well, if you really wish it, I will try and be of what service I can.

[CARR, "with his back to audience, laughs with his hands, behind it."

MRS. OSSORY. That is indeed kind of you, Professor!

[CARR'S "hand-laugh grows riotous."

GRANDFATHER. Where is Nurse? I want my whisky and milk.

MRS. OSSORY. ["Rings."] I shall go down to lunch, Alfred. lunch when you like, please, everybody. I fear the house will be much upset for a day or two. You must go down to the mortuary at once. I am really too upset to do anything more.

CARR. ["Over" L. "To " EUPHEMIA.] She hasn't done much yet!

EUPHEMIA. What a brute you are!

MRS. OSSORY. And we can't possibly go to the dear Duchess on Friday!

CARR. ["almost in tears"]. Forgive my seeming callousness! ON my honour, I never thought of that. "Sunt lachrymae rerum."

["A nurse and a footman appear. The latter wheels "GRANDFATHER "out of the" "room, using the greatest care not to shake him." {218}

GRANDFATHER. Oh, my sciatica! You careless scoundrel, you're shaking me to pieces! Emily, do get a gentler footman. Oh! Oh! Nobody cares for the poor old man. I am thrown on the dust-heap. Oh, Emily, may you suffer one day as I suffer! Oh! Oh! Oh!

["The Nurse comes forward and soothes him."

NURSE. You must really be more careful of my patient, Thomas.

THOMAS. I humbly beg pardon, miss. I think the balls is gritty, miss. I'll ile 'em to-morrow.

GRANDFATHER. There, you see, Nurse is the only one that loves me. I should like to marry you, Nurse, eh? And cut 'em all out?

MRS. OSSORY. ["Glares at Nurse in silence, not trusting herself to speak to" "her."] Now, grandpa, don't be silly! You know how we all love you! ["She goes" "to the chair and shakes it, unseen."] Thomas, there you are again! How can you be so thoughtless?

GRANDFATHER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

["They get him out of the room."]

MRS. OSSORY ["returning"]. Good-bye, Mr. Carr. It is so good of you to help.

CARR. Not at all, Mrs. Ossory, not at all. I am only too glad. You should try and get a nap after lunch.

MRS. OSSORY. I will --- I really think I will. ["Exit."]

CARR. ["Closes the door, turns to " EUPHEMIA, "executes a quiet hornpipe," "goes to " EUPHEMIA, "holds out his arms."] Sweetheart!

EUPHEMIA. How dare you! How can you! With poor Uncle Henry lying dead! {219}

CARR. Why have a long Latin name if you mean to play the English hypocrite? Who was poor Uncle Henry? Did you love poor Uncle Henry so dearly as all that? How old were you when your father quarrelled with poor Uncle Henry? About two and a half! The only thing you know about poor Uncle Henry is that poor Uncle Henry once tickled your toes. [EUPHEMIA "gives a little" "scream of horror."] Enough humbug about poor Uncle Henry! ... Sweetheart!

EUPHEMIA. Mine own!

["They embrace and kiss with great intensity."]

EUPHEMIA. Unhand me, villain! ...

But one has to be decent about one's relations. Even the humbug of it is rather fun.

CARR. There speaks the daughter of Shakespeare's country. I am sure the Bacon imbroglio was a consummate practical joke on somebody's part. As I see the joke, I take no side in the controversy!

But we should look on the bright side of things!

["Pompously."]

Poor Uncle Henry, dead and turned to clay,
May feed the Beans that keep the Bile away.
Oh that whom all the world did once ignore
Should purge a peer or ease an emperor!

EUPHEMIA. But where is the bright side of our love?

CARR. Why, our love!

EUPHEMIA. Cannot you, cannot you understand?

CARR. Not unless you tell me!

EUPHEMIA. I can't tell you. {220}

CARR. --- Anything I don't know.

EUPHEMIA. Oh, you laugh even at me!

CARR. Because I love you. so I laugh at humanity: if I took men seriously I should have to cut my throat.

EUPHEMIA. So you don't take me seriously either?

CARR. If I did, I should have to cut ---

EUPHEMIA. What?

CARR. My lucky!

EUPHEMIA. What a dreadful expression! Where do you learn such things?

CARR. I notice you don't have to ask what it means.

EUPHEMIA. Stop teasing, darling!

CARR. I'm not teething! That's what I complain of; you always treat me as a baby!

EUPHEMIA. Come to him mummy, then!

CARR. You're not my mummy! That's what I complain of; you always treat me as a Cheops, ever since that night on the Great Pyramid!

EUPHEMIA. ["Hides her head in his bosom."] Oh shame, shame!

CARR. Not a bit of it! Think of the infinite clearness of the night ---

"The magical green of the sunset,

The magical blue of the Nile."

The rising of the great globed moon --- the stars starting from their fastnesses like sentries on the alarm --- the isolation of our stance upon the summit --- the faery distance of Cairo and its spear-sharp minarets --- and we --- and we ---

EUPHEMIA. Oh me! Oh me!

CARR. Shall I remind you ---- {221}

EUPHEMIA. Must "I" remind "you?"

CARR. No; my memory is excellent.

EUPHEMIA. Of what you swore?

CARR. I swore at the granite for not being moss.

EUPHEMIA. You swore to love me always.

CARR. The champagne at the Mena House is not champagne; it is --- the cork of it is labelled "Good intentions."

EUPHEMIA. Then you didn't mean it?

CARR. ["kissing her"]. Am I, or am I not --- a plain question as between man and man --- loving you now?

EUPHEMIA. Oh, I know! But I am so worried that everything most sure seems all shaken in the storm of it! I was glad --- glad, glad! --- when that Mr. Todd came in with his news, so that I could have a real good cry. ["Very close" "to him, in a tragic whisper."] Something has happened --- something is going to happen.

CARR. And something has not happened --- I knew it was a long time since we missed a week. By the way, have you heard the terrible news about Queen Anne? Dead, poor soul! Never mind, silly, you told me most dramatically, and it shall be counted unto you for righteousness.

EUPHEMIA. I think you're the greatest brute in the world --- and I love you.

CARR. How reciprocal of you!

EUPHEMIA. Sweet!

CARR. On my honour, I haven't a single chocolate on me. Have a cigar?

["Business with case."]

EUPHEMIA. Be serious! You must marry me at once.

CARR. then how can I be serious! I understand from a gentleman named Shaw that marriage is only a joke --- no, not Shaw! Vaughan, or Gorell Barnes, or

some name like that!

EUPHEMIA. But you will, won't you?

CARR. No, I won't, will I?

["Sings."] "I have a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie!"

EUPHEMIA. What? ["She releases herself."

CARR. Well, the wife's dead, as a matter of fact. Her name was Hope-of-ever-doing-something-in-the-Wide-Wide. But the bairns are alive: young Chemistry, already apt at repartee --- I should say retort; little Biology, who's rather a worm between you and me and the gate-post; and poor puny, puling, sickly little Metaphysics, with only one tooth in his upper jaw!

Oh, don't cry! I love you as I always did and always shall. I'll see you through it somehow!

But don't talk foolishness about marriage! We are happy because when I come to see you I come to see you. If we were living together you would soon get to know me as the brute who grumbles at the cooking and wants to shut himself up and work --- ["mimicking her voice"] "And I wouldn't mind so much if it were work, but all he does is to sit in a chair and smoke and stare at nothing and swear if any one comes in to ask him if my darling news old rose chiffon moir, Directoire corsets match my eau-de-Nil suede tussore appliqu, garters." See?

EUPHEMIA. But --- hush!

["She flies away to the other end of the room. The door opens. Enter"

THOMAS. {223}

THOMAS. Mr. Delomm would like to see you for a moment on urgent business.
["the lovers exchange signals privately."

EUPHEMIA. Show him up.

THOMAS. Yes, miss. [THOMAS "goes out."

CARR. I will go and get a snack. Trust me --- love me ---

EUPHEMIA. I will --- I do.

["They embrace." CARR "goes to the door --- turns."

CARR. Love me --- trust me.

[EUPHEMIA "flies to him, kisses him again, nods."

EUPHEMIA. I will --- I do --- I love you --- I trust you.

CARR. Sweetheart! ["they kiss, furtively, as if hearing footsteps."] So long!

["She retreats into the room, and blows him a kiss."

CARR. ["outside, loudly"]. Good morning, Miss Ossory!

EUPHEMIA. ["sinking into a chair, faintly"]. good-bye --- no. no! Till --- when?

["She is almost crying, but sets her teeth and rises."

THOMAS. ["opening the door"]. Mr. Delomm.

["Enter" DELHOMME.

DELHOMME. I am a thousand times sorry to intrude upon your grief, Miss

Ossory, but ----

EUPHEMIA. Uncle Henry was nothing to me.

DELHOMME. In any case, I should not have spoken to you, but my Embassy has suddenly called me. I am to go to Constantinople --- I may be a month away --- and --- I want to see you first.

EUPHEMIA. Of course, to say good-bye. It is sweet of you to think of us, Monsieur Delhomme. {224}

DELHOMME. Of you --- of thee. How difficult is the English language to express subtle differences!

You must have seen, Miss Ossory ----

EUPHEMIA. ["dully"]. I have seen nothing.

DELHOMME. May I speak?

EUPHEMIA. What is this? Oh!

DELHOMME. I need not tell you, I see. My unspoken sympathy and devotion

EUPHEMIA. Spare me, I pray you.

DELHOMME. I must speak. Mademoiselle, I am blessed in loving you. I offer you the sympathy and devotion of a lifetime.

EUPHEMIA. I beg you to spare me. It is impossible.

DELHOMME. It is the truth --- it is necessary --- I should kill myself if you refused.

EUPHEMIA. My father ----

DELHOMME. Your respected father is my warmest advocate.

EUPHEMIA. You distress me, sir. It is impossible.

DELHOMME. Ah, fairest of maidens, well I know your English coyness and modesty! ["Taking her hand."] Ah, give me this pure hand for good, for ever! This hand which has been ever open to the misery of the poor, ever closed to box the enemies of your country!

EUPHEMIA. It is not mine!

DELHOMME. I do not understand. I am too worn a slave in the world's market for my fettered soul to grasp your innocence. Ah! you are vowed to OUR Lady, perhaps? Yet, believe me ----

EUPHEMIA. Oh, sir, you distress me --- indeed you distress me! {225}

DELHOMME. I would not brush the bloom from off the lily --- and yet ----

EUPHEMIA. My god! --- Monsieur Delhomme, I am going to shock you. Oh! Oh!

["She buries her face in her hands. He starts back, surprised at the turn"

"things are taking, and at the violence of her emotion and of its"

"expression."

DELHOMME. What is it! Are you ill! Have I ---

EUPHEMIA. ["Steady and straight before him."] I am another man's --- his --- his mistress. There!

["He reels, catches a chair and saves himself. Her breast heaves;"

"swallowing a sob, she runs out of the room."

DELHOMME. ["Utterly dazed"]. I --- I --- oh, my god! My father! My God! I thought her --- oh, I dare not say it --- I will not think it. ["On his" "knees, clutching at the chair."] My god, what shall I do! She was my life, my hope, my flower, my star, my sun! What shall I do! Help me! help me! Who shall console me? {"He continues in silent prayer, sobbing"}].

["The door opens;" MR. TODD "steals into the room on tiptoe, bends over him" "and whispers in his ear. The expression of anguish fails from his" "face; a calm steals over him; he smiles in beatitude wand his pips" "move in rapture. He rises, shakes" TODD "by the hand; they go out" "together."

[GRANDFATHER "wheeled into the room by" THOMAS, CHARLEY "walking by him. The" "servant leaves them."

GRANDFATHER. bitter cold, Charley, for us old people! {226} Nothing right nowadays! Oh, my poor leg! Bitter, bitter cold! I mind me, more than sixty years ago now --- oh dear! oh dear! run and tell Nurse I want my liniment! Oh dear! oh dear! what a wretched world. Sciatics --- like rats gnawing, gnawing at you, Charley.

CHARLEY. You frighten me, grampa! Why doesn't Mr. Carr come and play with me?

GRANDFATHER. He has gone out with your mother. He'll come by-and-by, no doubt. Run and fetch Nurse, Charley! [CHARLEY "runs off."

Oh dear! I wish I could find a good doctor. Nobody seems to do me any good. It's pain, pain all the time. Nurse! can't you tell me of a good doctor? For oh! for oh! ["He looks about him fearfully; his voice sinks to a" "thrilled whisper"] I am so afraid --- afraid to die! Is there nobody ----

["Enter "TODD, "and stands by his chair, laying his hand on the old man's" "shoulder. He looks up."

I wish you were a doctor, Mr. Todd. You have such a soothing touch. Perhaps you are a doctor? I can get nobody to do me any good.

[TODD "whispers in his ear. The old man brightens up at once."

Why, yes! I should think that would relieve me at once. Very good! Very good!

[TODD "wheels him out of the room, the old man laughing and chuckling." "Enter" OSSORY "and" EUPHEMIA, "talking."

OSSORY. I want to say a word, girlie, about young Delhomme. {227} Er --- well, we all grow older, you know --- one day --- er --- ah! Nice young

fellow, Delhomme!

EUPHEMIA. I refused him twenty minutes ago, father.

OSSORY. What? How the deuce did you know what I was going to say? Bless me, I believe there may be something in this psychic business after all!

EUPHEMIA. Yes, father, I feel I have strange powers!

OSSORY. But look here, girlie, why did you refuse him? "Reculer pour mieux sauter" is all very well, don't you know, but he gives twice who gives quickly.

EUPHEMIA. That's the point, father. If you accept a man the first time he asks you it's practically bigamy!

OSSORY. But --- little girl, you ought to accept him at once. He will make you an excellent husband --- I wish it. ["Pompously".] It has ever been the desire of my heart to see my Phemie happily mated before I lay my old bones in the grave.

EUPHEMIA. But I don't love him. He's a quirk.

OSSORY. Tut! Nonsense! Appetite comes with eating.

EUPHEMIA. But I don't care for "Hors d'oeuvre."

OSSORY. Euphemia, this is a very serious matter for your poor old father.

EUPHEMIA. What have you got to do with it? Really, father ---

OSSORY. I have everything to do with it. The fact is, my child --- here! I'll make a clean breast of it. I've been gambling, and things have gone wrong. Only temporarily, of course, you understand. Only temporarily. But --- oh, if I had only kept out of Fidos!

EUPHEMIA. Is it a dog? ["Whistles."] Here, Fido, Fido! Trust, doogie, trust! {228}

OSSORY. That's it! they won't trust, those dogs! to put it short --- ["a" "spasm of agony crosses his face"] --- Good Lord alive, "I'm" short! If I can't find a couple of hundred thousand before the twelfth I'll be hammered.

EUPHEMIA. And so ----?

OSSORY. Very decent young fellow, little Delhomme. I can borrow half a million from him if I want it; but I don't care to unless --- unless things --- unless you ----

EUPHEMIA. I'm the goods, am I? You old bear!

OSSORY. I know, Phemie, I know. It's those damned bulls on Wall Street! How could I foresee ----

EUPHEMIA. AT least you might have foreseen that I was not a bale of cotton.

OSSORY. But I shall be hammered, my dear child. We shall all have to go to the workhouse!

EUPHEMIA. ["coldly"]. I thought mamma had three thousand a year of her own.

OSSORY. That's just what I say. The workhouse!

EUPHEMIA. My dear father, I really can't pity you. I think you're a fool, and you've insulted me. Good morning! ["She goes out."]

OSSORY. Oh, the disgrace of it, the shame of it! She little knows ---- How will the Receiver look at that Galapagos turtle deal? Receivers are damned fools. And juries are worse. Ah, Phemie, so little a sacrifice for

the father who has given all for you --- and she refuses! Cruel! Cruel!
Which way can I turn? Is there nobody whose credit---- Let's think.
Jenkins? No good. Maur? Too suspicious --- a nasty, sly, sneaking fellow!
Higginbotham, Ramspittle, Rosenbaum, Hoggenheimer, Flipp, Montgomery, MacAn
--- no, hang it! {229} no hope in a Mac --- Schpliechenspitzel, Togahening,
Adams, Blitzenstein, Cznychzaditzch --- no use. I wonder where I caught that
cold! who the devil is there that I could ask?

["Enter" THOMAS --- OSSORY'S "back toward door."

THOMAS. Mr. Todd. ["Enter" TODD --- OSSORY "doesn't turn."

OSSORY. I can't see him, Thomas. ["Turns."] I beg your pardon, Mr. Todd.
The fact is, I'm damnably worried over pay-day. I really don't know you well
enough to ask you, perhaps, but the fact is, I've a good sound business
proposition which I must put before some one, and I believe you're the very
man to help me. Now ----

["TODD "takes him by the shoulder and whispers in his ear."

Why, really, that is good of you --- damned good of you! Why, damme, sir!
you're a public benefactor. Come, let us arrange the preliminaries ----

["They go out," OSSORY "clinging tightly to" TODD'S "arm."

"Enter" MRS. OSSORY "and" CARR, "dressed for walking."

MRS. OSSORY. She cut me! You saw it! She cut me absolutely dead!

CARR. Possibly she didn't see you.

["As "MRS. OSSORY "is not looking, he employs a gesture which lessens the"
"likelihood of this, by calling attention to her bulk."

MRS. OSSORY. I know she saw me. My only Duchess!

CARR. There's better duchesses in Burke than ever came out of it, Mrs.
Ossory. By the way, unless rumour lies, the jade! you can fly much higher
than a paltry Duchess!

MRS. OSSORY. Why, why, what do you mean? Oh, dear Professor, how sweet of
you! Or are you joking? Somehow {230} one never knows whether you are
serious or not! But you wouldn't make fun of my embarrassments --- Society is
so serious, isn't it? But, oh do! do tell me what they say!

CARR. Well, Mrs. Ossory --- you know our mysterious friend?

MRS. OSSORY. Mr. Todd?

CARR. Yes. Well, they say that --- he is a King in his own country.

MRS. OSSORY. And I've always disliked and distrusted him so! But perhaps
that was just the natural awe that I suppose one must always feel, even when
one doesn't know, you know. I wonder, now, if we could get him to a little
dinner. One could always pretend one didn't know who he was! Let me see,
now! Caviar de sterlet royale ----

CARR. Consomm, royale, sole ... la royale, haunch of royal venison --- can't
insult him with mere baron of beef --- pouding royale, glace ... l'imp,ratrice,
canap, royale --- you'll be able to "feed" him all right!

MRS. OSSORY. How clever you are, Professor! Thank you so much. Now who
should we ask to meet him?

CARR. I rather expect you'll have to meet him "alone!"

MRS. OSSORY. "Tê-te-...-tê-te!" But would that be quite "proper," Professor?

CARR. How very English! --- all you English think that. But --- royalty has its own etiquette.

["Enter" CHARLEY.

Come along, Charley boy, and show me how the new engine works! {231}

Never mind that old frump of a Duchess, Mrs. Ossory --- perhaps Mr. Todd may call.

["Goes out with" CHARLEY.

MRS. OSSORY. I do hope he meant it. But he's such a terrible man for pulling legs, as they call it. --- I can't think where Euphemia picks up all her slang! -- If that plain, quiet man should really be a crowned King! Oh! how I would frown at her! Ah! ah! Somebody coming.

["Enter" THOMAS.

THOMAS. Mr. Todd.

["Enter" TODD.

MRS. OSSORY. Oh, my dear Mr. Todd, I am so glad to see you! I'm in such distress! You will help me, won't you?

[TODD "bows, smiles, and whispers in her ear. She smiles all over. "TODD "offers his arm. She goes out on it, giggling and wriggling with"

"pleasure. Enter" EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA. I wonder where mother is! No, I don't want her. I'm too happy. How I love him! How proud I am --- when another girl would be so shamed! I love him! I love him! Oh, what a world of ecstasy is this! To be his, and he mine! to be --- oh! oh! I cannot bear the joy of it. I want to sit down and have a good cry. ["Sits, crying and laughing with the you of it."] Oh, loving Father of all, what a world Thou hast made! What a gift is life! How much it holds of love and laughter! Is there anything more, anything better? I cannot believe it. Is there anything, anybody that could make me happier?

THOMAS. Mr. Todd.

["Enter" TODD.

EUPHEMIA. Good afternoon, Mr. Todd! So glad to see you! Why, how strange you look! What have you to say to me? [TODD "whispers in her ear." {232}

EUPHEMIA. How splendid! You mean it? It is true? Better than all the rest! Come, come!

["She throws her arm round his neck and runs laughing out of the room with" "him."

["Enter" CARR "and" CHARLEY, "a toy steam-engine puffing in front of them; they" "follow on hands and knees. The engine stops at the other end of the" "room."

CHARLEY. Oh, my poor engine's stopped!

CARR. You must pour more spirit into it.

[CHARLEY "goes to the cupboard and gets it, busying himself until" CARR'S "exit. "CARR "signs heavily, and sits down thoughtfully."

Todd's been too frequently to this house. Well, Charley and I must get on

as best we can. Life is a hard thing, my god!

"Meantime there is our life here. Well?"

It seems sometimes to me as if all the world's wisdom were summed up in that one Epicurus phrase. For if Todd has solved all their problems with a word, at least he supplies no hint of the answer to mine. For I --- it seems I hardly know what question to ask!

Oh, Charley boy, the future is with you, and with your children --- or, can humanity every solve the great secret? Is progress a delusion? Are men mad? Is the great secret truly transcendental? We are like madmen, beating out our poor brains upon the walls of the Universe.

Is there no Power that might reveal itself?

["Kneels."] Who art Thou before whom all things are equal, {233} being as dust? Who givest his fame to the poet, his bankruptcy to the rich man? Who dost distinguish between the just and the unjust? Thou keeper of all secrets, of this great secret which I seek, and have nowise found! This secret for whose very shadowing-forth in parable I, who am young, strong, successful, beloved, most enviable of men, would throw it all away! Oh Thou who givest that which none other can give, who art Thou? How can I bargain with Thee? what shall I give that I may possess Thy secret? O question unavailing! For I know not yet Thy name! Who art Thou? Who art Thou?

THOMAS ["opening the door"]. Mr. Todd.

["Enter" TODD.

CARR. ["rising"]. How are you? I'm afraid you find me distracted! Listen: all my life I have sought --- nor counted the cost --- for the secret of things. Science is baffled, for Knowledge hath no wings! Religion is baffled, for Faith hath no feet! Life itself --- of what value is all this coil and tumult? Who shall give me the secret? What is the secret?

[TODD "whispers in his ear."

Why, thanks, thanks! What a fool I have been! I have always known who you were, of course, but how could I guess you had the key of things? Simple as A B C --- or, rather, as A! And nothing to pay after all! "For of all Gods you only love not gifts." ["Ushers" TODD "to the door."] I follow you.

[TODD "smiles kindly on him. They go out."

["The child turns; and, finding himself alone, begins to cry."

CHARLEY. My nice man has gone away. Old Todd has taken him away. I think I hate that old Todd!

["Enter" TODD. {234}

I hate you! I hate you! Where is my nice man?

[TODD "whispers in his ear."

Oh, I see. It is when people get to be grown-ups that they don't like you any more. But I like you, Mr. Todd. Carry me pick-a-back!

[TODD "takes" CHARLEY "on his shoulder, and goes dancing from the room, the" "boy crowing with delight."

CURTAIN.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04017.html>

45 captures

21 Feb 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

THE GNOME

LANTERN-LIGHT is over the fells
When the sun has sunken low;
Lantern-light and the moorland smells,
The rain on the good brown soil.
Over the moorland we go, we go,
Through the wet earth we toil. ...

Sunken, sunken was the sun
Ere ever the moon uprose,
And the tall dark trees cast shadows dun
Over the lonely way;
Over the moorland the long path goes
We trod at the close of day.

We sped to reach the dark green hill.
The Hill of the Bloody Bowl,
And the shadows were watching, watching us still
As we crept in the shadowless path,
Over the moor to the Mother Troll
With the heart that was pierced in wrath.

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Stumbling over the fallen leaves,
 sliding over the dew,
Staring up at the barley sheaves
 That nod in the autumn wind,
We pushed and jostled the twilight thro',
 Shrilling to those behind.

And ere the night had grown to noon
 We were under the Bloody Bowl,
And then uprose a huge pale moon.
 Behind the shivering trees;
And so we found the Mother Troll
 Well-skilled in mysteries.

She heard our coming, and rose to the door,
 And we hurried eagerly through;
We entered in with a breeze from the moor,
 And stood by the fading pyre.
The air was smoky, the flame was blue,
 And the face of the Troll like fire.

And so we gave her the heart of the slain,
 That was slain for a dead man's sake;
She chuckled low at each blackened vein
 Gory an brown and torn;
She wriggled her sides like a wounded snake
 As she squeezed the blood into a horn.

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Far into the fire she cast the blood,
 And the flames grew twisted and red;
Her breast heaved with her passion's flood
 As a hollow-eyed ghost arose
Like a cloud of stench from the rotting dead.
 When a wind from a pest-house blows.

She clasped the ghost to her skinny dugs, ---
 No other love might she know, ---
The dead man squirmed at her panting hugs,
 But she had her passionate will,

And a sobbing breeze began to blow
From the top of the lonely hill.

And then a dim grey streak of dawn
Came, and the sad ghost fled,
With staring sockets and jaw-bone drawn,
Back to the desolate place;
The morning breeze grew still and dead
As it played around his face.

So we fled from the Mother Troll
Under the dawning grey;
We left the Hill of the Bloody Bowl;
Ere ever the sun uprose,
But the dead man's heart till Judgment-day
Shall there with the Troll repose.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04018.html>

45 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

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About this capture

REVIEWS

DARE TO BE WISE. By JOHN McTAGGART ELLIS McTAGGART Doctor in Letters
Fellow

and Lecturer of Trinity College in Cambridge, Fellow of the British
Academy. Watts and Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E. C. Price 3"d".

Only the Price Threepence saved my reason.

"Dare to be Wise" is startling enough; but when one saw Who it was that
advised it ...

"Our object," quoth he ("our" being the "Heretics"), "is to promote
discussion upon religion, philosophy, and art. ..."

These desperate conspirators! What is the Parry-lytic Liar about to allow

such things in Trinity?

"In seeking truth of all sorts many virtues are needed." This daring thinker!

"Happiness and misery have much to do with welfare." These burning words may rekindle the fires of Smithfield.

"Here we find the need of courage. For, if we are to think on these matters at all, we must accept the belief for which we have evidence, and we must reject the belief for which we have no evidence. ... And, sometimes, this is not easy."

This unworthy right hand!

We should not think of calling this Martyr to His Convictions, this Revolutionary Thinker, an ass in a lion's skin. For asses can kick. Shall we say a sheep in wolf's clothing? For the Heretics are too clearly Sheep --- probably descended from Mary's little lamb. If the Dean were to frown, they would all take to their heels, and break the record for attending chapel.

In fact, this is what happened, when he did frown! Just like the Rationalists themselves when they disowned and deserted Harry Boulter.

I am coming round to the belief that the best test of a religion is the manhood of its adherents rather than its truth. Better believe a lie than act like a coward!

And of all the pusillanimous puppies I have ever heard of, there are none to beat the undergraduates who wagged their rudimentary tails round the toothless old hound that yelped "Dare to be wise" on last 8th December.

I hate Christianity as Socialists hate soap; but I would rather be saved {239} with Livingstone and Gordon, Havelock and Nicholson, than damned with Charles Watts and

John McTaggart
Ellis McTaggart
Doctor in Letters
Fellow and Lecturer
Of Trinity College
In Cambridge, and Fellow
Of the Berrish
Ac-ad-em-y.

I wonder, by the way, whether "letters" isn't a misprint. If not, did he really qualify at the Sorbonne?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE ARCANES SCHOOLS. By JOHN YARKER. William Tait, 3 Wellington Park Avenue,
Belfast. 12s. net.

The reader of this treatise is at first overwhelmed by the immensity of Brother Yarker's erudition. He seems to have examined and quoted every document that ever existed. It is true that he occasionally refers to People like Hargrave Jennings, A. E. Waite, and H. P. Blavatsky as if they were

authorities; but whoso fishes with a net of so wide a sweep as Brother Yarker's must expect to pull in some worthless fish. This accounts for Waite's contempt of him; imagine Walford Bodie reviewing a medical book which referred to him as an authority on paralysis!

The size of the book, too, is calculated to effray; reading it has cost me many pounds in gondolas! And it is the essential impossibility of all works of this kind that artistic treatment is not to be attained.

But Brother Yarker has nobly suppressed a Spencerian tendency to ramble; he has written with insight, avoided pedantry, and made the dreary fields of archeology blossom with flowers of interest.

Accordingly, we must give him the highest praise, for he has made the best possible out of that was nearly the worst possible.

He has abundantly proved his main point, the true antiquity of some Masonic system. It is a parallel to Frazer's tracing of the history of the Slain God.

But why is there no life in any of our Slain God rituals! It is for us to restore them by the Word and the Grip.

For us, who have the inner knowledge, inherited or won, it remains to restore the true rites of Attis, Adonis, Osiris, of Set, Serapis, Mithras, and Abel.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04019.html>

48 captures

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About this capture

THE HERB DANGEROUS

PART IV

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM H. G. LUDLOW,

THE HASHEESH EATER

WHICH BEAR UPON THE PECULIAR
CHARACTERISTICS OF THE
DRUG'S ACTION

THE HASHEESH EATER

FOR a place, New York for instance, a stranger accounts, not by saying that any one of the many who testify to its existence copied from another, but by acknowledging "there is such a place." So do I account for the fact by saying "there is such a fact."

We try to imitate Eastern narrative, but in vain. Our minds can find no clew to its strange untrodden by-ways of speculation; our highest soarings are still in an atmosphere which feels heavy with the reek and damp of ordinary life.

We fail to account for those storm-wrapped peaks of sublimity which hover over the path of Oriental story, or those beauties which, like rivers of Paradise, make music beside it.

We are all of us taught to say, "The children of the East live under a sunnier sky than their Western brethren: they are the "repositories" of centuries of tradition; their semi-civilised imagination is unbound by the fetters of logic and the schools." But the Ionians once answered all these conditions, yet Homer sang no Eblis, no superhuman journey on the wings of genii through infinitudes of rosy ether. At one period of their history, France, Germany, and England abounded in all the characteristics of the untutored Old World mind, yet when did an echo of oriental music ring from the lute of minstrel, {243} "minnesinger," or "trovŠre?" The difference can not be accounted for by climate, religion, or manners. It is not the supernatural in Arabian story which is inexplicable, but the peculiar phase of the supernatural both in beauty and terror.

I say inexplicable, because to me, in common with all around me, it bore this character for years. In later days, I believe, and now with all due modesty assert, I unlocked the secret, not by a hypothesis, not by processes of reasoning, but by journeying through those self-same fields of weird experience which are dinted by the sandals of the glorious old dreamers of the East. Standing on the same mounts of vision where they stood, listening to the same gurgling melody that broke from their enchanted fountains, yes, plunging into their rayless caverns of sorcery, and imprisoned with their genie in the unutterable silence of the fathomless sea, have I dearly bought the right to come to men with the chart of my wanderings in my hands, and unfold to them the foundations of the fabric of Oriental story.

The secret lies in the use of hasheesh. A very few words will suffice to tell what hasheesh is. In northern latitudes the hemp plant ("Cannabis sativa") grows almost entirely to fibre, becoming, in virtue of this quality, the great resource for mats and cordage. Under a southern sun this same plant loses its fibrous texture, but secretes, in quantities equal to one-third of its bulk, and opaque and greenish resin. Between the northern and the southern hemp

there is no difference, except the effect of diversity of climate upon the same vegetable essence; yet naturalists, misled by the much greater extent of gummy secretion in the later, have distinguished it from its brother of the colder soil by the name "Cannabis indica." The {244} resin of the "Cannabis" "indica" is hasheesh. From time immemorial it has been known among all the nations of the East as possessing powerful stimulant and narcotic properties; throughout Turkey, Persia, Nepaul, and India it is used at this day among all classes of society as an habitual indulgence. The forms in which it is employed are various. sometimes it appears in the state in which it exudes from the mature stalk, as a crude resin; sometimes it is manufactured into a conserve with clarified butter, honey, and spices; sometimes a decoction is made of the flowering tops in water or arrack. Under either of these forms the method of administration is by swallowing. Again, the dried plant is smoked in pipes or chewed, as tobacco among ourselves.

... a pill sufficient to balance the ten-grain weight of the scales. This, upon the authority of Pereira and the Dispensatory, I swallowed without a tremor as to the danger of the result.

Making all due allowance for the fact that I had not taken my hasheesh bolus fasting, I ought to experience its effects within the next four hours. That time elapsed without bringing the shadow of a phenomenon. It was plain that my dose had been insufficient.

For the sake of observing the most conservative prudence, I suffered several days to go by without a repetition of the experiment, and then, keeping the matter equally secret, I administered to myself a pill of fifteen grains. This second was equally ineffectual with the first.

Gradually, by five grains at a time, I increased the dose to thirty grains, which I took one evening half an hour after tea. {245}

I had now almost come to the conclusion that I was absolutely unsusceptible of the hasheesh influence. Without any expectation that this last experiment would be more successful than the former ones, and indeed with no realization of the manner in which the drug affected those who did make the experiment successfully, I went to pass the evening at the house of an intimate friend. In music and conversation the time passed pleasantly. The clock struck ten, reminding me that three hours had elapsed since the dose was taken, and as yet not an unusual symptom had appeared. I was provoked to think that this trial was as fruitless as its predecessors.

Ha! what means this sudden thrill? A shock, as of some unimagined vital force, shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers' ends, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair.

I could not doubt it. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence. My first emotion was one of uncontrollable terror --- a sense of getting something which I had not bargained for. That moment I would have given all I had or hoped to have to be as I was three hours before.

No pain anywhere --- not a twinge in any fibre --- yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural or familiar.

As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own voice, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke, and in another world. I sat and listened; still the voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced that vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time. The first world of the reply occupied a period sufficient {246} for the action of a drama; the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. Its enunciation might have occupied years. I was not in the same life which had held me when I heard it begun.

And now, with time, space expanded also. At my friend's house one particular arm-chair was always reserved for me. I was sitting in it at a distance of hardly three feet from the centre table around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly that distance widened. The whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces surrounding me on every side. We were in a vast hall, of which my friends and I occupied opposite extremities. The ceiling and the walls ran upward with a gliding motion as if vivified by a sudden force of resistless growth.

Oh! I could not bear it. I should soon be left alone in the midst of an infinity of space. And now more and more every moment increased the conviction that I was watched. I did not know then, as I learned afterward, that suspicion of all earthly things and persons was the characteristic of the hasheesh delirium.

In the midst of my complicated hallucination, I could perceive that I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning, and serenely weighting all the phenomena. This calmer being suffered with the other by sympathy, but did not lose its self-possession.

The servant had not come.

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"Shall I call her again?" "Why, you have this moment called her." "Doctor," I replied solemnly, and in language that would have seem bombastic enough to any one who did not realise what I felt, "I will not believe you are deceiving me, but to me it appears as if sufficient time has elapsed since then for all the Pyramids to have crumbled back to dust."

Any now, in another life, I remembered that far back in the cycles I had looked at my watch to measure the time through which I passed. The impulse seized me to look again. The minute-hand stood half-way between fifteen and sixteen minutes past eleven. The watch must have stopped; I held it to my ear: no, it was still going. I had travelled through all that immeasurable chain of dreams in thirty seconds. "My God!" I cried, "I am in eternity." In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul's own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, I stood trembling with breathless awe. Till I

die, that moment of unveiling will stand in clear relief from all the rest of my existence. I hold it still in unimpaired remembrance as one of the unutterable sanctities of my being. The years of all my earthly life to come can never be as long as those thirty seconds.

Before entering on the record of this new vision I will make a digression for the purpose of introducing two laws of the hasheesh operation, which, as explicatory, deserve a place here. First, after the completion of any one fantasia has arrived, there almost invariably succeeds a shifting of the action to some other stage entirely different in its surroundings. In this transition the general character of the emotion {248} may remain unchanged. I may be happy in Paradise and happy at the sources of the Nile, but seldom, either in Paradise or on the Nile, twice in succession. I may writhe in Etna and burn unquenchably in Gehenna, but almost never, in the course of the same delirium, shall Etna or Gehenna witness my torture a second time.

Second, after the full storm of a vision of intense sublimity has blown past the hasheesh-eater, his next vision is generally of a quiet, relaxing, and recreating nature. He comes down from his clouds or up from his abyss into a middle ground of gentle shadows, where he may rest his eyes from the splendour of the seraphim or the flames of fiends. There is a wise philosophy in this arrangement, for otherwise the soul would soon burn out in the excess of its own oxygen. Many a times, it seems to me, has my own thus been saved from extinction.

When I woke it was morning --- actually morning, and not a hasheesh hallucination. The first emotion that I felt upon opening my eyes was happiness to find things again wearing a natural air. Yes; although the last experience of which I had been conscious had seemed to satisfy every human want, physical or spiritual, I smiled on the four plain white walls of my bed-chamber, and hailed their familiar unostentatiousness with a pleasure which had no wish to transfer itself to arabesque or rainbows. It was like returning home from an eternity spent in loneliness among the palaces of strangers. Well may I say an eternity, for during the whole day I could not rid myself of the feeling that I was separated from the preceding one by an immeasurable lapse of time. In fact, I never got wholly rid of it. {249}

I rose that I might test my reinstated powers, and see if the restoration was complete. Yes, I felt not one trace of bodily weariness nor mental depression. Every function had returned to its normal state, with the one exception mentioned; memory could not efface the traces of my having passed through a great mystery.

No. I never should take it again.

I did not know myself; I did not know hasheesh. There are temperaments, no doubt, upon which this drug produces, as a reactory result, physical and mental depression. With me this was never the case. Opium and liquors fix themselves as a habit becoming necessary to supply that nervous waste which

they in the first place occasioned. The lassitude which succeeds their exaltation demands a renewed indulgence, and accordingly every gratification of the appetite is parent to the next. But no such element entered into the causes which attached me to hasheesh. I speak confidently, yet without exaggeration, when I say that I have spent many an hour in torture such as was never known by Cranmer at the stake, or Gaudentio di Lucca in the Inquisition, yet out of the depths of such experience "I" have always come without a trace of its effect in diminished strength or buoyancy.

Had the first experiment been followed by depression, I had probably never repeated it. At any rate, unstrung muscles and an enervated mind could have been resisted much more effectually when they pleaded for renewed indulgence than the form which the fascination actually took. For days I was even unusually strong; all the forces of life were in a state of pleasurable activity, but the memory of the wondrous glories {250} which I had beheld wooed me continually like an irresistible sorceress. I could not shut my eyes for midday musing without beholding in that world, half dark, half light, beneath the eyelids, a steady procession of delicious images which the severest will could not banish nor dim. Now through an immense and serene sky floated luxurious argosies of clouds continually changing form and tint through an infinite cycle of mutations.

Now, suddenly emerging from some deep embowerment of woods, I stood upon the banks of a broad river that curved far off into dreamy distance, and glided noiselessly past its jutting headlands, reflecting a light which was not of the sun nor of the moon, but midway between them, and here and there thrilling with subdued prismatic rays. Temples and gardens, fountains and vistas stretched continually through my waking or sleeping imagination, and mingled themselves with all I heard, or read, or saw. On the pages of Gibbon the palaces and lawns of Nicomedia were illustrated with a hasheesh tint and a hasheesh reality; and journeying with old Dan Chaucer, I drank in a delicious landscape of revery along all the road to Canterbury. The music of my vision was still heard in echo; as the bells of Bow of old time called to Whittington, so did it call to me --- "Turn again, turn again." And I turned.

It will be remembered that the hasheesh states of ecstasy always alternate with less intense conditions, in which the prevailing phenomena are those of mirth or tranquillity. In accordance with this law, in the present instance, Dan, to whom I had told my former experience, was not surprised to hear me break forth at the final cadence of our song into a {251} paroxysm of unextinguishable laughter, but begged to know what was its cause, that he might laugh too. I could only cry out that my right leg was a tin case filled with stair-rods, and as I limped along, keeping that member perfectly rigid, both from fear of cracking the metal and the difficulty of bending it, I heard the rattle of the brazen contents shaken from side to side with feeling of the most supreme absurdity possible to the human soul. Presently the leg was restored to its former state, but in the interim its mate had grown to a size which would have made it a very respectable totter for Brian Boru or one of

the Titans. Elevated some few hundred feet into the firmament, I was compelled to hop upon my giant pedestal in a way very ungraceful in a world where two legs were the fashion, and eminently disagreeable to the slighted member, which sought in vain to reach the earth with struggles amusing from their very insignificance. This ludicrous affliction being gradually removed, I went on my way quietly until we again began to be surrounded by the houses of the town.

And now that unutterable thirst which characterises hasheesh came upon me. I could have lain me down and lapped dew from the grass. I must drink, wheresoever, howsoever. We soon reached home --- soon, because it was not five squares off from where we sat down, yet ages, from the thirst which consumed me and the expansion of time in which I lived. I came into the house as one would approach a fountain in the desert, with a wild bound of exultation, and gazed with miserly eyes at the draught which my friend poured out for me until the glass was brimming. I clutched it --- I {252} put it to my lips. Ha! a surprise! It was not water, but the most delicious metheglin in which ever bard of the Cymri drank the health of Howell Dda. It danced and sparkled like some liquid metempsychosis of amber; it gleamed with the spiritual fire of a thousand chrysolites. to sight, to taste it was metheglin, such as never mantled in the cups of the Valhalla.

Hasheesh I called the "drug of travel," and I had only to direct my thoughts strongly toward a particular part of the world previously to swallowing my bolus to make my whole fantasia in the strongest possible degree topographical.

There are two facts which I have verified as universal by repeated experiment, which fall into their place here as aptly as then can in the course of my narrative. First: At two different times, when body and mind are apparently in precisely analogous states, when all circumstances, exterior and interior, do not differ tangibly in the smallest respect, the same dose of the same preparation of hasheesh will frequently produce diametrically opposite effects. Still further, I have taken at one time a pill of thirty grains, which hardly gave a perceptible phenomenon, and at another, when my dose had been but half that quantity, I have suffered the agonies of a martyr, or rejoiced in a perfect phrensy. so exceedingly variable are its results, that, long before I abandoned the indulgence, I took each successive bolus with the consciousness that I was daring an uncertainty as tremendous as the equipoise between hell and heaven. Yet the fascination employed Hope as its advocate, and won the suit. Secondly: If, during the ecstasy {253} of hasheesh delirium, another dose, however small --- yes, though it be no larger than half a pea --- be employed to prolong the condition, such agony will inevitably ensue as will make the soul shudder at its own possibility of endurance without annihilation. By repeated experiments, which now occupy the most horrible place upon my catalogue of horrible remembrances, have I proved that, among

all the variable phenomena of hasheesh, this alone stands unvarying . The use of it directly after any other stimulus will produce consequences as appalling.

I extinguished my light. To say this may seem trivial, but it is as important a matter as any which it is possible to notice. The most direful suggestions of the bottomless pit may flow in upon the hasheesh eater through the very medium of darkness. The blowing out of a candle can set an unfathomed barathrum wide agape beneath the flower-wreathed table of his feast, and convert his palace of sorcery into a Golgotha. Light is a necessity to him, even when sleeping; it must tinge his visions, or they assume a hue as sombre as the banks of Styx.

It was an awaking, which, for torture, had no parallel in all the stupendous domain of sleeping incubus. Beside my bed in the centre of the room stood a bier, from whose corners drooped the folds of a heavy pall; outstretched upon it lay in state a most fearful corpse, whose livid face was distorted with the pangs of assassination. The traces of a great agony were frozen into fixedness in the tense position of every muscle, and the nails of the dead man's fingers pierced {254} his palms with the desperate clinch of one who has yielded not without agonising resistance. Two tapers at his head, two at his feet, with their tall and unsnuffed wicks, made the ghastliness of the bier more luminously unearthly, and a smothered laugh of derision from some invisible watcher ever and anon mocked the corpse, as if triumphant demons were exulting over their prey. I pressed my hands upon my eye-balls till they ached, in intensity of desire to shut out the spectacle; I buried my head in the pillow, that I might not hear that awful laugh of diabolic sarcasm.

But --- oh horror immeasurable! I behold the walls of the room slowly gliding together, the ceiling coming down, the floor ascending, as of old the lonely captive saw them, whose cell was doomed to be his coffin. Nearer and nearer am I born toward the corpse. I shrunk back from the edge of the bed; I cowered in most abject fear. I tried to cry out, but speech was paralysed. The walls came closer and closer together. Presently my hand lay on the dead man's forehead. I made my arm as straight and rigid as a bar of iron; but of what avail was human strength against the contraction of that cruel masonry? Slowly my elbow bent with the ponderous pressure; nearer grew the ceiling --- I fell into the fearful embrace of death. I was pen, I was stifled in the breathless niche, which was all of space still left to me. The stony eyes stared up into my own, and again the maddening peal of fiendish laughter rang close beside my ear. now I was touched on all sides by the walls of the terrible press; there came a heavy crush, and I felt all sense blotted out in darkness.

I awoke at last; the corpse was gone, but I had taken his {255} place upon the bier. In the same attitude which he had kept I lay motionless, conscious, although in darkness, that I wore upon my face the counterpart of his look of

agony. The room had grown into a gigantic hall, whose roof was framed of iron arches; the pavement, the walls, the cornice were all of iron. The spiritual essence of the metal seemed to be a combination of cruelty and despair. Its massive hardness spoke a language which it is impossible to embody in words, but any one who has watched the relentless sweep of some great engine crank, and realised its capacity for murder, will catch a glimpse, even in the memory, of the thrill which seemed to say, "This iron is a tearless fiend," of the unutterable meaning I saw in those colossal beams and buttresses. I suffered from the vision of that iron as from the presence of a giant assassin.

But my senses opened slowly to the perception of still worse presences. By my side there gradually emerged from the sulphurous twilight which bathed the room the most horrible form which the soul could look upon unshattered --- a fiend also of iron, white-hot and dazzling with the glory of the nether penetralia. A face that was the ferreous incarnation of all imaginations of malice and irony looked on me with a glare withering from its intense heat, but still more from the unconceived degree of inner wickedness which it symbolised. I realised whose laughter I had heard, and instantly I heard it again. Beside him another demon, his very twin, was rocking a tremendous cradle framed of bars of iron like all things else, and candescent with as fierce a heat as the fiend's.

And now, in a chant of the most terrific blasphemy which it is possible to imagine, or rather of blasphemy so fearful that no human thought has ever conceived of it, both the {256} demons broke forth, until I grew intensely wicked merely by hearing it. I still remember the meaning of the song they sang, although there is no language yet coined which will convey it, and far be it from me even to suggest its nature, lest I should seem to perpetuate in any degree such profanity as beyond the abodes of the lost no lips are capable of uttering. Every note of the music itself accorded with the thought as symbol represents essence, and with its clangour mixed the maddening creak of the for ever oscillating cradle, until I felt driven into a ferocious despair. Suddenly the nearest fiend, snatching up a pitchfork (also of white-hot iron), thrust it into my writing side, and hurled me shrieking into the fiery cradle. I sought in my torture to scale the bars; they slipped from my grasp and under my feet like the smoothest icicles. Through increasing grades of agony I lay unconsumed, tossing from side to side with the rocking of the dreadful engine, and still above me pealed the chant of blasphemy, and the eyes of demoniac sarcasm smiled at me in mockery of a mother's gaze upon her child.

"Let us sing him," said one of the fiends to the other, "the lullaby of Hell." The blasphemy now changed into an awful word-picturing of eternity, unveiling what it was, and dwelling with raptures of malice upon its infinitude, its sublimity of growing pain, and its privation of all fixed points which might mark it into divisions. By emblems common to all language rather than by any vocal words, did they sing this frightful apocalypse, yet the very emblems had a sound as distinct as tongue could give them. This was one, and the only one of their representatives that I can remember. Slowly

they began, 'To-day is father of to-morrow, to-morrow hath a son that {257} shall beget the day succeeding." With increasing rapidity they sang in this way, day by day, the genealogy of a thousand years, and I traced on the successive generations, without a break in one link, until the rush of their procession reached a rapidity so awful as fully to typify eternity itself; and still I fled on through that burning genesis of cycles. I feel that I do not convey my meaning, but may no one else ever understand it better.

Withered like a leaf in the breath of an oven, after millions of years I felt myself tossed upon the iron floor. The fiends had departed, the cradle was gone. I stood alone, staring into immense and empty spaces. Presently I found that I was in a colossal square, as of some European city, alone at the time of evening twilight, and surrounded by houses hundreds of stories high. I was bitterly athirst. I ran to the middle of the square, and reached it after an infinity of travel. There was a fountain carved in iron, every jet inimitably sculptured in mockery of water, yet dry as the ashes of a furnace. "I shall perish with thirst," I cried. "Yet one more trial. There must be people in all these immense houses. Doubtless they love the dying traveller, and will give him to drink. Good friends! water! water!" A horribly deafening din poured down on me from the four sides of the square. Every sash of all the hundred stories of every house in that colossal quadrangle flew up as by one spring. Awakened by my call, at every window stood a terrific maniac. Sublimely in the air above me, in front, beside me, on either hand, and behind my back, a wilderness of insane faces gnashed at me, glared, gibbered, howled, laughed horribly, hissed and cursed. At the unbearable sight {258} I myself became insane, and leaping up and down, mimicked them all, and drank their demented spirit.

Hasheesh is indeed an accursed drug, and the soul at last pays a most bitter price for all its ecstasies; moreover, the use of it is not the proper means of gaining any insight, yet who shall say that at that season of exaltation I did not know things as they are more truly than ever in the ordinary state? Let us not assert that the half-careless and uninterested way in which we generally look on nature is the normal mode of the soul's power of vision. There is a fathomless meaning, an intensity of delight in all our surroundings, which our eyes must be unsealed to see. In the jubilation of hasheesh, we have only arrived by an improper pathway at the secret of that infinity of beauty which shall be beheld in heaven and earth when the veil of the corporeal drops off, and we know as we are known. Then from the muddy waters of our life, defiled by the centuries of degeneracy through which they have flowed, we shall ascend to the old-time original fount, and grow rapturous with its apocalyptic draught.

I do not remember whether I have yet mentioned that in the hasheesh state an occasional awakening occurs, perhaps as often as twice in an hour (though I have no way of judging accurately, from the singular properties of the hasheesh time), when the mind returns for an exceedingly brief space to

perfect consciousness, and views all objects in their familiar light.

Awaking on the morrow after a succession of vague and {259} delicious dreams, I had not yet returned to the perfectly natural state. I now began to experience a law of hasheesh which developed its effects more and more through all future months of its use. With the progress of the hasheesh life, the effect of every successive indulgence grows more per-during until the hitherto isolated experiences become tangent to each other; then the links of the delirium intersect, and at last so blend that the chain has become a continuous band, now resting with joyous lightness as a chaplet, and now mightily pressing in upon the soul like the glowing hoop of iron which holds martyrs to the stake. The final months of this spell-bound existence, be it terminated by mental annihilation or by a return into the quiet and mingled facts of humanity are passed in one unbroken yet chequered dream.

Moreover, through many ecstasies and many pains, I still supposed that I was only making experiments, and that, too, in the most wonderful field of mind which could be opened for investigation, and with an agent so deluding in its influence that the soul only became aware that the strength of a giant was needed to escape when its locks were shorn.

Upon William N---- hasheesh produced none of the effects characteristic of fantasia. There was no hallucination, no volitancy of unusual images before the eye when closed.

Circulation, however, grew to a surprising fulness and rapidity, accompanied by the same introversion of faculties and clear perception of all physical processes which startled me in my first experiment upon myself. There was stertorous breathing, dilation of the pupil, and a drooping appearance {260} of the eyelid, followed at last by a comatose state, lasting for hours, out of which it was almost impossible fully to arouse the energies. These symptoms, together with a peculiar rigidity of the muscular system, and inability to measure the precise compass and volume of the voice when speaking, brought the case nearer in resemblance to those recorded by Dr. O'Shaughnessy, of Calcutta, as occurring under his immediate inspection among the natives of India, than any I have ever witnessed.

At half-past seven in the evening, and consequently after supping instead of before, as I should have preferred, he took twenty-five grains of the drug. This may seem a large bolus to those who are aware that from fifteen grains I frequently got the strongest cannabine effect; but it must be kept in mind that, to secure the full phenomena, a much greater dose is necessary in the first experiment than ever after. Unlike all other stimuli with which I am acquainted, hasheesh, instead of requiring to be increased in quantity as existence in its use proceeds, demands rather a diminution, seeming to leave, at the return of the natural state (if I may express myself by rather a material analogy), an unconsumed capital of exaltation for the next indulgence

to set up business upon.

For a while we walked silently. Presently I felt my companion shudder as he leaned upon my arm. "What is the matter, Bob?" I asked. "Oh! I am in unbearable horror," he replied. "If you can, save me!" "How do you suffer?" "This shower of soot which falls on me from heaven is dreadful!" {261}

I sought to turn the current of his thoughts into another channel, but he had arrived at that place in his experience where suggestion is powerless. His world of the Real could not be changed by any inflow from ours of the Shadowy. I reached the same place in after days, and it was then as impossible for any human being to alter the condition which enwrapped me as it would have been for a brother on earth to stretch out his hands and rescue a brother writhing in the pangs of immortality. There are men in Oriental countries who make it their business to attend hasheesh-eaters during the fantasia, and profess to be able to lead them constantly in pleasant paths of hallucination. If indeed they possess this power, the delirium which they control must be a far more ductile state than any I have witnessed occurring under the influence of hasheesh at its height. In the present instance I found all suggestion powerless. The inner actuality of the visions and the terror of external darkness both defeated me.

And now, in the midst of the darkness, there suddenly stood a wheel like that of a lottery, surrounded by one luminous spot, which illustrated all its movements. It began slowly to revolve; its rapidity grew frightful, and out of its opening flew symbols which indicated to him, in regular succession, every minutest act of his past life: from his first unfilial disobedience in childhood --- the refusal upon a certain day, as far back as infancy, to go to school when it was enjoined upon him, to the latest deed of impropriety he had committed --- all his existence fled before him like lighting in those burning emblems. Things utterly forgotten --- things at {262} the time of their first presence considered trivial acts --- as small as the cutting of a willow wand, all fled by his sense in arrow-flight; yet he remembered them as real incidents, and recognized their order in his existence.

This phenomenon is one of the most striking exhibitions of the state in which the higher hasheesh exaltation really exists. It is a partial sundering, for the time, of those ties which unite soul and body. That spirit should ever loose the traces of a single impression is impossible.

In the morning he awoke at the usual time; but, his temperament being perhaps more sensitive than mine, the hasheesh delight, without its hallucination, continued for several days.

And now a new fact flashed before me. This agony was not new; I had felt it ages ago, in the same room, among the same people, and hearing the same conversation. To most men, such a sensation has happened at some time, but it is seldom more than vague and momentary. With me it was sufficiently definite

and lasting to be examined and located as an actual memory. I saw it in an instant, preceded and followed by the successions of a distinctly recalled past life.

What is the philosophy of this fact? If we find no ground for believing that we have ever lived self-consciously in any other state, and cannot thus explain it, may not this be the solution of the enigma? At the moment of the soul's reception of a new impression, she first accepts it as a thing entirely of the sense; she tells us how large it is, and of what quality. To this definition of its boundaries and likeness succeeds, at times {263} of high activity, an intuition of the fact that the sensation shall be perceived again in the future unveiling that is to throw open all the past. Prophetically she notes it down upon the indestructible leaves of her diary, assured that it is to come out in the future revelation. Yet we who, from the tendency of our thought, reject all claims to any knowledge of the future, can only acknowledge perceptions as of the present or the past, and accordingly refer the dual realisation to some period gone by. We perceive the correspondence of two sensations, but, by an instantaneous process, give the second one a wrong position in the succession of experiences. The soul is regarded as the historian when she is in reality the sibyl; but the misconception takes place in such a microscopic portion of time that detection is impossible. In the hasheesh expansion of seconds into minutes, or even according to a much mightier ratio, there is an opportunity thoroughly to scrutinise the hitherto evanescent phenomena, and the truth comes out. How many more such prophecies as these may have been rejected through the gross habit of the body we may never know until spirit vindicates her claim in a court where she must have audience.

In this world we are but half spirit; we are thus able to hold only the perceptions and emotions of half an orb. Once fully rounded into symmetry ourselves, we shall have strength to bear the pressure of influences from a whole sphere of truth and loveliness.

It is this present half-developed state of ours which makes the infinitude of the hasheesh awakening so unendurable, even when its sublimity is the sublimity of delight. We have no {264} longer anything to do with horizons, and the boundary which was at once our barrier and our fortress is removed, until we almost perish from the inflow of perceptions.

It would be no hard task to prove, to a strong probability, at least, that the initiation to the Pythagorean mysteries, and the progressive instruction that succeeded it, to a considerable extent consisted in the employment, judiciously, if we may use the word, of hasheesh, as giving a critical and analytic power to the mind, which enabled the neophyte to roll up the murk and mist from beclouded truths till they stood distinctly seen in the splendour of their own harmonious beauty as an intuition.

One thing related of Pythagoras and his friends has seemed very striking to me. There is a legend that, as he was passing over a river, its waters called

up to him in the presence of his followers, "Hail! Pythagoras."

Frequently, while in the power of the hasheesh dilirium, have I heard inanimate things sonorous with such voices. On every side they have saluted me, from rocks, and trees, and waters, and sky, in my happiness filling me with intense exultation as I heard them welcoming their master; in my agony heaping nameless curses on my head as I went away into an eternal exile from all sympathy. Of this tradition of Iamblichus I feel an appreciation which almost convinces me that the voice of the river was indeed heard, though only by the quickened mind of some hasheesh-glorified esoteric. Again, it may be that the doctrine of the metempsychosis was first communicated to Pythagoras by Theban priests; but the astonishing illustration which hasheesh would contribute to {265} this tenet should not be overlooked in our attempt to assign its first suggestion and succeeding spread to their proper causes.

I looked, and lo! all the celestial hemisphere was one terrific brazen bell, which rocked upon some invisible adamantine pivot in the infinitudes above. When I came it was voiceless, but I soon knew how it was to sound. My feet were quickly chained fast to the top of heaven, and, swinging with my head downward, I became its tongue. Still more mightily swayed that frightful bell, and now, tremendously crashing, my head smote against its side. It was not the pain of the blow, though that was inconceivable, but the colossal roar that filled the universe, and rent my brain also, which blotted out in one instant all sense, thought, and being. In an instant I felt my life extinguished, but knew that it was by annihilation, not by death.

When I awoke out of the hasheesh state I was as overwhelmed to find myself still in existence as a dead man of the last century could be were he now suddenly restored to earth. For a while, even in perfect consciousness, I believed I was still dreaming, and to this day I have so little lost the memory of that one demoniac toll, that while writing these lines I have put my hand to my forehead, hearing and feeling something, through the mere imagination, which was an echo of the original pang. It is this persistency of impressions which explains the fact of the hasheesh state, after a certain time, growing more and more every day a thing of agony. It is not because the body becomes worn out by repeated nervous shocks; with some constitutions, indeed, this wearing may occur; it never did with me, as I have said, even to the extent {266} of producing muscular weakness, yet the universal law of constantly acceleration diabolisation of visions held good as much in my case as in any others; but a thing of horror once experienced became a kappa tau nu mu alpha epsilon sigma alpha epsilon iota, an inalienable dower of hell; it was certain to reproduce itself in some --- to God be the thanks if not in all --- future visions. I had seen, for instance, in one of my states of ecstasy, a luminous spot on the firmament, a prismatic parhelion. In the midst of my delight of gazing on it, it had transferred itself mysteriously to my own heart, and there became a circle of fire, which gradually ate its way until the whole writing organ was in a torturous blaze. That spot, seen again in an after-vision, through the memory of its former pain instantly wrought out for me the same accursed result. The number of such remembered faggots of

fuel for direful suggestion of course increased proportionally to the prolonging of the hasheesh life, until at length there was hardly a visible or tangible object, hardly a phrase which could be spoken, that had not some such infernal potency as connected with an earlier effect of suffering.

Slowly thus does midnight close over the hasheesh-eater's heaven. One by one, upon its pall thrice dyed in Acharon, do the baleful lustres appear, until he walks under a hemisphere flaming with demon lamps, and upon a ground paved with tiles of hell. Out of this awful domain there are but three ways. Thank God that over this alluring gateway is not written,

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate!"

The first of these exits is insanity, the second death, the third abandonment. The first is doubtless oftenest trodden {267} yet it may be long ere it reaches the final escape in oblivion, and it is as frightful as the domain it leaves behind. The second but rarely opens to the wretch unless he prises it open with his knife; ordinarily its hinges turn lingeringly. Towards the last let him struggle, though a nightmare torpor petrify his limbs --- though on either side of the road be a phalanx of monstrous Afreet's with drawn swords of flame --- though demon cries peal before him, and unimaginable houris beckon him back --- over thorns, through furnaces, but into --- Life!

To the first restaurant at hand we hastened. Passing in, I called for that only material relief which I have ever found for these spiritual sufferings --- something strongly acid. In the East the form in use is sherbet; mine was very sour lemonade.¹ A glass of it was made ready, and with a small glass tube I drew it up, not being able to bear the shock of a large swallow. Relief came but very slightly --- very slowly. Before the first glass was exhausted I called most imperatively for another one to be prepared as quickly as possible, lest the flames should spread by waiting. In this way I kept a man busy with the composition of lemonade after lemonade, plunging my tube over the edge of the drained tumbler into the full one with a precipitate haste for which there were mortal reasons, until six had been consumed.

I returned to hasheesh, but only when I had become hopeless of carrying out my first intention --- its utter and immediate abandonment. I now resolved to abandon it gradually --- to retreat slowly from my enemy, until I had passed the borders of his enchanted ground, whereon he warred with me at vantage. Once over the boundaries, and the nightmare spell {268} unloosed, I might run for my life, and hope to distance him in my own recovered territory.

This end I sought to accomplish by diminishing the doses of the drug. The highest I had ever reached was a drachm, and this was seldom necessary except in the most unimpressible states of the brain, since, according to the law of the hasheesh operation which I have stated to hold good in my experience, a much less bolus was ordinarily sufficient to produce full effect at this time than when I commenced the indulgence. I now reduced my daily ration to ten or fifteen grains.

The immediate result of even this modified resumption of the habit was a

reinstatement into the glories of the former life. I came out of my clouds; the outer world was reinvested with some claim to interest, and the lethal torpor of my mind was replaced by an airy activity. I flattered myself that there was now some hope of escape by grades of renunciation, and felt assured, moreover, that since I now seldom experienced anything approaching hallucination, I might pass through this gradual course without suffering on the way.

- 1 WEH NOTE: Citric acid has a reductive effect on these sorts of intoxications, also Nicotinic Acid and common ethanol in quantity.

As lemon-juice had been sometimes an effectual cure for the sufferings of excess, I now discovered that a use of tobacco, to an extent which at other times would be immoderate, was a preventive of the horrors of abandonment.

As, some distance back, I have referred to my own experience upon the subject, asserting my ability at times to "feel sights, see sounds," &c., I will not attempt to illustrate the present discussion by a narrative of additional portions of my own case. It might be replied to me, "Ah! yes, all very likely; but probably you are an exception to the general rule: {169} nobody else might be affected so." This was said to me quite frequently when, early in the hasheesh life, I enthusiastically related the most singular phenomena of my fantasy.

But there is no such thing true of the hasheesh effects. Just as inevitably as two men taking the same direction, and equally favoured by Providence, will arrive at the same place, will two persons of similar temperament come to the same territory in hasheesh, see the same mysteries of their being, and get the same hitherto unconceived facts. It is this characteristic which, beyond all gainsaying, proves the definite existence of the most wondrous of the hasheesh disclosed states of mind. The realm of that stimulus is no vagary; it as much exists and England. We are never so absurd as to expect to see insane men by the dozen all holding to the same hallucination without having had any communication with each other.

As I said once previously, after my acquaintance with the realm of witchery had become, probably, about as universal as anybody's, when I chanced to be called to take care of some one making the experiment for the first time (and I always was called), by the faintest word, often by a mere look, I could tell exactly the place that my patient had reached, and treat him accordingly. Many a time, by some expression which other bystanders thought ineffably puerile, have I recognised the landmark of a field of wonders wherein I have travelled in perfect ravishment. I understood the symbolisation, which they did not.

Though as perfectly conscious as in his natural state, and capable of apprehending all outer realities without hallucination, he still perceived every word which was spoken to him {270} in the form of some visible symbol which most exquisitely embodied it. For hours every sound had its colour and its form to him as truly as scenery could have them.

The fact, never witnessed by me before, of a mind in that state being able

to give its phenomena to another and philosophise about them calmly, afforded me the means of a most clear investigation. I found that his case was exactly analogous to those of B. and myself; for, like us, he recognised in distinct inner types every possible sensation, our words making a visible emblematic procession before his eyes, and every perception of whatever sense becoming tangible to him as form and audible as music.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04021.html>

34 captures

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About this capture

THE ANGOSTIC

AN Agnostic is one who thinks that he knows everything.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04022.html>

41 captures

21 Feb 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE MANTRA-YOGA

I

How should I seek to make a song for thee

When all my music is to moan thy name?

That long sad monotone --- the same --- the same ---

Matching the mute insatiable sea

That throbs with life's bewitching agony,

Too long to measure and too fierce to tame!

An hurtful joy, a fascinating shame
Is this great ache that grips the heart of me.

Even as a cancer, so this passion gnaws
Away my soul, and will not ease its jaws
Till I am dead. Then let me die! Who knows
But that this corpse committed to the earth
May be the occasion of some happier birth?
Spring's earliest snowdrop? Summer's latest rose?

II

Thou knowest what asp hath fixed its lethal tooth
In the white breast that trembled like a flower
At thy name whispered. thou hast marked how hour
By hour its poison hath dissolved my youth, {275}
Half skilled to agonise, half skilled to soothe
This passion ineluctable, this power
Slave to its single end, to storm the tower
That holdeth thee, who art Authentic Truth.

O golden hawk! O lidless eye! Behold
How the grey creeps upon the shuddering gold!
Still I will strive! That thou mayst sweep
Swift on the dead from thine all-seeing steep ---
And the unutterable word by spoken.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{276}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04020.html>

44 captures

21 Feb 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE BUDDHIST

THERE never was a face as fair as yours,
A heart as true, a love as pure and keen.
These things endure, if anything endures.

But, in this jungle, what high heaven immures
Us in its silence, the supreme serene
Crowning the dagoba, what destined die
Rings on the table, what resistless dart
Strike me I love you; can you satisfy
The hunger of my heart!

Nay; not in love, or faith, or hope is hidden
The drug that heals my life; I know too well
How all things lawful, and all things forbidden
Alike disclose no pearl upon the midden,
Offer no key to unlock the gate of Hell.
There is no escape from the eternal round,
No hope in love, or victory, or art.
There is no plumb-line long enough to sound
The abysses of my heart! {272}

There no dawn breaks; no sunlight penetrates
Its blackness; no moon shines, nor any star.
For its own horror of itself creates
Malignant fate from all benignant fates,
Of its own spite drives its own angel afar.
Nay; this is the great import of the curse
That the whole world is sick, and not a part.
Conterminous with its own universe
the horror of my heart!

ANANDA VIJJA.

{273}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04023.html>

36 captures

21 Feb 2002 - 7 Dec 2023

Sep DEC Jan

07

2017 2023 2024

About this capture

THE VIOLINIST

THE room was cloudy with a poisonous incense: saffron, opoponax, galbanum, musk, and myrrh, the purity of the last ingredient a curse of blasphemy, the

final sneer; as a degenerate might insult a Raphael by putting it in a room devoted to debauchery.

The girl was tall and finely built, huntress-lithe. Her dress, close-fitted, was of a gold-brown silk that matched, but could not rival, the coils that bound her brow --- glittering and hissing like snakes.

Her face was Greek in delicacy; but what meant such a mouth in it? The mouth of a satyr or a devil. It was full and strong, curved twice, the edges upwards, an angry purple, the lips flat. her smile was like the snarl of a wild beast.

She stood, violin in hand, before the wall. Against it was a large tablet of mosaic; many squares and many colours. On the squares were letters in an unknown tongue.

she began to play, her gray eyes fixed upon one square on whose centre stood this character, N. It was in black on white; and the four sides of the square were blue, yellow, red, and black.

She began to play. The air was low, sweet, soft, and slow. It seemed that she was listening, not to her own playing, but for some other sound. Her bow quickened; the air grew {277} harsh and wild, irritated; quickened further to a rush like flames devouring a hayrick; softened again to a dirge.

Each time she changed the soul of the song it seemed as if she was exhausted: as if she was trying to sound a particular phrase, and always fell back baffled at the last moment.

Nor did any light infuse her eyes. There was intentness, there was weariness, there was patience, there was alertness. And the room was strangely silent, unsympathetic to her mood. She was the dimmest thing in that gray light. Still she stoved. She grew more tense, her mouth tightened, an ugly compression. Her eyes flashed with --- was it hate? The soul of the song was now all anguish, all pleading, all despair --- ever reaching to some unattainable thing.

She choked, a spasmodic sob. She stopped playing; she bit her lips, and a drop of blood stood on them scarlet against their angry purple, like sunset and storm. She pressed them to the square, and a smear stained the white. She caught at her heart; for some strange pang tore it.

Up went her violin, and the bow crossed it. It might have been the swords of two skilled fencers, both blind with mortal hate. It might have been the bodies of two skilled lovers, blind with immortal love.

She tore life and death asunder on her strings. Up, up soared the phoenix of her song; step by step on music's golden scaling-ladder she stormed the citadel of her Desire. The blood flushed and swelled her face beneath its sweat. Her eyes were injected with blood.

The song rose, culminated --- overleapt the barriers, achieved its phrase.

She stopped; but the music went on. A cloud gathered {278} upon the great square, menacing and hideous. There was a tearing shriek above the melody.

Before her, his hands upon her hips, stood a boy. Golden haired he was, and red were his young lips, and blue his eyes. But his body was ethereal like a film of dew upon a glass, or rust clinging to an airy garment; and all

was stained hideously with black.

"My Remenu!" she said. "After so long!"

He whispered in her ear.

The light behind her flickered and went out.

The spirit laid her violin and bow upon the ground.

The music went on --- a panting, hot melody like mad eagles in death struggle with mountain goats, like serpents caught in jungle fires, like scorpions tormented by Arab girls.

And in the dark she sobbed and screamed in unison. She had not expected this: she had dreamt of love more passionate, of lust more fierce-fantastic, than aught mortal.

And this?

This real loss of a real chastity? This degradation not of the body, but of the soul! This white-hot curling flame --- ice cold about her heart? This jagged lightning that tore her? This tarantula of slime that crawled up her spine?

She felt the blood running from her breasts, and its foam at her mouth.

Then suddenly the lights flamed up, and she found herself standing --- reeling --- her head sagging on his arm.

Again he whispered in her ear.

In his left hand was a little ebony box, a dark paste was in it. He rubbed a little on her lips.

And yet a third time he whispered in her ear. {279}

With an angel's smile --- save for its subtlety --- he was gone into the tablet.

She turned, blew on the fire, that started up friendly, and threw herself in an armchair. Idly she strummed old-fashioned simple tunes.

The door opened.

A jolly lad came in and shook the snow from his furs.

"Been too bored, little girl?" he said cheerily, confident.

"No, dear!" she said. "I've been fiddling a bit."

"Give me a kiss, Lily!"

He bent down and put his lips to hers; then, as if struck by lightning, sprawled, a corpse.

She looked down lazily through half-shut eyes with that smile of hers that was a snarl.

FRANCIS BENDICK.

{280}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04023.html>

36 captures

21 Feb 2002 - 7 Dec 2023

Sep DEC Jan

07

2017 2023 2024

About this capture

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FRANCIS BENDICK.

{280}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04024.html>

40 captures

3 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

EHE!

A DROP FROM THE SPONGE OF KNOWLEDGE.

a "Characters." SIMPLEX.
SIMPLICIOR.
SIMPLICISSIMUS.
THE MOB OF THE PHILISTINES.

SIMPLEX.

Behold, O men: a Tree deep-rooted ---
A hundred branches from the mighty Trunk,
And on each branch a hundred leaves ---
An Axe --- a Child --- a Hand --- a Will!

THE MOB.

Down with the old tree!

SIMPLEX. ["Unperturbed."]

And Oh, He, Ho, the Will so powerful!
(After one million years the tree fell)
See the result: Toys, TOys, TOYs, TOYS!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. ["Dobmatic."]

The Spirit of Persistency unborn.

THE MOB.

Down with the Lords!

{281}

SIMPLEX.

Behold again: an empty well ---
A crystal pure --- a dry sea ---
Birds --- a dead bird, a live bird, a phoenix ---
A dying immortal harlot-goddess ---

A cage (alas! it broke open
In the year of the sixteenth Funeral).

THE MOB.
Down with the birds!

SIMPLICIOR.
Yet, neither Bird could re-enter it!

THE MOB.
Beer and Cup-ties!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. ["Pointedly."]
The Spirit of Persistency conceived!

THE MOB.
Down with the Spirits!

SIMPLEX.
Behold again, Impatients, and decide:
Two centres I saw, that were but one ---
A thick set of hair upon a white skull ---
A spider patient (with my qualities),
Slowly webbing the slightly soiled cavities ---
A lute, a rapturing lute "aux sons clairs,"
(But Oh, He, Ho, for three weary years
The lute hath no song!) --- {282}

THE MOB.
Down with the foreign bands!

SIMPLEX. [{"Pale, but firm."}]
A rotten corpse,
Coming to life again (for it cried) ---
A deep, deep hole --- a beardy man --- and
Linking,

SIMPLICIOR. ["Radiant."]
Clearly linking,

SIMPLEX.
the 6 (or 7 ---
The Spider counting as the skull's paying guest)
The Stream fro Heaven unto Us poured ---

THE MOB.

Down with 'em!

SIMPLEX. ["Smiling."]

Proving our love's old age in a youth renewed!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. ["Exultant."]

The Spirit of Persistency growing!

THE MOB.

Hooray!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

{283}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04025.html>

42 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

HALF-HOURS WITH FAMOUS

MAHATMAS. No. 1

YOGI MAHATMA SRI AGAMYA PARAMAHAMSA GURU SWAMIJI is a certain Punjabi lala,

who, on account of his tremendous voice and ferocious temper, has well earned for himself the name of The Tiger Mahatma.

My first acquaintance with His Holiness was in November 1906, when he paid his second visit to England. I had seen his name in the daily press, but before calling upon him, I had read up what I could about him in his book: "Sri Brahma Dhara," in the preface of which he is praised as follows:

"He seeks to do good, he accepts money from no one, and lives a very simple, pure life ... I ... was much impressed by his great breadth of mind, his sweet charity, and his loving kindness for every living thing. ... These teachings ... breath love and kindness, and dwell upon the joys of pure clean living."

Forewarned is to be forearmed, and I had read the same type of "puff" on many a patent pill box!

On entering 70, Margaret Street I was shown upstairs and ushered into the den of Tiger Sri Agamya. Besides himself, there were three people in the room, two men and {284} a woman, and as I entered one of the men, an American, was saying:

"O Mahatma! I haven't the faith, I can't get it!"

To which His Holiness roared out:

"You sheep are! ... I no want sheep! ... tigers I make ... tigers tear up sheep, go away! ... no good, get intellect ... get English! ... no more!!"

The three then departed, and I was left alone with the Blessed One. Neither of us spoke for about ten minutes, then at length, after a go or two at his snuff-box, he gave a loud grunt, to which I replied in a solemn voice:

"O Mahatma, what is Truth?"

"No Truth! All illusion," he answered, "I am that Master, you become my disciple; I show you all things; I lead you to the ultimate reality ... the supreme stage of the highest ... the infinite Ultimatum ... the unlimited omniscience of eternal Wisdom --- All this I give you if you have faith in me."

As faith is exceedingly cheap in this country, I offered him unlimited oceans of it; and at this he seemed very please, and laughed:

"Ha! ha! You make good tiger cub ... you tear sheep up ... all is illusion!" Then after a pause: "De vouman," pointing to the door, "is no good!" And the, without further hesitation, he entered upon a veritable Don Juan description of his earthly adventures. This I thought strange of so sober-minded a saint, and so put to him several questions concerning the Vedanta Philosophy, and its most noted exponents, to see what he really did know.

"Do you know Swami Vivekananda?" I asked. {285}

Ha, he replied, "he no good, he my disciple, I am the master!"

"And Swami Dayanand Sarasvati?" I continued. The same answer was vouched to me, although this latter teacher had died at the age of seventy, forty years ago. Thinking it about time to change the conversation, I said:

"O Thou Shower from the Highest! Tell thy grovelling disciple what then "is" a 'lie'?"

"Ha!" he replied, "it is illusion, this truth that has been diverged from its real point ... an illusive spring in the primo-genial fermentation of 'fee-no-me-non,' in this typo-cosmy apparent to the sense which you call 'de Vurld'!!!"

With this, and promises of oceans of blissful reality from the highest eternality of ultimate ecstasy, he bade me sit in a chair and blow alternately through my nostrils; and, if I had faith, so he assured me, I should in six months' time arrive at the supreme stage of the Highest in the infinite Ultimatum, and should burst as a chance illusively fermented bubble in the purest atmosphere of the highest reality.

The next occasion on which I saw the Mahatma was at a business meeting of his disciples held at 60, South Audley Street. His Holiness called them tiger-cubs, nevertheless seldom have I seen such a pen full of sheep. A man from Ilfracombe proposed this, and a man from Liverpool second that; at last a London plumber arose, and with great solemnity declared: Gintlemen, hi taik hit 'is 'oliness his really 'oly, hin fact gintlemen hi taik hit 'e his Gawd;